

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

Roll

MARCH 1977

\$1.50

**LIFE-AFTER-DEATH
SCIENTIST ELISABETH
KUBLER-ROSS
IN A SOUL-SEARCHING
PROFILE**

**ROBERT S. WIEDER
ON SEX,
EXERCISE AND
PHYSICAL FITNESS**

**THE WEIRDEST NEW
SEXUAL KINK OF
THEM ALL
(SEE PAGE 80)**

**HOW THE KLAN
CLEANED
UP ITS ACT**

**MOYNIHAN,
BUCKLEY
AND
DAVID FROST
IN PIE-KILL'S
GREATEST
HITS**

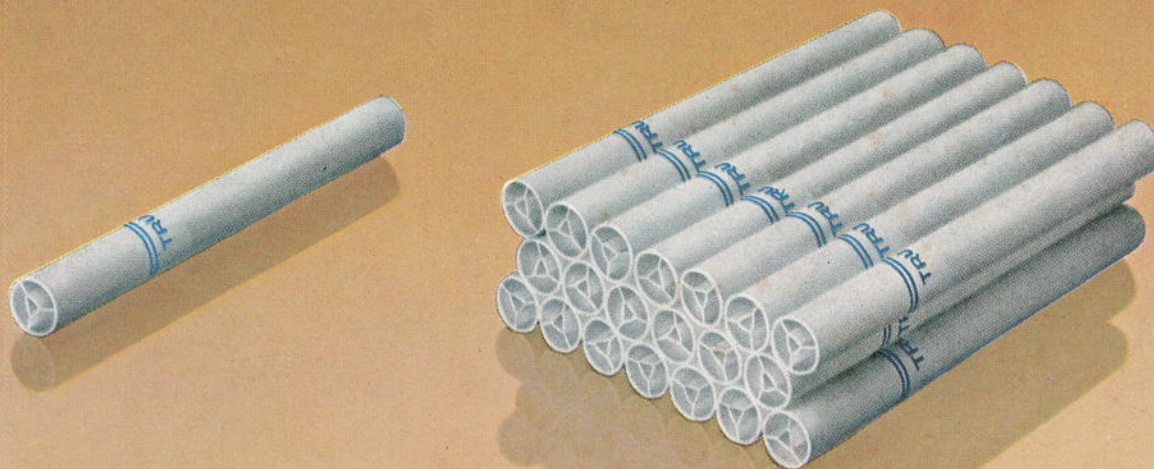
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TATE'S
LITTLE SISTER
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True slashes tar in half!

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**Down to only
100 mgs. tar per pack.**



5 MGS. TAR



**And a taste worth changing to.
Think about it.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Regular: 5 mgs. "tar", 0.4 mgs. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report-October 1976.

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The average \$600 receiver sounds as good as the new Pioneer SX-650 until you start listening to prices.

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All this might sound a little extravagant; but an authentic breakthrough, an achievement like the SX-650, doesn't happen often. We've learned that when our promises seem to sound especially rich, the best thing to do is simply review the facts.

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On your next visit to a high fidelity dealer, listen to a Pioneer SX-650 with any reasonably accurate speakers.

You'll find either its price or its performance amazing. Depending on which you hear first.

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*For informational purposes only, the SX-650 is priced under \$300.
The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

The strategy: brilliant.
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oni

VOL. 6 NO. 3 MARCH 1977

6

MAIL
Hooker feedback.

15

OPENERS
How to fly your girlfriend!

25

SEX TAPES
Office boogies.

30

REVUE
Nazimania.

36



EMMA
She won't take
no for an answer.
Persistence is rewarded.

42

YES, THERE IS LIFE
AFTER DEATH
by Linda Witt
Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross takes
us on a tour of the afterlife.

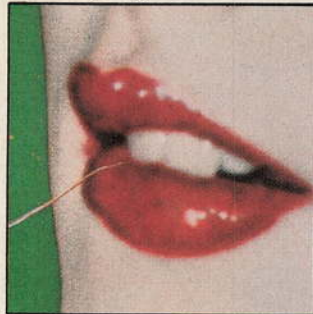


46

SMALL WORLD
Size doesn't matter! A col-
lection of spy stuff
that will fit in
the palm of your hand.

50

FUN GOO
by Charles Monagan
A lusty look at candy bars
and sticky fingers.



53

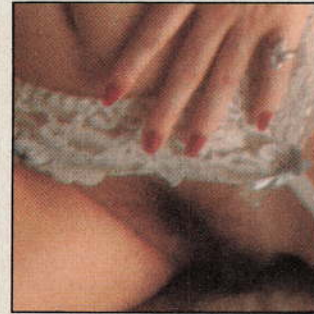
TOP 40
RECORDED PHONE
MESSAGES
by Dan Carlinsky
A whole Ma Bell catalog
of the most literate
messages ever left
on machines.

56



CRY,
THE BELOVED
LEBANON
by Albert Pariente-Cohen
An Arab Jew looks back at his
homeland and says, "It's my
country and I'll cry if I want to."

59



DEBRA TATE
Sharon's little sister
at home in mink. Watch the
fur fly.

70



CONVERSATION WITH
STAN LEE
In which the guiding
genius of Marvel Comics
explains the birth of
The Fantastic Four and
how V.D. made him
what he is today.

74

BAG TIME
What people on the West
Coast and the East Coast
carry their lunch in.

78

PIE-KILL'S
GREATEST HITS
See William F. Buckley, Jr.,
Daniel Patrick
Moynihan and David
Frost get
it in the puss.

80

THERE'S NO SEX
LIKE NO SEX
by Joyce Greller

83



A NIGHT IN
THE STATEROOM
oui re-creates what the Marx
Brothers rent asunder.

90

THE NEW KLAN
by Henry Hurt III
David Duke gives good hood.

94

IN SWEAT WE TRUST
by Robert S. Wieder
How to survive physical fitness.



102

MAD
MAGAZINES
by Robert Singer
Have a special interest in
mercenaries, cattle, or young
snatch? Check these out!

*"I have clinched and closed with the naked
North, I have learned to defy and defend;
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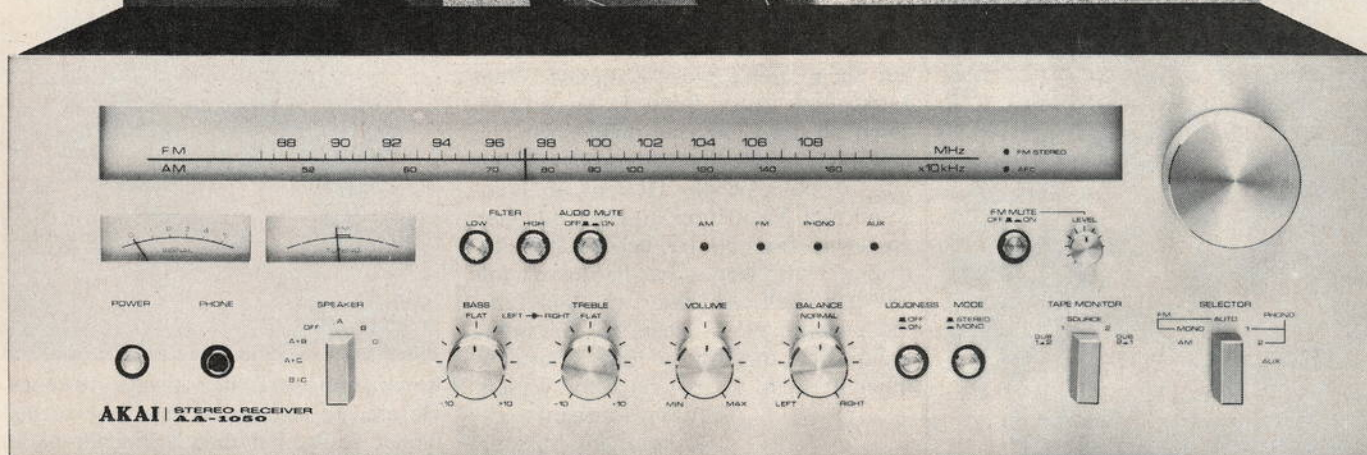
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Hair Grooms**
Liquid, gel and sprays

**Do something about
the next 10 years.**



MAIL

Surfs him right

After reading David Rensin's *Conversation with Brian Wilson* (December) I can only wonder at the singular paradox of the man. It is incredibly unfortunate that the same person who was such a vital force in making California a metaphor of youth and freedom should become a victim of his own feelings of insignificance and persecution.

PAUL MCGRATH
Lewiston, New York

Back in the Sixties I really idolized the Beach Boys. Just think of the life they must lead, I used to tell myself enviously as I trudged through high school and Michigan winters. Out there in California the Beach Boys are having fun, fun, fun, driving around in T-birds and spending the day on the beach surfing. Ten years later I read in *OUI* that my hero Brian Wilson not only has spent the past several years staring at the four walls of his room, he doesn't even go near the ocean, much less surf. Now, every time I play *15 Big Ones* I want to cry.

JAMES LONG
Detroit, Michigan

Brian Wilson may be a little crazy, but then, aren't most geniuses? What I like best about Brian is his attitude about all the California mind-expanding cults. He says that est is good but only for other people. He took up Transcendental Meditation in 1968 but then got away from it. He believes that astrology really works, but he doesn't follow it himself. Anybody who can resist the pressure of his peers to join some group or other must have enormous inner strength. There's hope for Wilson.

IRENE JOHNSON
Kansas City, Missouri

Brace yourselves, America

Thanks for Margo Coleman's witty and informative article, *Whiplash!* (December). I always thought that whiplash injuries were largely fictitious and that anybody who claimed one had to be a fraud. I can see I was wrong.

MARY SHAW
Cleveland, Ohio

The guy who tries to cheat an insurance company by phony whiplash claims is largely ignored by the rest of society. About the worst we ever think of this type is that he's funny and pathetic. The movies always show him as the little guy battling the big system. What most people

don't realize is that the big companies are never the losers. We are. Coleman says that the Yellow Cab Company insurance cost per cab to cover whiplash claims averages about \$800 a year. And they have over 2000 cabs. Who really pays the tab? Anybody who rides a cab, that's who. It's time we all stopped kidding about whiplash. It's too expensive.

LARRY DUNCAN
Hartford, Connecticut

Contest winner

I saw the picture of Huston F. in December's *Mail* wearing a sexy outfit to greet her man when he comes home from work. Well, when *my* husband comes



home from work, he's always ravenous. He used to nag me because I never had dinner ready, but then I thought of an appetizer that changed his whole attitude (see photo). My husband is still hungry when he comes home from work, but now he's hungry to see *me*. Sometimes we don't get around to eating dinner until ten P.M. or later.

KAE P.
Chicago, Illinois

And a \$50 photo prize to you, Kae. By the way, the contest is still open, and men as well as women are welcome to send in pictures of themselves dressed in sexy outfits.

Bye-bye, Abbie

It continues to amaze me how often Abbie Hoffman, one of America's most wanted fugitives, pops up in various

Low numbers are one thing. But not everything.

Low 'tar' and nicotine numbers are important to me. But I smoke for taste. That's why I smoke Winston Lights. I get a lighter cigarette, but I still get real taste. And real pleasure. Only one cigarette gives me all that: Winston Lights.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

You know what you get

JBL's new L166 doesn't add anything to the music. It doesn't take anything away. That's what all the excitement's about.

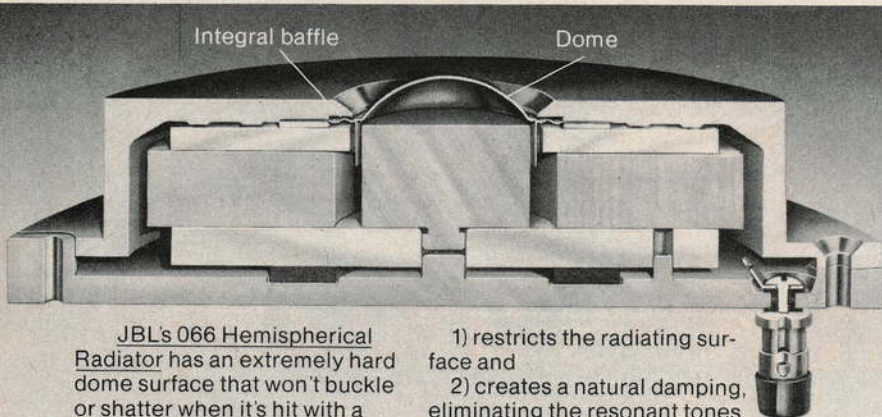
It's the most accurate bookshelf loudspeaker JBL has ever made, and that makes it pretty good. A lot

of our business is with recording studios and professional musicians who live in a hundred decibel, twenty kiloHertz, twenty-four track world where accuracy isn't a standard; it's an obsession.

There are four reasons to hear this new 3-way system:

One, a new, one-of-a-kind dome tweeter. It can handle all the highs your amplifier can throw at it and deliver them to any corner of a room. Like a drumstick and a cymbal. Stand anywhere and witness the crash.

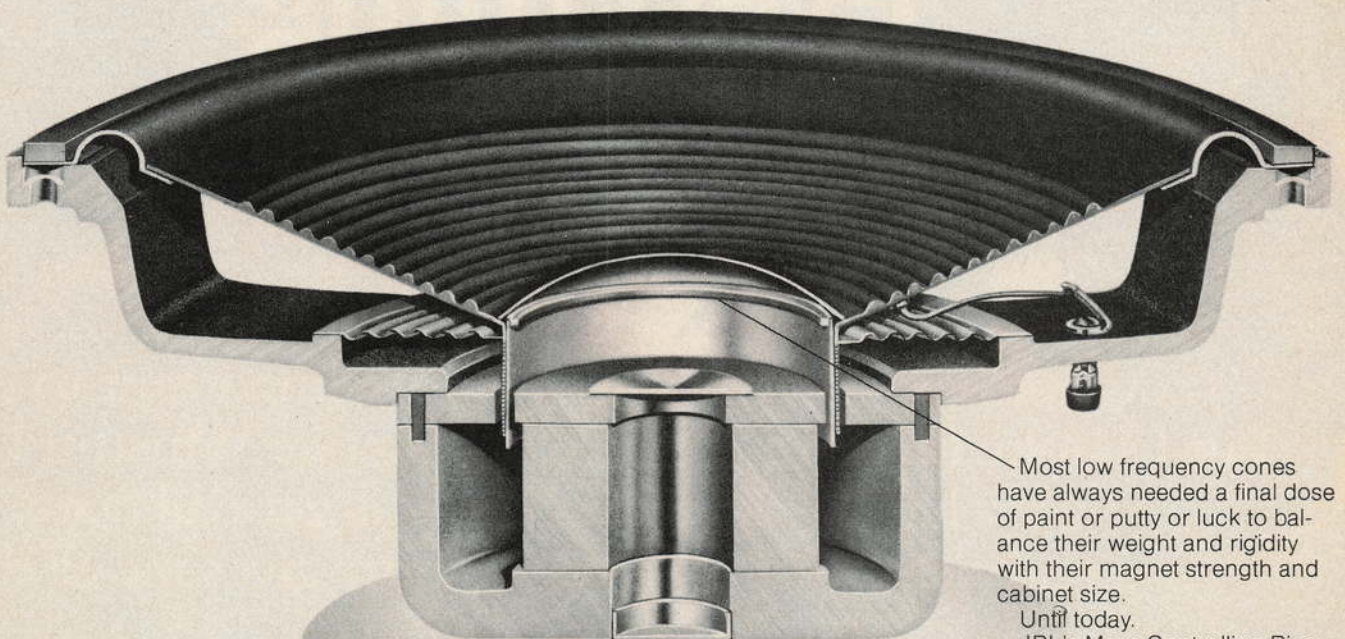
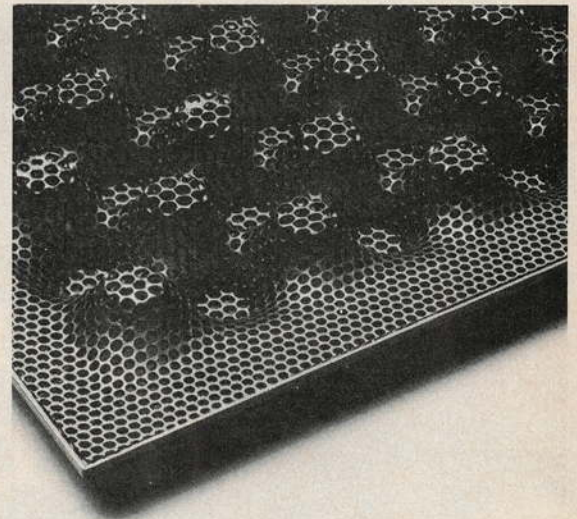
Two, an exclusive, new low fre-



JBL's 066 Hemispherical Radiator has an extremely hard dome surface that won't buckle or shatter when it's hit with a high, hard transient. And—as if that weren't enough—there's a unique integral baffle that:

- 1) restricts the radiating surface and
- 2) creates a natural damping, eliminating the resonant tones.

Result? Pure sound, dispersed 150° horizontal and vertical at 20 kiloHertz.



Most low frequency cones have always needed a final dose of paint or putty or luck to balance their weight and rigidity with their magnet strength and cabinet size.

Until today.

JBL's Mass Controlling Ring: Perfect balance. Perfect bass response. Every time.

for your \$800? Nothing.

quency transducer. It has the tightest, cleanest bass you've ever heard—all the way down down down to the lowest audible note. (Ask the L166 to play an amplified cello, an organ pedal, a kickdrum. Nice.)

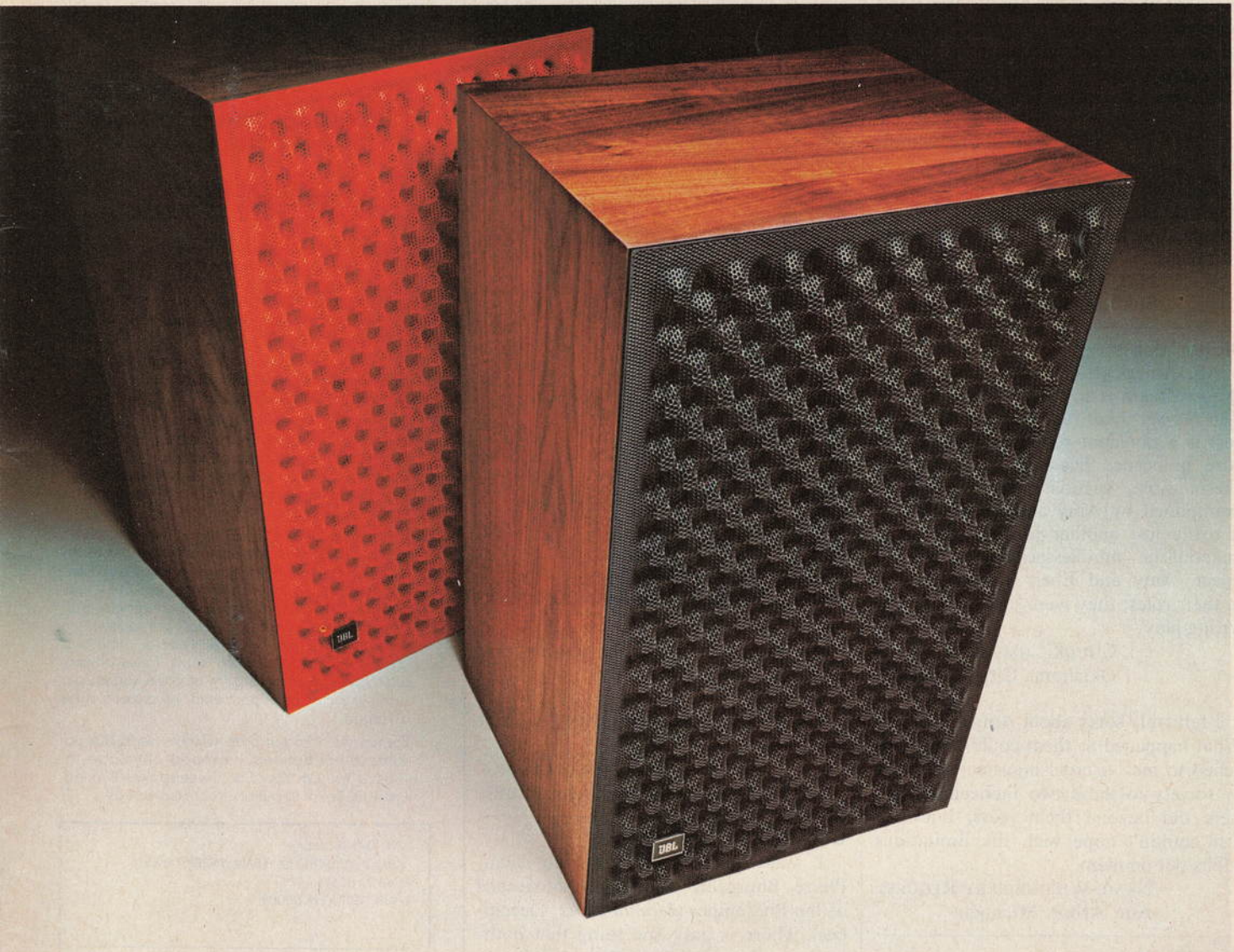
Three, a new grille material.

It's not just another pretty face. Through it pass the purest highs ever heard. It's the most acoustically transparent grille ever created.

Let your JBL dealer explain the first three reasons. We'll explain the fourth. It's JBL.

JBL has been at this for more than thirty years, and one thing we've learned to make with the greatest care is a promise.

Promise: If you haven't heard JBL's L166, you haven't heard nothing.



JBL

JBL's new L166. \$400 each.

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8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, Calif. 91329

magazines crying for attention. I see that his latest effort is the fable *Loch Ness Nellie Calls on Me* in the December our. Reading it, I couldn't help but wish I could talk to him so that I could say the following:

During the Sixties, my friends and I idolized you, Abbie, and took your word as gospel. *Revolution for the Hell of It* and Jerry Rubin's *Do It!* were our bibles. We appeared in demonstrations, issued pamphlets and called the police pigs. We believed in you, Abbie, because you made us laugh while we fought. You kept us from becoming discouraged when we got nowhere. You taught us that rioting could be a riot. Now those days are over. We've all changed; we've finally realized that power takes money and that money takes work. We don't need your clowning anymore. The natural behavior of our elected officials is a lot funnier than your antics, anyway. Don't go away mad, Abbie, just go away.

STEVEN L. SADLER
Harrisburg, Illinois

The only reason I'd want to track down Abbie Hoffman is to tell him to stop sending his asinine fables to popular magazines.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Sterling Heights, Michigan

Digger debts

Ah, America! The other half of the Digger dream is so true. Michael Wolff's *The Family That Fell to Earth* (December) is a poignant reminder that flower-pure innocence has debts to pay. The irresponsible, vacuous hippie mentality exemplified by Amy and Eben Gossage is really just another form of the same materialistic mindlessness it sought to reject. Amy and Eben weren't miscast in their roles; they were just stuck in the wrong play.

CHUCK CHAPMAN
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I felt truly sorry about Amy and Eben. What happened to them could have happened to me. A cruel injustice was done by society to those two innocents. They were old beyond their years, but they just couldn't cope with the limitations adults put on them.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Stumble bums

I have never seen a pair of ski bums as lovely as those of Lenka Novakova, the girl who so fetchingly graced the December cover wearing little more than a pair of skis. A word of warning, however: Careful examination of Lenka's heelpiece shows that the poor girl is due for an unexpected tumble, since the backs of her

boots are in no way attached to her skis. I'd hate to think what would happen to those silken white thighs if they were to come crashing down on hard-packed snow and ice.

BILL UNGER
Ottawa, Ontario

A gold-medal award to skier Lenka Novakova! She certainly displays some of the finest slopes I've ever seen. In her story it says that Lenka is Swedish. Is that true? How can the name Novakova be Swedish? Please tell me the area from which she originated.

HUGH PERCY
East Lansing, Michigan
We can assure you, Hugh, that Lenka is as Swedish as democratic socialism. As



for the area from which she originated, when we asked Lenka, she blushed and said, "Oh, you naughty boy!"

From the moment I saw Lenka it was love.

JOHN J. PIASZKOWSKI, JR.
Shenandoah, Pennsylvania

Cockfightin' women

I was quite impressed with Jean-Pierre Bourgeois' stunning photographs of the Philippines (*Manila Float*, December). There is only one thing that bothered me; I can't believe that such lovely girls could be so sadistic as to enjoy the cruel sport of cockfighting. Please tell me it ain't so.

WAYNE GUILLOT
New Orleans, Louisiana
Although Ulla went to the Philippines believing that gamecocks were rather stupid beasts, she has since changed her

ARANDAS TEQUILA "KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EAR" PRIZES

1ST PRIZE:

The Marantz Dream System

RUNNERS-UP:

- (10) Marantz 2230-B Receivers
- (10) pairs of Marantz HD-66 Speakers
- (10) Marantz 5020 Cassette Decks
- (10) Marantz 6200 Turntables
- (25) Marantz SE-15 Headphones
- Plus 500 Arandas Tequila T-shirts that invite you to play around.

OFFICIAL RULES NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. On official entry form or plain piece of 3" x 5" paper, hand print your name and address. Mail entry to: Arandas Tequila "Knock You On Your Ear" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 8067, Blair, Nebraska 68009, in hand-addressed envelope no larger than 4 1/2" by 9 1/2" (#10 envelope).
2. Be sure to indicate on your entry the number of times the name "Arandas" appears on any bottle of Arandas White or Arandas Oro Tequila.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from among all entries received by May 31, 1977, by the D.L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately.
4. This sweepstakes is open to residents of U.S.A., except employees of Maidstone Wine and Spirits Inc., their advertising and sweepstakes agencies, and the families of each. This sweepstakes void in Missouri, Pennsylvania and wherever else prohibited by law. Void via retail participation in Wisconsin and Maryland. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Taxes on any prize are sole responsibility of prize winner. No substitution for prize permitted. All prizes will be awarded.
5. For names of major prize winners, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: "Knock You On Your Ear" Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 8101, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

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CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

WHICH ARANDAS BOTTLE DID YOU USE FOR YOUR ANSWER (CHECK ONE)

ARANDAS WHITE _____ ARANDAS ORO _____

HOW MANY TIMES DOES THE NAME "ARANDAS" APPEAR? _____

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ARANDAS TEQUILA

KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EAR

SWEEPSTAKES



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Some lucky person is about to win the Marantz "Dream System": eight top-of-the-line components that add up to the greatest sound you ever heard. (1) 510M Professional Stereo Power Amplifier with an incredible 256 Watts RMS per channel. (2) 3800 Professional Stereo Preamplifier, the ideal distortion-free "control center." (3) 150 AM/FM Stereo Tuner with built-in oscilloscope display. (4) 6300 DC Servo Direct Drive Turntable. (5&6) HD-88 High Definition Speaker Systems.

(7) 5420 Stereo Cassette Deck, with Dolby.* (8) SE-15 Electrostatic Headphones. That's the Marantz Dream System...and it could be yours.

Plus 565 other prizes for 565 lucky runners-up! Check the page at left for full listing.

Okay, now. What do you have to do? Simply "read" any bottle of Arandas Tequila, either White or extra-mellow Arandas Oro. To qualify, just tell us how many times the name "Arandas" appears (look closely, now).

There's no purchase necessary. So run, don't walk, to your nearest bottle of Arandas, white or gold. Check the sweepstakes rules and mail us your entry blank. Good luck.

*TM Dolby Labs, Inc.

mind and has even adopted a couple of the birds as pets. She and Anne-Marie (the one on hands and knees) have succeeded in teaching their two friends, Cock and Mamie, how to perform a number of tricks. Here, Ulla is about



to roll a pair of dice to decide which cock gets first crack at beating around the bush.

I found the pictures of Ulla and Anne-Marie at a cockfight quite exciting. Ulla's comments about birds ("They're stupid and cruel to begin with, so what's the difference if we exploit that a bit?") make good sense. It's refreshing to hear such an uninhibited outlook. Let's admit it: Women, even more than men, are titillated by violence, and cockfighting is a more natural and less harmful contest than many others mankind has devised.

ART JAMES
Washington, D.C.

Going bananas

I went bananas over Alex Abella's December article, *What's Six Inches Long, Slightly Curved, Solid, Pliable and So Forth?* Which makes me wonder. Where did the expression "going bananas" come from in the first place?

BILL CLARK
Newark, New Jersey

Our resident bananologist, who prefers to remain anonymous, tells us that the phrase derives from old Mack Sennett movies wherein people were forever slipping on banana peels. The resultant head-spinning confusion came to be known as going bananas. Besides, says our expert, "What else would you have a person say? I'm going prunes?"

Low rent

I agree wholeheartedly that *People Who Love People Should Get People for Christmas* (December). Unfortunately it's too late to give me for Christmas, but it's not too late to give me for Easter, Memorial Day or the Fourth of July. I'd

like to inform OUI readers that for a bargain one dollar an hour (plus transportation) I'd be pleased to rent myself out to demonstrate the use of sex gadgets in the modern American home. Lecture included. I'm also terrific at birthdays and weddings.

WEIRD HAROLD
Berwyn, Illinois

Through some oversight I was left out of OUI's Christmas gift-giving feature, but I'd like to announce my availability in advance for the next year's holiday season. For a week's supply of food stamps I'd be willing to present seminars on any topic under the sun. Some past favorites include *Perversion for Beginners*, *Politics and Sex* and *Gerrymandering I and II*.

PROFESSOR IRWIN COREY
Great Neck, New York

I can't imagine why you folks at OUI forgot to include me in the people-giving feature. My one-liners are better than Henny Youngman's and I'm prepared to offer them at the discount price of five dollars apiece or three for ten dollars. A sample: My apartment is so small, the mice are hunchbacked. Isn't that a knee-slapper? I work free for residents of Hawaii (I deliver in person).

JOE JACOBS
Houston, Texas

So you want an exotic dancer for your next party but hate to shell out \$250 for the lovely Zia pictured in OUI? Hire me instead. I guarantee you'll be the talk of the neighborhood.

ED GALLAGHER
Washington, D.C.

Frank praise

Lee Frank's piece, *The Biorhythm Method* (December), in addition to being deliciously perverse and amusing, is an important contribution to the field of scientific inquiry. I trust that you will make the appropriate recommendation to the Nobel committee.

DAN GREENBURG
New York, New York

Author Greenburg's most recent book is *"Something's There—My Adventures in the Occult."*

I was fascinated by Frank's research on biorhythms. I am an assistant therapeutic director of a program to rehabilitate ex-drug offenders and I feel that the knowledge and use of biorhythms might be quite helpful to us.

I tend to be wary of the myriad psychic movements that have mushroomed in the past couple of years, but I was

curious enough about biorhythms to sit down and plot my own graph according to the chart OUI provided. What do you know! I hurt my back last month on my lowest physical day and I was spooning on the day that my physical and emotional rhythms soared.

A. WARD WEST, JR.
Roanoke, Virginia

Thai harder next time

I bought the December OUI because I wanted to read *The New Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* by Alfred W. McCoy. McCoy's article dealt with historical rather than current events and shows only a partial view of the heroin situation. The Thai government's new drug-enforcement policy is one of the current Administration's top priorities. I think that if McCoy were to go back to Thailand and take a new look he'd be able to report some positive changes.

THEERAPORN UWANNO
Atlanta, Georgia

Bringing up the rear

I read in the December OUI that centergirl Ava feels herself in competition with the marines; she even says she'd like to open an enlistment office sometime soon. This is one leatherneck who would just love to come out of retirement. I'm especially talented at sweeping valleys and patrolling hills, and I'm sure that Ava could lead me into some interesting terrain. Where do I sign up?

SGT. TRAILBLAZER
U.S.M.C. Retired
Cape Canaveral, Florida

We agree, Sergeant, that when it comes to expertise in the area of hills and valleys, Ava has no peer. She



says that the line forms to the rear; there's something about head-on confrontations that puts her off balance.

The gospel truth

The Gospel of Sex According to Margo St. James (December) is the most literate, accurate, sensitive, perceptive,

humorous, descriptive and encompassing article on Margo that I've ever seen. Burr Snider's perspective is honest and his insight is positively uncanny. He really did his homework—and I should know, because Margo is my daughter. I do think, however, that it is incorrect to compare Margo's organizing skills to those of labor leader George Meany. In this field, Margo is beyond comparison! Meany picked up a ready-made banner in a ready-made battle with ready-made, dues-paying supporters. Margo not only created her own battle, she created her own banner, recruited her own supporters and took on the whole world, all in less than three years. There's no way Meany can match that.

DOROTHY ST. JAMES WACHTER
Bellingham, Washington

I was invited to participate in the First World Meeting of Prostitutes in Washington, D.C., that Snider describes in his article about Margo St. James. It was one of the happiest experiences of my entire life.

Why should prostitutes be judged inferior persons by the square community when that same community is so often willing to make use of prostitutes' services? Unionization will eliminate the second-class status of prostitutes and their scapegoat condition. Margo's fight must become the fight of all women and men,

for by winning, we will all benefit, and by losing, we will all suffer. Keep preaching your gospel, Margo!

FATHER DEPAUL GENSKA, O.F.M.
Christ House
Lafayette, New Jersey

Day by day

Several men's magazines publish calendars at the end of the year, but OUT's rip-out-and-save 1977 datebook that came with the December issue is by far the best of the lot.

PFC. TY BINGAMAN
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

The crazy notations in the datebook calendar are a scream. My favorite is December seventh's "Japanese stage daring sneak attack on Pearl Bailey," although February 27th's "Chevy Chase changes his name to Arlington, Virginia" is a close second. Who thought up these inspired witticisms?

BILL HART
Phoenix, Arizona

Most of the datebook craziness comes from the febrile mind of Jay Lynch, aided and abetted by Managing Editor Terry Catchpole. Yes, that's his real name.

Sam Juan, you've seen 'em all

I have never seen any photographs as beautifully and imaginatively designed

as the three pictures that make up *The Taking of Sam Juan Hill* (December). Every item in these photos is perfectly chosen, from the ceramic statues to the see-through plastic cover on the velvet sofa to the picture of the Last Supper on the wall. Not to mention Carmen and Rosita. I must have stared at them for half an hour. Jean-Paul Goude and Pierre Houles are absolute geniuses. Tell me, how can two French guys come up with so accurate a representation of Puerto Rican chic?

RAFAEL ESPINAL
New York, New York

"That's easy," says Jean-Paul Goude. "Everyone who lives in New York becomes Puerto Rican eventually."

When I first saw Carmen's heart-shaped pussy hair, I thought that she should have saved it for a Valentine picture; but upon reflection, I'm glad she did not. Just looking at Carmen put thoughts in my head, and luckily my delicious girlfriend was around to help me act out my fantasies.

MANUEL J. PARADA
Newark, New Jersey

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919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Anyone who tells you that a single play turntable is better than one of these has never checked out one of these.



These are the five belt-drive turntables from B-I-C (pronounced "bee eye cee"). All feature low speed 300 rpm motor, program system, and superior tone arm that give them the high performance of comparable manual turntables plus multiple-play capability. For details pick up our "5 Turntables" folder at high-fidelity dealers or write to British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

5 Turntables B-I-C

Model 920 about \$79—940 about \$109—960 about \$159—980 about \$199—1000 about \$279. © 1976 British Industries Co. A Division of Avnet Inc.

Benson & Hedges 100's

I was trying to
be sophisticated
and then
it happened.

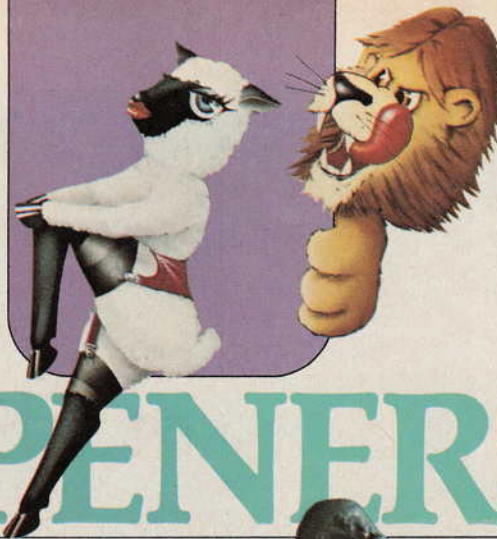
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report Apr. '76.



OPENERS

Carcinojugs nabbed by bionic bra



Move over, Living Bra; the Thinking Bra is here. Developed by Dr. Hugh Simpson, pathology consultant at the Royal Infirmary at Glasgow (where Queen Elizabeth II gets her Pap smear), the cancer-detecting bra looks like an ordinary over-the-shoulder boulder holder, but close inspection reveals that each cup actually contains five electronic thermometers that take the temperature of each tit at strategic points and then feed this information into a memory device similar to that in a pocket calculator. According to Dr. Simpson, each boob has its own biorhythms, and once these are plotted any trouble spots can be immediately detected by the Thinking Bra. "It looks aesthetically nor-

mal," says the inventive Scot doc, "and that's very important." Then again, what woman could resist bragging about a bra that costs \$20,000? But don't worry, once these false alarms are put into mass production the price should be about \$200, or the price of a good mink-lined bra.

Pinko put-down

The fact that there are now four billion-plus of us milling around on this rock implies that if the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. ever go *mano à mano*, the conflict won't be a matter of cruise missiles and back-fire bombers. It is most likely that World War Three will degenerate into street-corner punch-outs and alley standoffs. With this in mind, officials of the State Department and the Pentagon are well advised to skim through a little item titled *A Short Dictionary of Russian Obscenities*, compiled by D. A. Drummond and G. Perkins and published by Berkeley Slavic Specialties.

In the clinches, the edge will belong not to the strong but to the demoralizingly glib, and saber-rattling will be so much empty percussion unless accompanied by a terse "басран!" (shitass, punk!), "выкуси!" (Suck my root!), or that megaton perennial "Иди в пизду!" (Go fuck yourself!). It will also be helpful to know that "А ну-ка попробуй!" (Try me, buster!) is to be exclaimed while giving the enemy the finger, and that the phrase for "spineless chicken" can also be taken to mean "fart silently" or "pollute the air with automobile



The muscular gentleman on the pedestal is *The Thinker*. The healthy lady contemplating him is Kirsten, a devoted disciple of both Auguste Rodin and Aretha Franklin. What does Kirsten do when she's out sun-bathing with her bronze pal?

"I think," she sang, "about what you're trying to do to me."

exhaust," depending on the context.

Since verbal combat boils down to quick, pointed jabs, it helps to know that a curt "огрызок" is a tasteless observation about what the insultee's parents were doing when he was conceived, while the exhausting На бесптичье и жопа соловей. Шире жопы не пёрднешь. Он без

мыла в жопу лезет. У неё голос как в жопе волос: тонок, да не чист. На каждую хитрую жопу есть хуй винтом works out to a blousy "There's always someone smarter than you," an idea that could offend only a Bolshevik.

Beyond the simple expedient of insult, there's a trove of fascinating trivia in the

**You can't beat
our meat.**

**KINGS' PUB
STEAK HOUSE**

Arquimedes 31, Polanco, tel. 545-6773.
Pepe Meeshon, prop.

This little ad appeared on the front page of Mexico City's English-language daily, *The News*. We suspect that patrons of the restaurant won't quibble with the come-on. We don't know anyone who would even try.



We found this attractive and occasionally painful T-shirt in Vic Westwood and Malcolm McLaren's Fonz-style Let It Rock shop in London. This may herald a whole new style of zip-tit fashions for those who like easy access to the objects of their predilections. Wearers are encouraged to air their views with caution and to resort to modesty with care.

Drummond-Perkins dictionary. For instance, the phrase for bastard also means social dropout; the term for cowardice is the same as that for act of farting; and outhouse cleaner is synonymous with indiscriminate man.

The RussComms seem to have a special obsession with certain profanations. In the book, there are literally dozens of terms having to do with farting, with homosexuality and with whores. In general, the U.S.S.R. seems enchanted by assholes, which may explain the country's receptive-

ness to Kissinger diplomacy.

To give *détente* its due, it seems that our foulmouths and Redland's share a lot of ideas about what is obscene and what isn't. Блядская работа, for instance, means hard or tedious work. Another tortuous Cyrillic phrase means I had a chance to earn some money, but blew it, which is definitely a capitalist curse. We're in cross-cultural agreement that to fuck someone means to rip them off; that fucking around means senseless activity; that a brown nose is a sycophant; that shitass is

the equivalent of simpleton; and that bastard is just another way of saying mean or greedy person. There, like here, a virgin is a pretentious person, and to shit on oneself is to be unsuccessful.

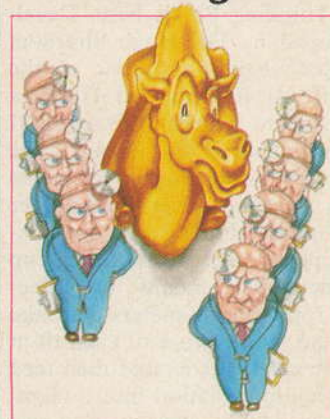
All in all, the Drummond-Perkins book indicates that we are more alike than different, and that this goes beyond mere toilet chat into social policy itself. "It has been the official policy of the government to forbid the appearance in print of a large body of words used in the everyday speech...and known to vir-

tually all," they write, in a preface that could apply to most governments known.

Given this basic similarity, the differences of emphasis and preoccupation are just exceptions that prove the rule of universality. So what if to wear oneself out fucking is the same as to get in a jam behind the iron curtain? Pissed off still means angry; French style still means French style; and he's getting it from Madam Palm and her five daughters still means going steady with yourself.

Maybe in the tongue-to-tongue combat of the gutter we will learn the ultimate truth that the crux of Cold War antagonism is, as Kosygin would say, a simple case of Каждый как он хочет—different strokes for different folks. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

Lacking hindsight



"Our hindsight was not so good," said Dr. Theodore Reed, of Washington's National Zoo, when the zoo's new stud camel, Humphrey, turned out to be giving pregnancy-free humps.

Humphrey was purchased the past year to help increase the zoo's herd of Bactrian camels. Humphrey seemed to be enjoying his work; he was going through all the traditional motions, but there was no tangible result. After a year of this, the zoologists finally got around to inspecting his hindmost parts.

They weren't there.

Humphrey, who by all accounts and in every other particular is a regular guy, has no testicles.

"We checked his teeth and

everything," Reed explained.

Teeth? Doesn't the National Zoo staff know that baby camels are brought by the stork?

New-wave artists



"If art imitates life, why can't garbage imitate art?" ask anonymous sculptors who, for several years now, have been turning a strip of San Francisco Bay marshland into an open-air gallery. The rotting



In a ceremony at the Governor's mansion in Helena, Montana, a vial of bull semen and a mechanical impregnator were sealed into a time capsule—to be opened, God bless America, on July 4, 2075, so that a little doggie will be able to git along by 2076. The chemically sealed aluminum container will keep the bovine wrigglers fresh enough to be used on, or rather, in, a yet-to-be-born Montana cow during that state's official tricentennial celebration. OUI, of course, will be on hand for that event. Watch for our coverage.

remains of suicidal Winnebagoes have been abandoned by receding tides and recycled into mammoth and grotesque *objets de bris* in a setting of primordial ooze.

The mudworks collection changes almost daily, but, over the years, many pieces have become familiar objects. For years, a hand the size of a VW bus has hitchhiked along the nearby stretch of Inter-

state 80 that connects Berkeley and San Francisco. Other favorite sticks in the mud are an outsized, myopic Elton John and a jetsam jazz band used as a backdrop for a local rock group's publicity stills. The flats attract muckrakers who express their views for whales, against nuclear power, or for the Indian; and mudslingers who construct unflattering effigies of local politicians. In fact, the entire exhibition played a small, critically acclaimed role in the movie *Harold and Maude*.

Although the identities of the washed-up sculptors are unknown, they are thought to include drug-crazed students and the average passing motorist, who has been spontaneously overcome by an irresistible urge to abandon his vehicle and let his imagination run amuck.

Plundered pud

And now this report from the Fort Worth, Texas, police blotter. It seems that one of Fort Worth's finest was summoned to an address on a criminal-assault call. As the department's official report tells it: "Upon arrival at the scene, Officer P— talked with Mrs. S—, a white female, who stated that she was on a blind date with a white male known only as James. Mrs. S— stated that James drove her to a back road and raped her. She further stated that she didn't mind the rape business, but the man had

winners



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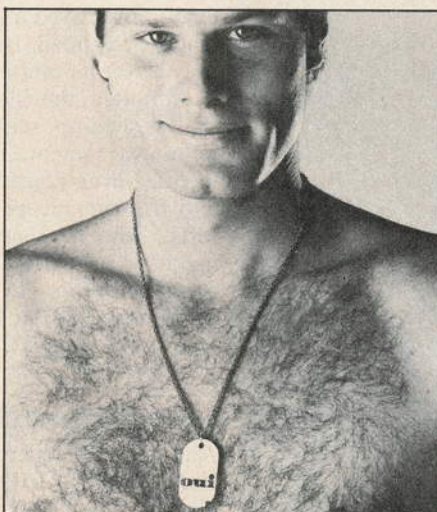
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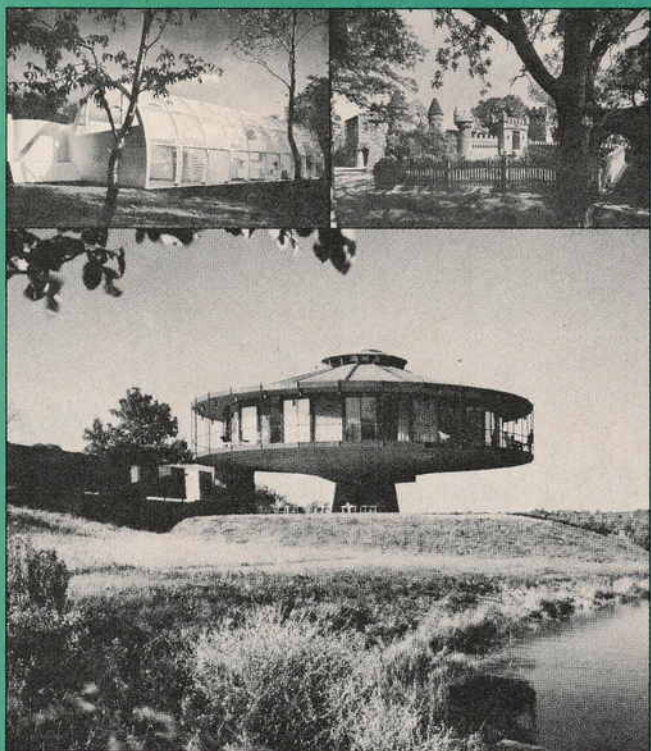
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TOTAL _____

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034

House by you?



In the market for a ten-speed revolving house on a pedestal, a renovated colonial mansion built in 1726, a co-op in the exclusive Watergate complex? Or perhaps it's a private island in Lake Champlain, a 70-foot-long Plexiglas cylinder house of tomorrow, or Mary Martin's ranch in Brazil that just says "you" all over it. If any of these ring your chimes, check out *Previews Inc. Guide to Fine Real Estate*, a glossy new catalog that aims to match up dream houses with dreamers.

Previews Inc. is an international realtor specializing in executive transfer. It bills itself as "the world's largest relocation service organization." Its *Guide* contains 280 pages of luxury homes photographed inside and out and grouped geographically. The beauty of a home, its setting and location, is captured in eloquent language with a lot of haunting lovelies, milk castles and dramatic contemporaries. Prices range from \$59,500 for "someone's dream" located in Plain, Wisconsin, to \$3,750,000 for a 23,000-square-foot estate in Paradise Valley, Arizona. The *Guide* also lets you in on the real state of real estate with reports from their employees, one of whom is Barry Goldwater's daughter-in-law.

The houses are astonishing. Thinking of a replica? How about Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon in San Francisco, a Roman castle in northwest Illinois, a Mediterranean villa on an island in New York State, or a Palladian villa in pastoral Connecticut? Into big names? Dean Martin's 16-room Tudor estate in Bel Air, California, is on the block, as well as the Kern County, California, "rural retreat" built by Merle Haggard "without regard to cost." You can buy houses that reek with the presence of D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Willa Cather, Thomas Wolfe, Roy Rogers, Richard Widmark or Eve Arden.

Some adventurous investor will want to saddle himself with a Washington State "gentleman's farm and horseman's operation" in a "magnificent valley" that somehow "overlooks" Mount Rainier. Be your own mayor on a 24,000-acre ranch near Fort Pierce, Florida, suitable for "new-city development." Let your imagination run wild with an 87-bedroom ex-seminary near Warrenton, Missouri, or 24.42 acres of commercial-development property in suburban Minneapolis.

The 1976/77 *Guide* costs six dollars and is available from *Previews Inc.*, 51 Weaver Street, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830. All property ordered must be paid for in advance; no C.O.D.s and please don't send stamps.

told her he was going to pour some acid into her vagina. At this point, Mrs. S—— grabbed James by his penis and squeezed the vital organ until James was in much pain, and then she pushed him out of his vehicle and drove the car to a friend's house. By the looks of the robust complainant, the officer firmly believes that James is still lying by the road somewhere in agony." And there you have it. All of it except, of course, the ending. Mrs. S—— was arrested. On an auto-theft charge.

Cocksucking causes ruffled feathers

While it's not quite 1984, this is sure straight out of a real animal farm. *The Furrow*, a John Deere house journal, reports that a Maine poultry company has developed a method of gathering chickens for shipping: They are sucked up with a large hose. The magazine reports that the system is easier than catching the little critters by hand.

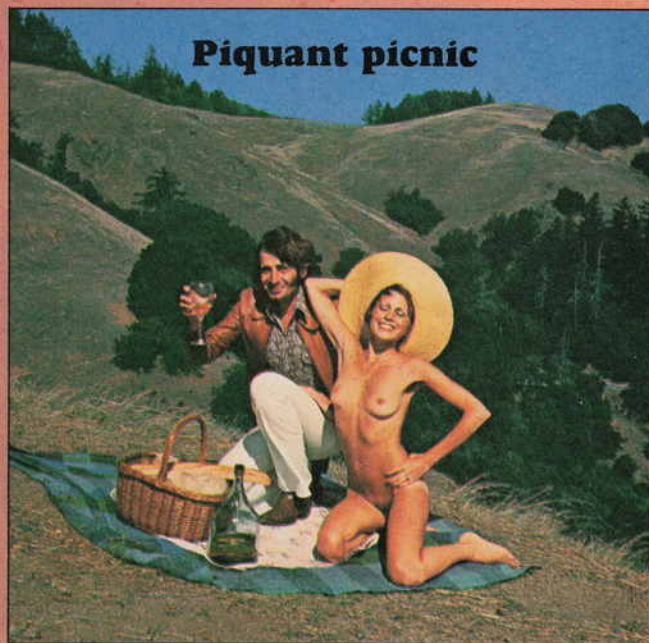
Cheval blanks



The French government, the folks who brought you the guillotine and the Concorde, has scored a new coup in bureaucratic ten-upmanship. Not only must every native French human carry I.D. papers but, as of now, every native French horse, yes, horse, as in *Mon Ami Flicka*, must carry a valid set of government identification papers.

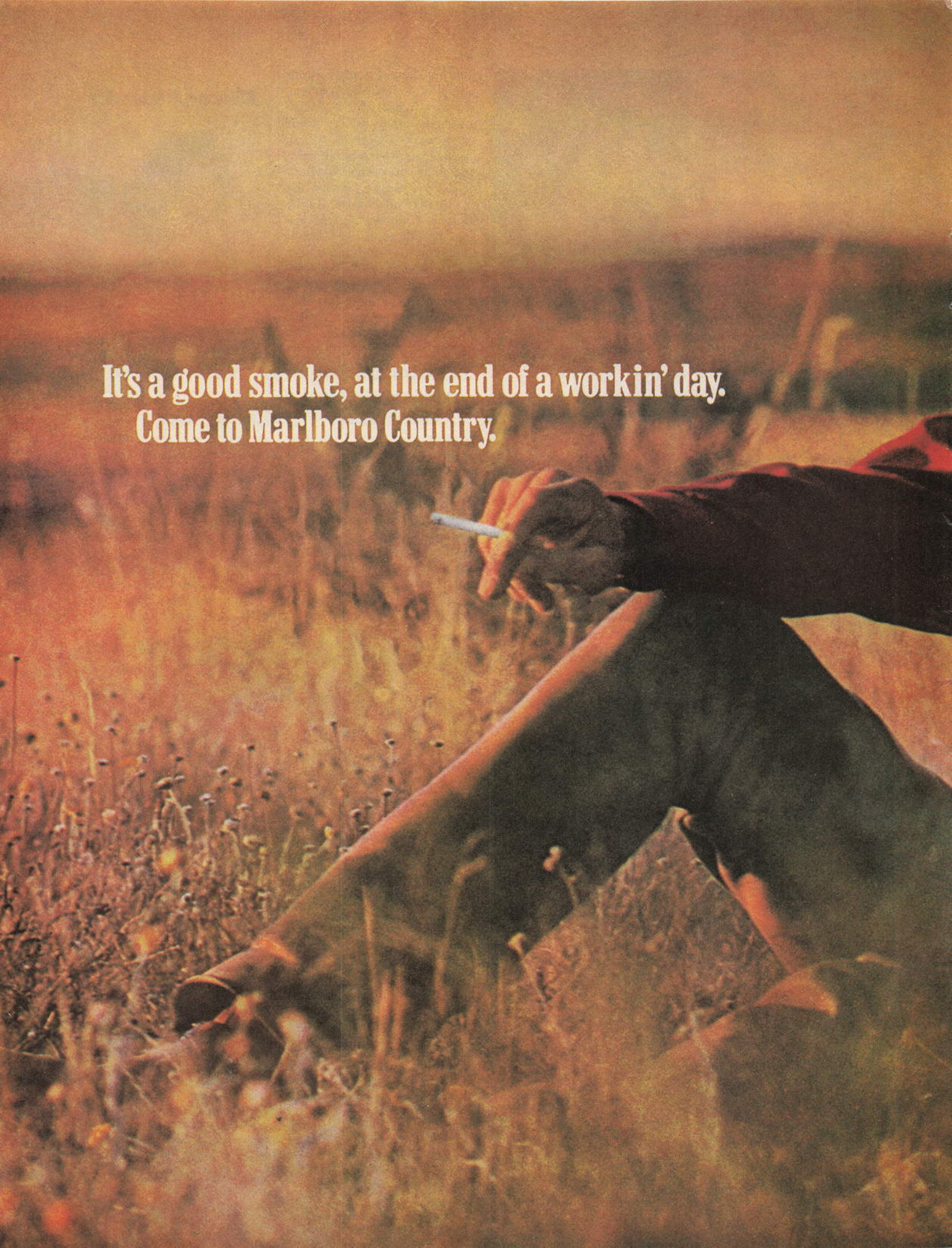
In a six-page order, Paperwork Central in Paris specifies

Piquant picnic



Remember when P. Newman bid an outrageous sum of money for a private picnic with J. Woodward in *The Long, Hot Summer*? And what did he get for his dollars? Cold chicken and not much else, that's what. But times being what they are, the offerings may be getting more interesting. At a recent hoe-down in Marin County, California, for example, the menfolk bid for a picnic featuring the usual cold chicken served by the not-so-usual nude chick, proceeds going to charity. Shown here is J. Elmer Snead toasting his good fortune atop Mount Tamalpais after bidding and paying \$175 for the privilege. Finger-lickin' good, eh, J. Elmer?

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Trend of the Month

Ever since Will Yolen's *The Complete Book of Kites and Kite Flying* came out last year, we've heard from our friends all over the country that kite kraziness has gotten a firm hold of our clean-fun consciousness. We here at oui suggest: Instead of merely flying a kite, go fly your girlfriend. It's not very easy, but it's lots of fun. We kept a photographic record of how John Paul and his friend Lucy got it off the ground. First, he picked a kite design: in this case, a winged cape. Then he shot Lucy on the floor with sequins. Just as the astronauts are form-fitted into their crash couches, John Paul traced Lucy's ample dimensions so that her kite frame would be precisely the right size to stretch her life-size photo on. The frame, nine feet across, required about 200 feet of balsa wood and at least 150 person hours. He attached a 20-foot tail, and now startled Chicagoans are treated to the sight of lovely Lucy blowing in the wind. Check Yolen's book for alternative kite patterns, and you, too, can loft the one you love.



that each horsie I.D. must include name, age, sex, breed, coat, distinguishing marks, names of the sire and dam, and, of course, an identification number.

Our source failed to report where the government proposed to have the poor beasts carry their papers. What they have back there isn't a pocket.

Obvious delights

The *Sunday Times* of London recently reviewed a book by British psychologists Glenn Wilson and David Nias. The

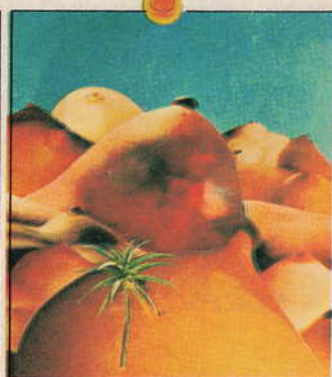
book is called *Love's Mysteries* and is "a collection of current data on love's chemistry, whom we fancy, when and why." The *Times* reports the following among the book's findings: that one is more likely to get on with people of similar interests and that people generally prefer people who are attractive to them. *Love's Mysteries* is published by Open Books and sells for £3.95, which even in these dark days of the British economy means pretty close to seven dollars. While waiting for the U. S. publication,

interested readers might find equal edification in the pounding of sand or in going indoors during rain.

My kind of town, Tit

Sorry about that, Intercourse, Pennsylvania, and Blue Ball, Delaware; maybe next time, Dicks, South Africa, and French Lick, Indiana. This year's Dirty-Town Award goes to everybody's favorite oasis: Tit, Algeria.

Just a couple of mud huts and grass shacks in the middle of nowhere, Tit is a favorite stop for travelers on the Trans-Saharan Camelway. Two hundred humans, 30 camels and a dozen asses call Tit home. In 1902, Tit enjoyed a brief moment in the sun when the French made the South Sahara safe for Camembert and Maurice Chevalier by conquering Tuareg



tribesmen in the Battle of Tit. Nowadays, men of Tit spend their time swatting flies while their women wash their hair in camel-piss shampoo. Occasionally couples breathe passionately up each other's nostrils, the local form of erotic foreplay.

End of geography lesson.

But don't forget our standing offer of a luxury cruise for two on New Guinea's breathtaking Screw River, which goes to the first sharp-eyed map-reader who locates, for once and for all, Shit Creek.

Tongue-in-chic boutique

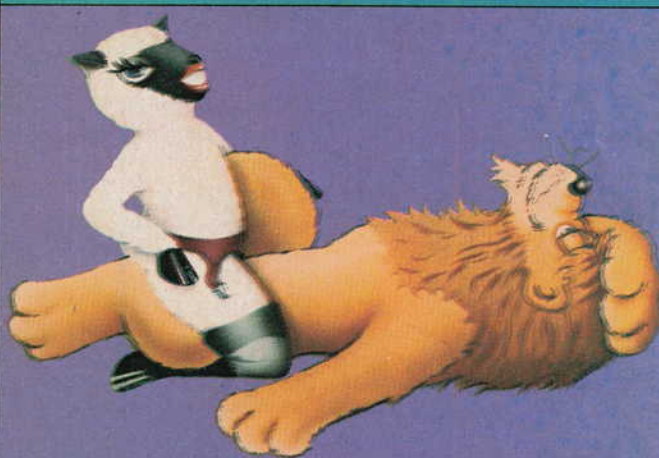


FIORUCCI



Ello Fiorucci likes young, sassy clothes. He also has a Pirelli calendar—Style flair for graphics. His store in New York is, as he describes it, "a potpourri of everything that makes life fun and interesting." It apparently certainly does.

MERCI



Whether March will lionize you or pull your leg o' lamb, our blustery and mild thanks, plus a nifty check with an attached explanatory note that is to be kept with one's financial records—all tucked into a form-fitting envelope—to the following editorial contributors: Neal Barlowe, Jeffrey Blyth, Theodore Fischer, Gerrit Huig, John Makeig, Guy C. Read, Bury St. Edmund, Susan ("Oh, you've got my monogram on your boxer shorts!") Subtle, Carol Troy and Robert ("I own my own house") Wieder. Art credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Fred Nelson; carcinojugs, Wendy Mansfield; hindsight, Michael Trossman; bull capsule, Rothberg; Lucy's kites, Len Willis; *cheval* blanks, Earl Hokens; my kind of town, Tit, George Kenton. Photo credits: thinker, Billy Clark; zip-tit T-shirt, Ken Frantz; *objets de bris*, William Ophir; piquant picnic, Bob Knickerbocker; flying Lucy, Ken Frantz. Also, we would like to take this opportunity to thank Rickie Kenton, whose keylining goes beyond the call of duty and whose zippered jump suits are a constant source of inspiration to us all. Well, it's bye-bye time now. Be sure to be with us next month for our gala April-fool issue. It will make you a better person, and funnier, too.

In its February issue, *National Lampoon* sets out to answer a question that has been on everyone's mind since November 22, 1963...

WHAT IF?

GRAND FIFTH TERM INAUGURAL ISSUE

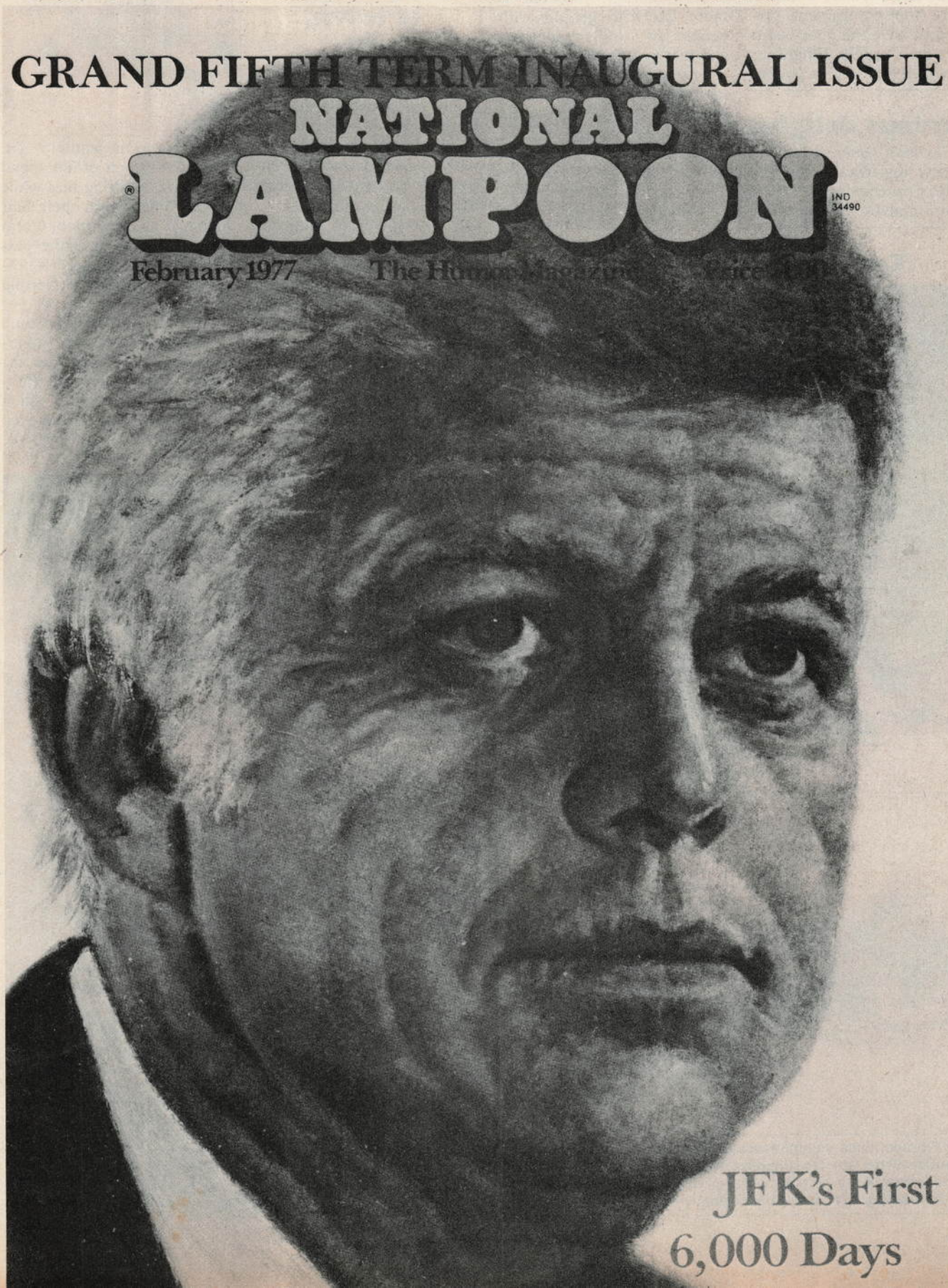
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February 1977

The Humor Magazine

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SEX TAPES

OFFICE SEX

In the course of our interviews with a number of people on the topic of office sex, we discovered that most of them thought the term meant having an affair with a secretary, boss or co-worker. Others, however, immediately used the phrase to describe sexual encounters that actually took place on an office desk or sofa. The office stereotypes—the boss who chases his secretary around the desk or the secretary who fucks her way to the top—were rather rare among our respondents. More often, both men and women worried that office affairs might cause them to lose their jobs. Still, it appears that risk and danger are the very elements that make fooling around with one's office co-workers so enticing.

Joyce M., 30, book editor: I don't know if all editorial types smoke marijuana, but in this company at least 80 percent of them do. Our mail room was once a veritable supermarket of grass, not to mention an occasional gram of coke. One of the first people I met when I started my job was José, the mailman. José made about \$125 a week sorting and stamping mail and about \$400 a week dealing in weed, much of which traveled book rate. José had a weakness for girls with glasses, and he hung around my desk a lot doing his imitation of Freddie Prinze doing imitations.

Once a man makes me laugh he has my heart, so I had a pretty good idea what was going to happen the night I invited José over to my apartment for the ostensible pur-

pose of buying half a pound of grass. I knew for sure what would happen when I saw that he'd also brought a bottle of Beaujolais. For a long while, we lay on the floor listening to records and smoking. José took a blanket from the couch and threw it over me and snuggled up. I didn't feel very energetic at that point but José wasn't in any rush. He spent a long time massaging my neck and back, and by the time he had worked his way around to my front, I was feeling warm and extremely tingly.

José fucked the same way he did everything else: slowly and deliberately. He had a long, thin cock and he delighted in drawing it out of my pussy until just the head was left inside. I'd buck my hips up frantically in an effort to keep him deep inside, but he knew just how long to tease me before sliding back up with a whoosh. I was getting closer and closer to orgasm when he grabbed my legs and pulled them up over his shoulders. He pulled me against him hard and his prick went in so far

that I was sure it would have to bend in two or break. He stopped thrusting and began a circular grinding movement that caused the base of his prick to rub against my clit. I hung there on the edge of orgasm for what seemed like an interminably long moment and then I felt the contractions start. At that moment, José pulled out and went down on me. His light tongue on my already pulsating clitoris was almost too intense a sensation to bear. Can you imagine being paralyzed with pleasure? Well, that was the feeling. It was a good ten minutes before I relaxed enough to resume fucking. I made sure that José got his, though. A man with his talent should never go unrewarded. Someone once said that Latins are lousy lovers, but that woman would sure change her mind if she ever met José.

"Once a man makes me laugh he has my heart."



Carl B., 32, engineer: My experience with office sex is so ordinary it's practically a cliché: I got drunk at an office Christmas party and went home with the first girl who was willing. What happened then was anything but ordinary, at least in my experience. My memories of the party are fairly hazy, but I do remember drinking innumerable cups of an intensely alcoholic eggnog. Up until then Amy was just the tall girl I nodded to as she dropped computer printouts into my IN basket. After six cups of eggnog, I became fascinated by the luminous blue of her wide-set eyes and by the fact that the light shining on her hair created a halo effect that I'd never noticed until that very moment. When

she caught me looking down the front of her blouse, she smiled; that's what gave me the courage to ask her if she wanted to go to bed with me. She said OK but added that she wanted to drive. I didn't care. I may have been too drunk to drive, but I wasn't too drunk to fuck. In fact, just walking outside into the cool air sobered me up quite a bit.

When I walked into Amy's apartment, I got dizzy all over again. Who would have thought that a computer clerk would decorate her apartment as if it were a harem's tent! There were silk pillows all over the place and black-and-pink-velvet lamp shades with tassels and fur throws and the bed had a curtained canopy. I fell back on the satin coverlet and lay there letting the room spin around. When I opened my eyes, Amy had her clothes off and was tugging at the cuffs of my pants. Somehow she managed to undress me and then she slid her long, cool, slim body up over mine like a snake. Visions of *Arabian Nights* danced in my head; the office party was already an ancient memory.

Luckily, my fantasies were the same as Amy's; she seemed to take great delight in the harem-girl role. First, she licked me all over, and I mean *all* over. I hadn't realized that an armpit is an erogenous zone. By the time Amy's tiny catlike tongue had flicked its way from my eyelids to my toes, I was a quivering mass of aroused nerves. I felt as if every hair on my body were standing on end. I knew my cock was standing on end. It got even harder as Amy straddled me and began sucking me into her juicy cunt. I have no idea how she managed to get wet so fast. I gave an involuntary twitch and began bucking up and down, but Amy held me still and said, "Please let me set the rhythm." What the hell, I figured, she'd been running the show thus far, why not let her do as she pleased? She fucked me fast, she fucked me slow, but every time I got close to coming, she'd stop and just sit there squeezing her cunt muscles. Finally I came, and let

"Visions of Arabian Nights danced in my head."



me tell you, I've never had such an explosive orgasm in my life.

Several times during the night I tried to do a number on her like the one she'd done on me, but she put me off. And the next day at work she was as cool and businesslike as she'd always been. When I asked her out, she only smiled and said, "It's never the same the second time." Women! I never will understand them.

Elizabeth R., 27, advertising-media buyer: I think that a lot of office sex is just so much bullshit talk. There's a fellow here—I'll call him Frank—who has one of the greatest womanizer reputations in the entire building. For years now I've been watching Frank leer at anything that walks by in a skirt. Frank has always claimed that his specialty is oral sex. At least twice a week he'll say to me, "Oh, baby, I would just *love* to lick your pussy." And then he'll run his tongue over his lips. However, I never met anyone who'd actually taken Frank up on his off-repeated invitations, but I always assumed that he had a variety of juicy cunts stashed around the building just waiting for a coffee break so that they could go get it on with him.

Last month I broke up with my boyfriend and I was feeling so mopey that when Frank came up behind me,

patted my ass and said, "Ooh, I could just bite it off," I decided to let him try. When we got to my place that evening, old Frank wasted no time with preliminaries. As soon as we got into bed, he was on top of me, trying to ram his tool into my dry pussy.

"Uh, Frank," I said, "it's me to show me what a talented tongue you've got." He gave me a terrified look and dived between my legs. I could have sworn he was holding his nose. In any case, a few seconds later he jumped up and ran to the bathroom. I was never so pissed off in my life. Frank later admitted that he couldn't stand to eat pussy but kept talking about it because he thought that it was a good way to get women to go to bed with him. Once in bed he just hoped that the girl would forget all about his earlier promises. Men sure are weird. I'll tell you one thing, though. All the girls in the office are on to Frank now. I made sure of that. And every time he walks past, I spread my legs, blow him a kiss and say, "Practicing up that tongue, lovey?"

Alfred R., 51, corporation president: It's lonely at the top. Everyone is afraid of me—or else they are forever buttering me up. I arrived here two years ago after an executive job search. There are several attractive women who work in

various departments, but none of them appears willing to have an affair. After the third polite rebuff, I finally asked my secretary if I had bad breath or something. She told me that the last president had had a reputation for sleeping with his employees and then firing them. Some people really know how to ruin it for the rest of us.

Now that I think about it, the only romance I ever had that could really be termed an office fling happened some 15 years ago when my boss's wife made a pass at me. Ann was some 30 years younger than her husband and she was certainly what you'd call a big office-romance winner, having worked her way from secretary to the top in about six months. She loved to entertain, Ann did, and I'll never forget the Fourth of July party she gave for all the junior execs and the secretaries. It took place at the boss's huge summer place on Long Island. He was on the phone most of the time but Ann joined the rest of us as we played croquet and badminton.

After the private fireworks display on the lawn, most of the guests went home, but I'm always the last to leave a party and I stayed down at the pool watching the stars. All of a sudden I heard the sound of a dive and then Ann surfaced, nude. "Come on in," she called, "the water's fine." I slipped out of my clothes and into the cool water. The pool was quite a distance from the house and the overhead lights were off, but I was afraid, frankly, that her husband might catch us. I remember saying that I had more to lose than she, because even if her husband divorced her she'd still get alimony and stuff, whereas I'd probably be without a job. Ann just laughed at my worries, swam over and rubbed up against me like a porpoise. She was a little cold, though, and her goose bumps felt like millions of erect nipples. I'd always heard that it's hard to fuck in water, but I learned that night that nothing could be easier.

Over the next few years, I got to know Ann quite well,

although I later found out that I wasn't the only young exec she played around with. She did have one strange habit, though: She just loved to have me inspect her pussy. I'll never forget the night that she actually got on top of a glass coffee table, spread her legs and asked me to examine her cunt for wrinkles. I told her that she had the prettiest, sweetest-smelling cunt in the whole wide world. It must have been the right thing to say because I got a promotion a few weeks later. When I changed jobs and moved to another city, I didn't see her again, but every now and then I wonder if her pussy has any new wrinkles.

Rosemary S., 27, copywriter: The sexiest thing about my office is my electric typewriter. I find it impossible to sit and type at the damn thing for more than an hour without starting to squirm in my seat. The vibrations in the keys travel right up my arms and down to my nipples, and by lunchtime, I'm usually off in the ladies' room masturbating. I'm married and I've never had an office affair, but if I ever do, I'm sure it'll be because that typewriter finally drove me to it.

Roger L., 29, architect: Office sex? Well, I once got laid in my office, if that's what you mean. It wasn't with a co-worker, though.

One night I was having a drink with friends in a rather trendy bar when I spotted the beautiful wife of one of my firm's clients having drinks at another table. When she saw me, she smiled that certain smile and I table-hopped right over to her. Despite the smile, I was quite surprised when she put her hand on my leg and began rubbing it in a way that said that tonight was the night.

I excused myself from my friends, joined her at the table and we drank until the lights came on and the manager began shooing people away. Her husband was out of town, but was expected home bright and early. My wife was home in bed. My office was across the street; that's where we went. In such a situation, almost

everyone suffers from lingering shyness, so we sat on my desk rather than on one of the sofas. We had a drink and a couple of cigarettes and then I leaned over and kissed her. One thing led to another and soon we were rolling across the desk top, knocking in and out baskets, newspapers and telephones to the floor. We stopped for a minute to undress and then I sat her back down on the edge of the desk.

There was something very exciting about fucking her on top of a desk. She leaned back on the large blotter and I put my hands under her hips and slowly maneuvered my cock into her slick vagina. She wrapped her legs around my waist and then picked up a pad of paper and a pencil and said, "Time for dictation." I told her what I was going to do to her in no uncertain terms and within a couple of minutes she had dropped the pencil and paper and was hanging onto the edge of the desk as I thrust into her. All of a sudden she sat up, grabbed my shoulders and asked me to carry her over to the sofa. With my cock still in her, I did just that.

We stayed at the office almost all night. I wasn't wor-

ried. I'd called my wife and had told her that I was working late and that she could reach me at the office if she wanted to. She didn't. The next day I felt groggy but pleased. I've liked being at the office a lot more since that night; all I have to do is look at the desk and I start daydreaming. I don't know why I hadn't thought of office-fucking before. If you're married, it's really the best cover.

Ken W., 27, lawyer: My secretary, Rita, is a real knockout. She has perfect tits that point upward without a bra and she has long, long legs and a beautifully rounded ass. I wanted to go to bed with her the moment I met her. The problem was—as I found out almost immediately from one of the other junior lawyers—that she was having an affair with a senior partner. I realized that going after her would jeopardize my position—and I work for one of the best firms in the city.

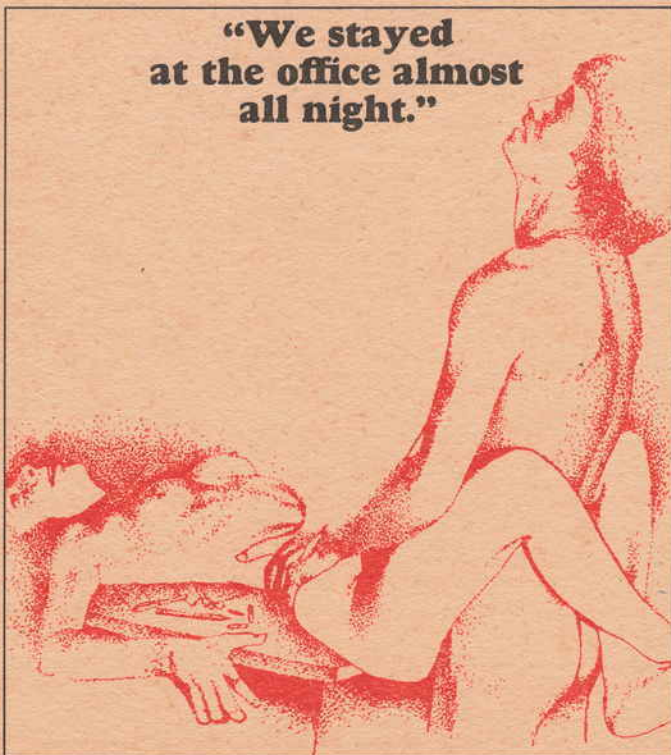
I could tell that Rita liked me, and I didn't think she was too worried about being faithful to the boss. In fact, I doubted if she had to fuck him more than once a month. The more familiar I got with Rita, the more I realized that she

wanted me, too. You've heard of secretaries sitting on laps to take dictation? Well, Rita would sit with her legs apart on the edge of my desk and kick off her shoes. One day when I complained of a headache she insisted on giving me a Japanese massage. It didn't cure my headache, but it gave me a hard-on.

On another day, I went out for a heavy business lunch and had three martinis. I wasn't in any shape to work when I got back, but I had to fire off a few letters anyway, so I called Rita in. As usual, she kicked off her shoes and sat on my desk right next to me. While I was talking, I put my hand on her thigh. She smiled—and she kept on taking the shorthand. Then I began to rub her thigh, but she kept on writing. Finally she leaned down and kissed me, sticking her tongue halfway down my throat. I pulled her onto my lap, and for a minute we kissed passionately. Then the phone rang. While I talked, she got up and locked the door and began to strip. I couldn't believe it. By the time I hung up she was lying naked on the plush carpet. I quickly got out of my pants and got down on the floor with her. We didn't make a sound. I was hard already, and I think the idea of doing it on the floor had her really hot, too. Her juices were flowing and I stuck my cock in with almost no foreplay. I guess it was the excitement of the situation, because we both came fast. She quickly hopped up, put on her clothes, checked her make-up and went out and typed my letters. I was no good for the rest of the day.

Rita and I have continued our affair, but she is discreet and no one in the office knows about us. She has taken to wearing exotic, sexy underwear under her conservative suits. Watching her walk around the office in a turtle-neck sweater and tweeds, knowing that all she has on underneath are probably some red-lace crotchless panties, is enough to keep me sexually on edge all day. More than once we've locked ourselves in my office for a quickie. This is crazy, but I can't stop. ■

**"We stayed
at the office almost
all night."**





SEX TAPE LETTERS

The super orgasm

I must admit that until I read the December *Sex Tapes* I'd always thought that an orgasm is an orgasm is an orgasm. Then I asked my girlfriend what she thought and I learned, to my surprise, that the intensity of her climax varies widely. In Diane's words: "Sometimes it feels like a bee sting, and other times it feels as if I've been run over by a truck." Strange choice of words, I must admit, but I see what she means. In any case, I've been experimenting ever since then to discover new ways to bring her to even greater heights of pleasure. I've learned, for example, that the longer I tease and play with her nipples both before and during intercourse, the quicker and more intensely she climaxes. The most important thing I've found out, however, is that Diane's raised level of excitement is contagious and my own orgasms seem much stronger and of greater duration than they did before. Thanks, oui.

ALEX R.

Lexington, Kentucky

Most people seem to think that great orgasms are always accompanied by lots of screaming and energetic thrashing around. I certainly thought so, but that was before I met Heather. Heather's appetite for sex is positively transcendental; she can make love for hours on end. Her secret, you see, is that she doesn't move; at least, not very much. "How women can enjoy orgasms while panting and bouncing is just amazing," she says. "I should think

it would be like trying to watch fireworks during an electrical storm. Too busy."

Heather will make love only in her own apartment, because mood and setting are all-important to her. A night with Heather is almost like being hypnotized. The first time she brought me to her place I felt the vibes as soon as she opened the door. Her furniture was sparse and there were only candles for lights. Within minutes the smell of vanilla incense filled the room. She put on a record that seemed to combine Gregorian chants and sitar riffs with the roar of the ocean. Next, a drink of warm wine—I think it was wine. Heather wanted me to caress her through her clothes for what seemed like

an hour. By the time we got undressed, my whole body was trembling. Heather's small breasts gleamed in the candlelight, and when I touched her naked nipples for the first time, they twitched uncontrollably. Her entire body was like some finely tuned instrument; the least touch seemed to set all her nerve ends tingling.

I lay down on the floor and she moved on top of me. She slowly rubbed the folds of her silken pussy against the underside of my cock and then she slid me into her inch by inch. What went on next is hard to believe, I know, but Heather crossed her arms, closed her eyes in concentration and proceeded to massage my cock with a series of the

most powerful vaginal contractions I've ever felt. I've heard about snapping-turtle pussies and girls who could "milk" a guy's cock, but I always thought such terms were but excesses of some porn writer's imagination. Heather taught me otherwise. As she squeezed away on top of me I felt my cock grow larger and harder; in fact, my whole body became rigid with sexual tension. Then she paused. I thought I'd pass out from frustration, but then, out of the blue, she climaxed. Wow! If her vaginal contractions seemed strong before, these were positively earthshaking. Her climax quickly triggered mine and I burst forth into her like a dam that had collapsed. It was a long minute before every twitch and throb of that orgasm subsided; I don't think I've ever felt a sensation so strongly in my entire life.

STEWART R.

Osterville, Massachusetts

I guess I had my best orgasm in an airplane bathroom. Everything else about the fuck was awful: We were uncomfortable and my partner didn't come, but my orgasm was great.

My girlfriend Sally and I went to Europe last spring. On the bus ride to the airport, Sally made us sit in the back seat. There was something about the motor vibrations that turned her on. That got us to talking about our erotic fantasies and Sally said: "I know that a lot of people have fantasies about fucking in airplane bathrooms. I just don't understand that; after all, (Continued on page 132)



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REVUE

New evidence that Hitler was weird

Today, 32 years after his death (assuming he is not reading this from an underwater fortress off the coast of Argentina), Adolf Hitler is still an immensely interesting, even popular, figure. His biographies sell like hotcakes, he stars in films, he appears in girlie pictorials in chic magazines and he gets plugs from today's most exclusive rock stars and dictators. Why is Hitler still popular—perhaps the cult figure of our time? There's at least one Hitler cult today that provides an enormously entertaining and thought-provoking explanation of Hitler chic: the occult Adolf cult. Now, everybody knows that Hitler was odd. A one-balled vegetarian, he planned battles with astrological advice and would, on occasions, throw a fit and chew on the rug. Conventional historians have not often made sense

of Hitler's power over Germany except by reference to his syphilitic insanity and the German nation's lust for madness. But several recent works, as speculative as they are investigative, have sought to prove that astrology and veggieburgers are just the tip of the iceberg that is the occultism of the Third Reich.

In *The Morning of the Magicians* (Avon), which was published in France in 1960 and in the U.S. in 1968, Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier broke the story of Hitler's fascination with the black arts. Bergier, who was involved in spying on the German A-bomb program at the close of World War Two, is a nuclear physicist. Pauwels is the editor of *Planète*, a French occult newsmagazine. Their collaboration is at once mind-blowing and mind-blown. The sheer boldness of their theories and the ex-

quisite arcanery of their evidence are sources of occasional enlightenment and continual entertainment; however, their tone does nothing for their credibility with the, uh, uninitiated. *The Morning of the Magicians* is a veritable Whole Cosmos Catalog of crackpot theories, some ridiculous, some sublime, even some that are probably correct. But it's all right; it's entertainment, after all.

On the Hitler question, Pauwels and Bergier seem to strike home, because they have assembled some facts that make a leaping-off point for both cosmic-conspiracy buffs and responsible historians. They describe Europe between the world wars as a hotbed of secret societies, every persuasion having a secret handshake, whether they met in beer halls or baronial covens. England had the Golden Dawn society, an aggregation for magical purposes of such well-known literary stars as William Butler Yeats, Arthur Machen, Sax Rohmer (creator of Fu Manchu), Bram Stoker, A. E. Waite (whose *Tarot* is now a best seller) and the perplexing Aleister Crowley. The Golden Dawn didn't last long (a characteristic of secret societies in which the hoodoos are artists or big shots) and it produced numerous splinter groups. Germany in the Twenties and Thirties was even more splintered among its serious secret societies.

Pauwels and Bergier believe that the Nazi Party itself was a supersecret society containing many small secret societies, such as the famed Death's Head Order of the SS and the Ahnenerbe, or the SS's occult "genealogical" branch.

German secret societies, Pauwels and Bergier contend, had much in common with more or less respectable organizations such as the Golden Dawn, the Theosophical Society and American Freemasons. All believed in a magical interpretation of history and a revival of ancient religions. But whereas the British Golden Dawners wrote poems and the American Masons drank beer at their lodges, the Germans tried to conquer the world.

The German Vril society, or Luminous Lodge, Pauwels and Bergier say, took its name from *The Coming Race*, a novel by



There seems to be no end to the possibilities of exploiting Sylvia Kristel as "that Emmanuelle girl." Over and over she reappears in a piece of soft-focus cryoerotica, this time as a streetwalker with a heart of melting brass. In *La Marge*, Joe Dallesandro leaves his wife down in Provence with flower petals strewn across her pubic hair and makes a business trip to Paris. There Sylvia grabs him literally by the balls and leads him off to forget his marital bliss. To lure him, she sports the ultimate in coy costumery—a black two-piece outfit with a skirt that unzips diagonally across the front so as to make her famous pussy available, while her sweater stays demurely on. A neat illustration of the new morality: no feeling up allowed, only fucking. Finally, however, with Dallesandro (and the movie's French distributors) putting up a little extra front money, Sylvia takes it all off. Meanwhile, back home, something terrible has happened: Dallesandro leaves, and Sylvia must presumably seek out someone new to destroy. The French critics believe Walerian Borowczyk, the director, can do better. Maybe without Sylvia.

—JACK ALTMAN

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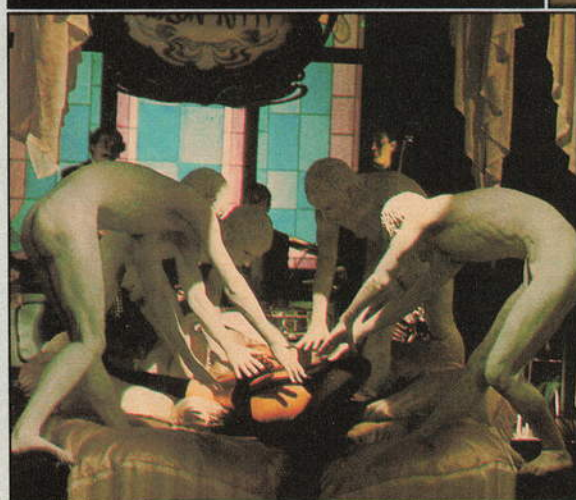
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*The South Dakota law becomes effective April 1, 1977. In a few of these states, the police have discretion to arrest or to give a citation in lieu of arrest. In all of these states, the penalty for possession of small amounts of marijuana is a fine, at most, with no imprisonment.



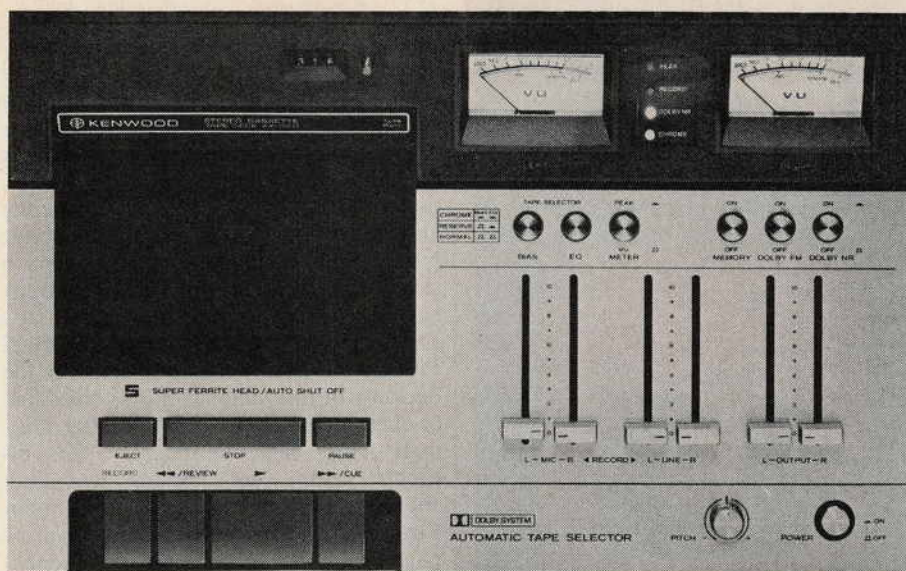
Madam Kitty is vibrant Nazi cheesecake. Kitty (Ingrid Thulin), in the man-woman costume, runs the premier brothel in all Hitlerdom. Her clients include high-command heavyweights, and it occurs to an upwardly mobile SS officer Helmut Berger to substitute hard-core National Socialist sweetmeat for Kitty's girls, to keep sexual tabs on the generals—and so to nip dissent in the pud. The girls are assembled and trained; some are tested by being forced to make it with dwarfs and non-Aryans. Teresa Ann Savoy (Europe's answer to Sissy Spacek, and for whom a collection should be taken to fix her teeth) is especially fervent; she gives Berger a passionate hand job through his pants at the film's climax. This movie is a must for those who like to see the latest in high Nazi fashion (Berger's wardrobe is stunning) and for those who don't believe men shave their pubes (Berger does).

Lord Edward Bulwer-Lytton, the famed English novelist and Rosicrucian. In the book, a superior race, the survivors of Atlantis, live inside the earth and possess superior powers because of their control of vril—yet another word for bioplasm, orgone or whatever. The novel seemed to suggest that men could mutate into gods, and it provided a rationale for efforts toward purifying the race.

Pauwels and Bergier point out that the Vril was one of a network of German secret societies, including the Thule Group, to which Hitler, Hess, Dietrich Eckart, Himmler and many other prominent Nazis belonged; and they argue that the earliest Nazi organization grew out of it. The German secret societies held many beliefs in common with Rosicrucian groups and the Theosophical Society—one of them having been that the earth is hollow. The authors report that German scientists developed a working radar system in 1942 but, rather than testing it for military uses, Hitler sent it off to the Baltic in order to prove that the earth is concave.

In *The Morning of the Magicians*, only a few chapters are devoted to occult nazism, but apparently the book inspired other researchers to enter the field, and the results of their investigations have been more provocative and amusing than the original. Trevor Ravenscroft's **The Spear of Destiny** (Nevill Spearman) explores the relationship of German history and thought to the legends of the Holy Grail and the Spear of Longinus, which is said to have pierced the side of Christ. Ravenscroft was an associate of Dr. Walter Johannes Stein, who fled Germany in 1933 and served as a special advisor to Winston Churchill on Hitler's occultism, and he manages to hold onto the hard-news-and-facts front, while he soars through the metaphysical ionosphere in pursuit of the illusions that bred Nazi racial warfare.

Hitler, according to Ravenscroft, was initiated into occultism during his abject-artist phase (1910-1913). The neo-paganism of Nietzsche and Wagner was sweeping Germany at the time, and Hitler spent his days reading Nordic and Teutonic mythology and history. One day he wandered into the Hapsburg Treasure House in Vienna and saw the Spear of Longinus, the possessor of which, according to legend, holds the destiny of the world in his hands. Hitler felt that he had to have it—as did General George Patton, who, in 1945, tried to cop it for Uncle Sam. It was the vision of the spear, according to Ravenscroft, which set Hitler off on his occult quest for power—under the wing of occultist professor Dietrich Eckart, who was a member of the Thule Society and a



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SHULTON

founder of the German Worker's Party and the Nazi Party.

The Thule, which also counted among its members Alfred Rosenberg, the perpetrator of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion hoax, and numerous judges, police chiefs, military officers, aristocrats and professionals, was at once an occult group and a political conspiracy to smash the Jewish-Communist conspiracy. According to Ravenscroft, Hitler's rise to power and the rise of the Nazi Party were both accomplished with the backing of the elite Thulists, who had at their disposal the funds of the German Army high command. Their ultimate goals were nothing less than the reinstitution of the Holy Roman Empire—and, ultimately, the revival of paganism, the extirpation of Judaeo-Christianity and world dominion as gods.

Ravenscroft has collected an impressive amount of evidence for this occult conspiracy, which seems to be the only adequate explanation of the ideology, style and conduct of nazism. As an occultist, he often provides the casual reader with opinions and conclusions that seem fantastic. Still, he opens many doors of fascinating inquiry, and the reader is free to pick and choose as he pleases.

The most impressive presentation of the occult context of nazism is **The Occult and the Third Reich** by Jean-Michel Angebert (the pseudonym of historians Michel Bertrand and Jean Angelini) (McGraw-Hill). This volume, which is heavily documented and footnoted, takes a refreshingly scholarly approach to a "cosmic" problem. The authors place the Nazi secret societies in the context of the neo-Gnostic heresies, particularly the Cathari or Manichaeans, a medieval racist, elitist cult that worshiped good and evil equally and challenged the Church in Germany and France under several banners, including that of the famous Knights Templar (the controversial order brutally suppressed by the Pope in the 15th Century, after which Hitler loosely modeled the SS), and later that source of fabulous rumor, the Bavarian Illuminati.

Another focus of their study is the Nazis' secret search for the Holy Grail under the direction of SS Colonel Otto Rahn. For the Nazis, the Grail was not the platter used by Joseph of Arimathea to collect the blood of Christ, but a holy book, the Rosetta stone of ancient Aryan-Teutonic religion. The site of the search was Montsegur, France, the ancient stomping grounds of the Cathari and the Templars.

It is almost impossible to understand the meaning of the Grail for the Nazi elite, who hoped not only to reform poli-

tics but to replace Christianity with the religion of the Aryan race. Hitler not only believed in the existence of a lost book, the Grail, but in the existence of secret masters of the world and secret centers of spiritual powers. Both Ravenscroft and Angebert refer to an SS Ahnenevbe (genealogy or ancestry branch) expedition to Tibet, not only to study the origins of the Aryans, but also to search out the spiritual-power centers of the mysterious theocracy. Indeed, Ravenscroft and Pauwels and Bergier all repeat the rumor that when the Russians took Berlin, they found many Tibetans in SS uniforms; but if that is so, the Russkies aren't letting their pictures out.

It's still hard to believe that the apocalyptic machinery of the Nazi Party was the creation of a small group of mad, vain, fantastical necromancers. It's hard to believe because it is frightening—and it has been suggested that it is fear that kept the Nazis' occultism from being brought out at the Nuremberg tribunals. For many years, historians of nazism and Hitler's biographers made little of the occult roots of the man and the movement, and this silence helped "prove" that occult Hitler theories were crackpot. But the most comprehensive Hitler biography to date, **Adolf Hitler** by John Toland (Doubleday), breaks this silence and finally offers scholarly, responsible proof that something's there. Toland tries to present a complete portrait of Hitler, particularly in relating the story of *der Führer's* early years. Toland draws Hitler as an archromantic, an intense Bohemian, an artist longing for a system of belief large enough to accommodate his ambitions.

True, Toland does not carry the theory of magical conspiracy to the lengths that the more occult-oriented investigators do: He does not speculate as to the strange forces at work; he does not mention the Nazis' invocations of "The Beast of the Apocalypse," Tibetan Blackshirts or Hitler's obsession with the Holy Grail. But he does see in Hitler the spirit of a believer, and he shows how Hitler was able to identify with cultural and racial forces. Toland confirms that Hitler had a magical view of history. Still, Toland's view differs from that of the occult Hitler writers in that he views Hitler the magician as symptomatic rather than causative. He shows that the occultism was there, interacting freely with political forces. Toland shows particularly that it was the occult root of nazism, the Thule Society, which originated and prosecuted the idea of the extermination of the Jews. The machinery for such mega-boos still exists—blind belief, sick mythology, other

worlds and superior beings of questionable manners and taste. Beauty still walks with evil, as Krazy Kat once said.

Mano goes 15 rounds with Rocky; does not take dive; is knocked out

Rocky is so powerful it shorts itself out. Don't misread that. My waters have broken; I'm about to be delivered of a very good review. I can't tell you how that wounds my self-esteem. I feel like some sort of fag. Worse, I feel like Judith Crist, whose critical standard has always been "If it doesn't fall off the damned reel, give it four stars." *Rocky* is marvelous: poignant, authentic, unique—a heavyweight thing. *Rocky* could have been one of the ten best films since Foul-Proof Taylor invented his famous iron jockstrap. That good. My *macho* hang-ups went into heat: I have never so wanted a film to be perfect. Yet it just misses; it punches itself out. I'd like to give *Rocky* a hometown decision, but I can't.

Sylvester Stallone: Memorize that name. It's not exactly what Irving Thalberg would call showbiz. Sounds more like cheap Italian wine, the kind that tastes best with six ice cubes in it, or like a name you'd see on some Cosa Nostra garbage truck, the kind that has a Teddy bear tied to its grillwork. Stallone is Rocky Balboa, heavyweight trial horse and all-purpose schmuck. Is. Is, as in the verb to be. Stallone also wrote *Rocky*: for himself. The splendid screenplay brought in offers of a quarter million plus—on condition that Burt Reynolds or (say three novenas) Ryan O'Neal played Rocky. Stallone held out; wouldn't take a dive. And proved himself correct. He is superb; typecast as himself. Stallone's determination has flushed out a mess of press coverage. At this moment, it's very hard to separate Rocky, the hero fighter, from Stallone, the hero artist. Stallone's fongool-you faith is implicit throughout, is part of his film's emotional charge. Right now we have no tool to gauge whether or not Stallone will be a great actor, but he certainly makes a great Stallone. And he can write.

You probably won't believe that Stallone comes on like someone who doesn't have enough I.Q. to be an uncle, let alone a writer. The voice, the diction glub and burble. Stallone moves as though he were shoving through endless turnstiles: herky-jerky, spastic, out-of-control—the distractive gestures that people who know they are awkward tend to affect. His face is bumpkin asymmetric: cock-eyes with heavy myasthenia-gravis lids; flaccid, let-out skin; not to mention Stallone's nose—so graceful and modern it could be a freeway bulldozed out of some slum neighborhood.

Remember, behind every great investigative journalist is a great speculative journalist. —GLENN O'BRIEN

He looks like Robert Mitchum playing Michelangelo's *David*. It's a face you might keep fire doors open with.

Stallone has proved himself physically. He's in shape, man. I mean, could Ryan O'Neal do ten one-arm push-ups? The realism—"boxing choreography by Sylvester Stallone"—is terrific. Stallone knows, for instance, that when a boxer gets tagged on the jaw, one leg will lift up, stiff, in quick paralysis. Each fight sequence (and I've seen more than 500 bouts) is beautiful, imaginative; is just that—choreographed. And *literate*. In one masterful scene, Stallone uses a side of slaughtered beef for his heavy bag. It's brutal; galvanizing. It's a writer's image. *Rocky* has to be the finest fight film ever made.

His plot idea is wonderfully apt; i.e., what happens to the life of a ground-chuck heavyweight when Muhammad Ali, say, chooses him at random for 15 hopeless-but-lucrative rounds? Apt, but overdone. Stallone's problem is range; too much of it. Sure, this has happened before: Ali and Louis chose bums on occasion, but never a club fighter like Rocky Balboa. It's hard to swallow. Stallone should have made his protagonist into, oh, Chuck Wepner, some lout with main-event experience. Given only five weeks' training, no six-round journeyman could last against Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers), whom, we are told, has never had to go the distance. (Yet Stallone's stamina, his meat-beating, will almost persuade.) Then there's Adrian (Talia Shire), Rocky's near-retard girlfriend. We first see her working for a pet store: bashful, mute, cringed-up—in no way distinguishable from a hamster. By round 15, though, she has achieved smart, svelte with-itness. An awful lot of therapy for one 121-minute film. (Yet the no-pedal, artless dialog will almost persuade. And there is an ice-rink sequence in which Rocky, on foot, skids after klutzy Adrian: It is of massive Chaplinesqueness.) Sentimental optimism contaminates the real. Extremes should have been cheated in: a more competent boxer; an Adrian with at least gerbil animation. Stallone set the bar too high. Now and then it's knocked off.

Now and then. *Rocky* is, notwithstanding, the most idiomatic, impressive—the most American—film I've come across since *Mean Streets*. Even these romantic excesses seem natural: They serve as a requirement of our citizenship. —D. KEITH MANO

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SHULTON



EMMA

She
won't take
no for
an answer

Photography by Jeff Dunas



She's
on the horns
of a
dilemma





The question is, how can Emma make sure she gets the farm? Her grandparents are likely to leave it to her, but she can't

be sure; obviously she can't *ask* them. She wouldn't be concerned, except that she mentioned it to her mother, who

said, "Oh, the farm is just a liability now." Are they going to *sell* it? Should she wait and buy it if they do? Should

she broach the difficult subject again? Or should she retain a lawyer? Emma can't decide which course to follow. And

it's been a sleepless night so far. If her eyes don't close soon, she just might get up and run a finger over her growing list of

local phone numbers. Partly, it was growing up in the country; she wasn't trained to compromise all the time. Then it was her grandparents; the way they lorded over the servants and citizenry and acquiesced in delight when Emma played princess around the house—or outside of it, wearing a paper crown and making the animals play the roles of her courtiers. She wasn't happy when her parents entered the picture and broke her bubble, sending her off to a series of expensive schools, which all either gave up on Emma after a few months of her fractiousness or were so fractious themselves that she had no trouble persuading her parents to give up on them. Other bubbles were broken. The vertical bars on her calendar disappeared. Classrooms

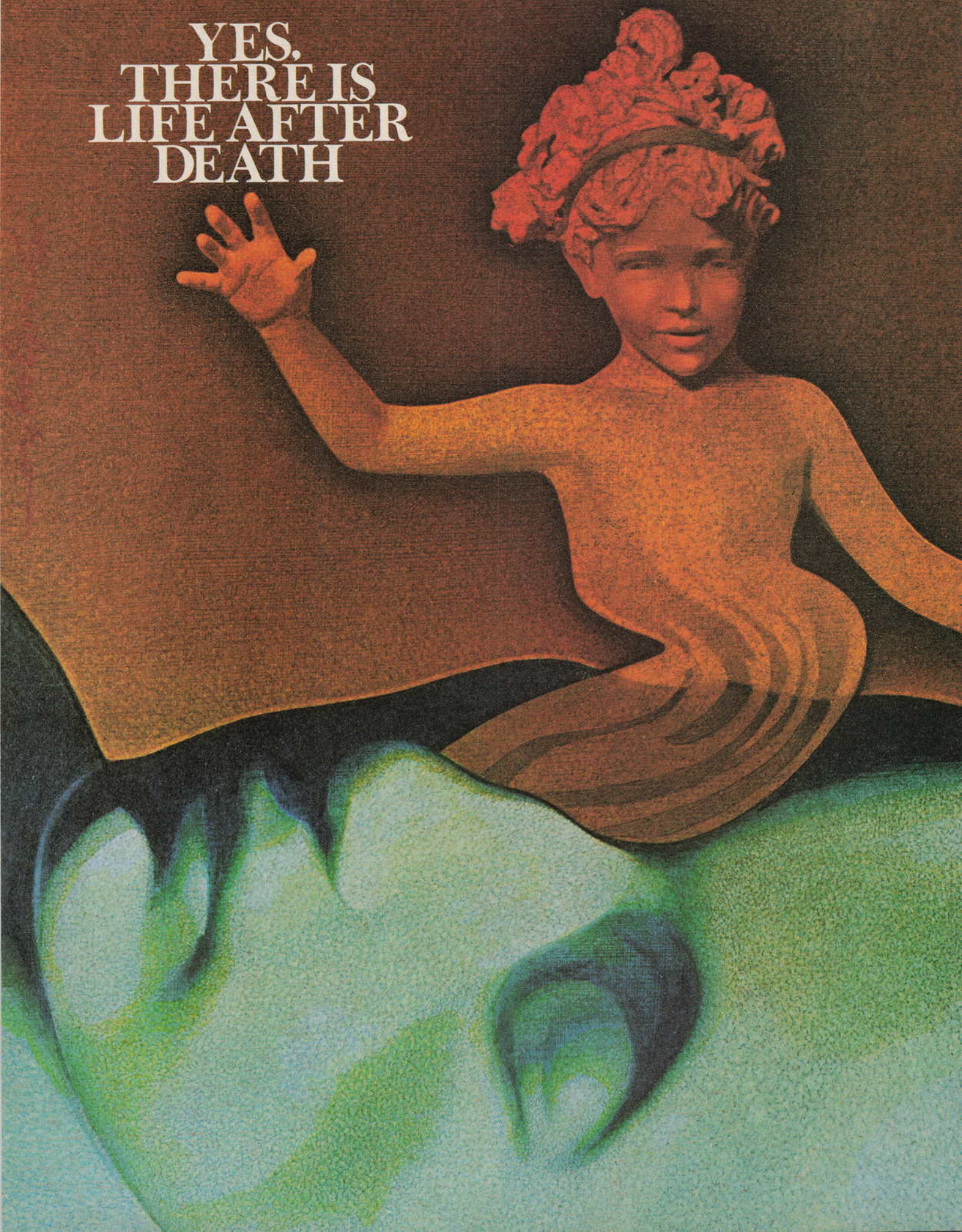


turned into cafés. One morning, she woke up and saw that she had no more bubbles left. She knew she had to get back to the big house in the country, which her grandparents had now vacated because of old age and various infirmities. Back on childhood turf, Emma finds the geese are gone; but it's still easy to staff her court, and it's still possible to take her dreams along when she steps outside.





YES.
THERE IS
LIFE AFTER
DEATH



CHEER
UP,
AMERICA!
WOULD
MEDICAL
SCIENCE
LIE TO
YOU?
ARTICLE
BY
LINDA
WITT

The large tree-shaded prairie house in the Chicago suburb of Flossmoor looks like just another gracious bit of turn-of-the-century Americana; nothing about it suggests the mysteries that are pondered within; nothing indicates the controversies that encumber and perturb the house's resident guru—a tiny, wiry woman named Elisabeth Kübler-Ross. With her limp, graying, blond hair and pale, gaunt features unsoftened by make-up, Dr. Kübler-Ross is not an imposing figure at first glance. Yet as she begins to speak from her curled-up position in a huge wing chair, her eyes become electric and she holds her audience spellbound with a blend of heavily accented English and a symphony of gestures that cause the motes in the afternoon sunbeams to dance like spirits about her head.

Occasionally there are tears in the eyes of her audience, which today consists of student nurses and eight nursing instructors. Officially their visit to the famed psychiatrist and former University of Chicago professor is to supplement their classroom study of her landmark 1969 best seller, *On Death and Dying*. Unofficially they are here on this sunny early winter day because eight of their group have been diagnosed as having one or another form of cancer. They have read the headlines: "DOCTOR CLAIMS PROOF OF A LIFE AFTER DEATH."

The headlines had first exploded onto the nation's front pages in October 1974. The accompanying story told of how Kübler-Ross, appearing before an audience of psychiatrists, surgeons, nurses and parents at Detroit Children's Hospital, had impulsively responded to the mother of a dying child with this declaration: "I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is life after death." The statement caused an immediate ruckus and Kübler-Ross felt compelled to hastily add that her life-after-death studies were "not just the spooky stories of someone who has worked with too many dying patients" but were based on the evidence of nearly two decades of clinical research in

hospitals in Europe and America. Her critics were not reassured.

Today, many months after the headlines, a student nurse haltingly tries to ask about the statement that has come back to haunt Kübler-Ross repeatedly since her Detroit appearance. The nurse explains that she has a brain tumor, and Kübler-Ross attempts to put the nervous woman at ease with a smile and another bold declaration: "You want to know what death is all about, right? Is there life after death? Well, relax. There is. I know it as certainly as I am sitting here."

As long as the nurses are in her home, Kübler-Ross is serene and confident. Later, however, she admits to being puzzled by the controversy she has gotten embroiled in. "For two thousand years, people have been told to believe in life after death. Now I say that we have *evidence* that this is true and it's as if I personally discovered a new planet." She shakes her head wearily. "But I'm like a turtle," she adds. "I think you have to stick your neck out to move forward. When I began this work, I can't describe to you in polite language how hard it was—all the abuse, insults, humiliation I had to take. One priest told me I was selling cheap grace."

This was in 1969, the year *On Death and Dying* was published, and the University of Chicago Hospital was buzzing with talk of the graduate seminars then being conducted jointly by the staffs of the university's psychiatry department, its medical school and its theological seminary. Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, a Zurich-educated newcomer to the university's staff, presided over the seminars, with the assistance of terminally ill hospital patients. Kübler-Ross and the patients discussed the experience of dying and how medical personnel could better psychologically deal with terminal patients, subjects not previously included in medical curriculum.

I arranged to sit in on one of the seminars and to interview the doctor. University officials had expressed misgivings. Kübler-Ross herself was

YES, THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH *"Dying patients often resent—resent bitterly—the misguided but well-meaning attempts to bring them back to life from that other level."*

worse. She said she didn't have time for interviews and instead assigned somebody else to accompany me to the seminar. Her name was Julie—a vibrant, beautiful 25-year-old Ph.D. candidate in philosophy with a strong interest in existential psychology. Julie explained that we would sit in a darkened room with several medical, philosophy and psychology students and watch through a one-way mirror as Kübler-Ross and a hospital chaplain talked with a terminally ill patient about his experience.

"The patient's doctor may be there," Julie said. "You may see a lot of hostility. Doctors think of themselves as healers; it's especially hard for them to face death. There may be tears. You may cry. But don't be afraid. We all face it." Then Julie turned to me and said, "You see, I'm taking this course for what you might call subjective reasons. I'm one of the terminal cases." There was no more time to talk before we got to the door of the classroom, but I would not have been able to talk anyway. My stunned silence was something Julie must have witnessed many times. She went on to tell me that she had known about her disease since she was 17; rather than let this knowledge destroy her life, she had chosen to go to college, to join a sorority, to become an honor student, and to fall in love. As she said with a smile after the seminar, "You see, a person can learn to accept death."

I could not. The notes which I had scribbled madly throughout the two-hour session turned out to be unreadable. My nerves were no more settled during Julie's post-seminar interview. "I know that my life can't go on forever," Julie continued. "But since I've come to grips with death, I've been reading and studying and thinking and doing more than I would otherwise have done. My life has been so beautiful and intense that it *couldn't* go on like this forever."

With that, Julie returned me to Kübler-Ross, who again assessed my mental attitude in one quick, gray glance. "You'll learn," she said, simply.

Lesson one. I did not quite pass the test, however. I wrote the story for a Chicago newspaper and it was picked up by one of the national news services. Later, a *Life* magazine reporter sat in on a seminar, Kübler-Ross became reasonably famous and medical schools everywhere adopted a new course subject. The scholastic discipline of Death and Dying had been born.

Julie and I kept in touch. We had lunch. She lent me books. We talked of

all the things that young women would normally talk about—plus death. I thought I was beginning to handle it. I wasn't. I realized that I had failed the day my editor said, "Hey, that girl you wrote about died."

Over the months, I had gradually stopped calling Julie, knowing that someday she would not be there to answer.

As Julie's friend, I had personally experienced a version of the five psychological stages that Kübler-Ross says dying patients go through while learning to cope with approaching death. The stages are, first, shock and disbelief; then, in order, rage; bargaining; depression; and a final stage, which Kübler-Ross calls acceptance: "A time almost devoid of feeling. The patient has begun to separate himself from his earthly life." I had separated from Julie. She had seen it happen before and understood it. Julie herself had reached the acceptance stage at the age of 17 and had long ago moved on to a sixth stage that Kübler-Ross has not yet publicly defined. Julie called the stage "a higher level of understanding."

Lesson number two came to me on the sunny winter's afternoon in the Kübler-Ross house, some six years after the first. Kübler-Ross had written a new book, *Death: The Final Stage of Growth*, in which she had stopped just short—disturbingly short—of publicly stating something she was privately sure of: that the human consciousness survives physical death. "Death is the key to the door of life," she wrote. She urged readers to live each day as if it were their last and insisted that some incredible lesson—which she did not spell out—is "within you if you look and are not afraid." She went no further, except to say, "There is no total death. Only the body dies. The self or spirit, or whatever you may wish to label it, is eternal. You may interpret this in any way that makes you comfortable."

To compound the seeming confusion created by her latest work, Kübler-Ross simultaneously wrote the foreword to a book titled *Life After Life* by Raymond Moody, Jr., a philosophy professor turned M.D. turned psychiatrist. Published by Mockingbird, an upstart Southern publishing house, the book has since sold more than 110,000 copies and made *The New York Times* trade-paperback best-seller list. In it, Dr. Moody details more than 50 cases of persons who had been declared dead by attending physicians and had then recovered to tell about the experience.

"It is research Dr. Moody presents in

his book that will enlighten many and will confirm what we have been taught for two thousand years—that there is life after death." Kübler-Ross wrote in her foreword, "It is evident from his findings that the dying patient continues to have a conscious awareness of his environment after being pronounced clinically dead. This very much coincides with my own research."

This is as far as Kübler-Ross has gone in discussing her life-after-death research publicly. Away from the spotlight, however, she has been much bolder—as with the group of student nurses who met in her home in the winter of 1976.

Death will come as a buzzing sound, Kübler-Ross told the nurses that day. The initial sound will be followed by the sensation of hurtling headfirst through a long, dark tunnel, at the end of which a dying patient "virtually sheds the physical body in the way that a butterfly comes out of a cocoon."

She said that people who have been clinically dead, then resuscitated, "all describe a fantastic feeling of peace—beautiful, indescribable peace. There is no pain, no anxiety. It seems, too, that whomever you loved most in life and who has preceded you in death is there to help you make the transition. And it is a transition, as dramatic and clean as that which occurs when we leave the womb and the umbilical cord is cut. But the important thing is that you don't have to go through the transition alone."

"They all experienced being perfect, complete, whole," she continued. "One man who had become blind in the final stages of his illness was able to see again. A young man whose leg was amputated in an automobile accident floated above the crash scene and observed the rescue effort and recalls being whole."

She explained to the nurses that the patient's spiritual being literally hovers between life and death, between the physical body and another existence. "Dying patients often resent—resent bitterly—the misguided but well-meaning attempts to bring them back to life from that other level," she said. A student nurse inquired about Karen Anne Quinlan. Kübler-Ross described Quinlan as "a victim of technology," but added that "she is probably in a very blissful, very aware state."

Someone else asked about hell. Kübler-Ross said, "The real hell comes after the initial transition, when you are given a review of your own life—very much like watching it on television. You will then see (Continued on page 131)





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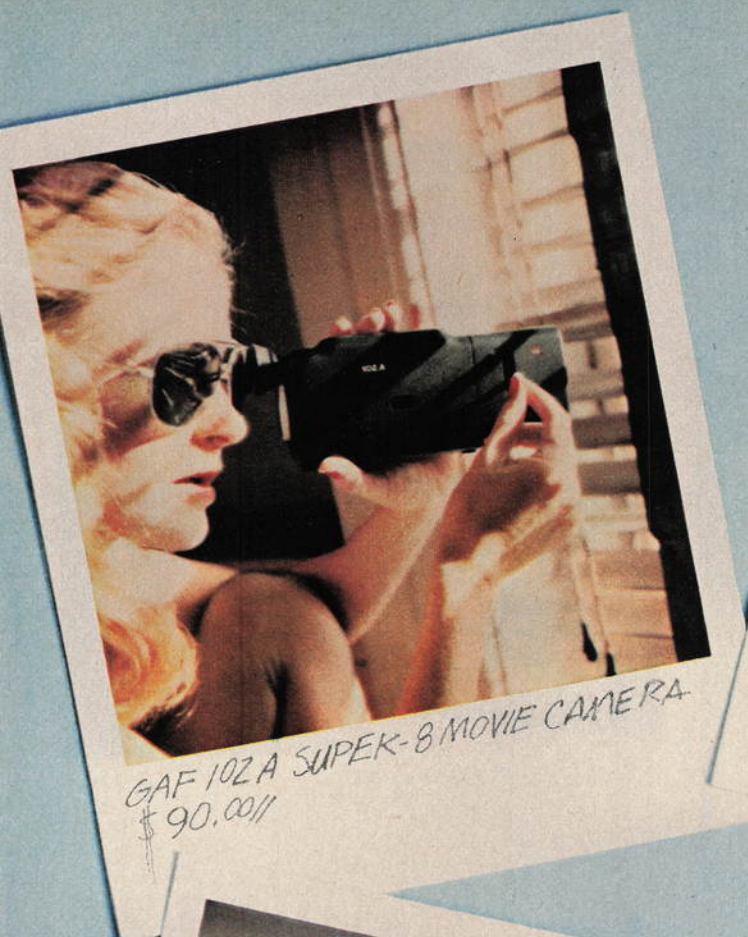


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SMALL WORLD

Time is of the essence. So is size. In her suitcase are numerous tiny electronic gizmos that will play big roles in obtaining the intelligence her country needs so desperately. Top, from left: How could she agent effectively without a pocket radio (it folds in half) from Sony; a combined radio and three-inch TV from JVC; or a hand-sized movie camera, with finger-tip control,

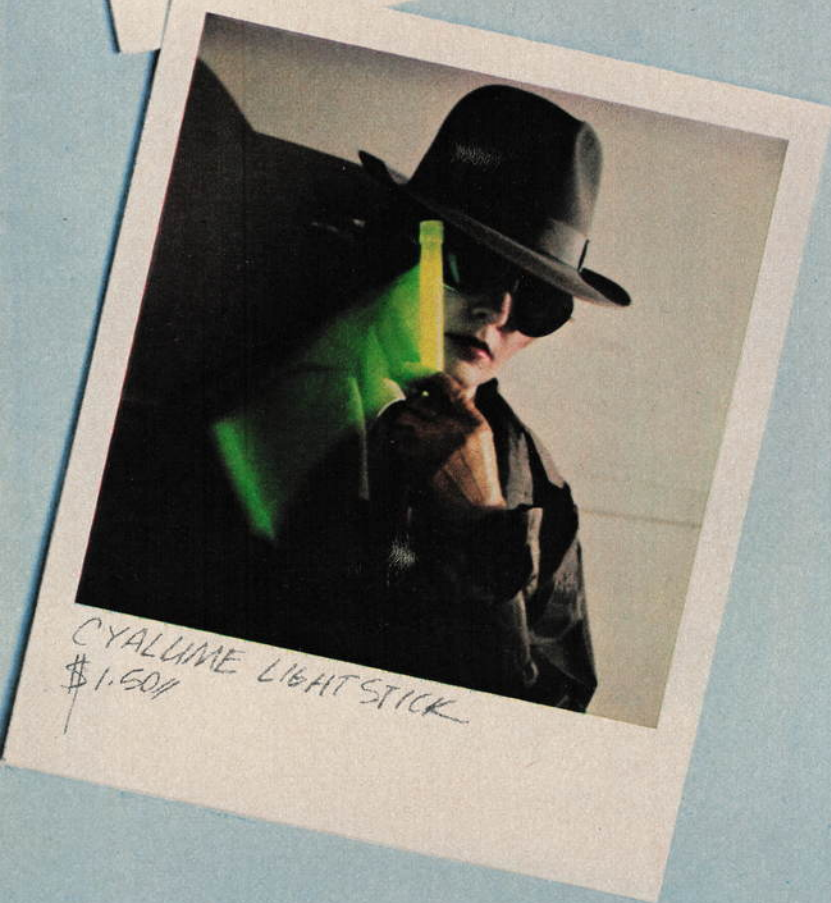
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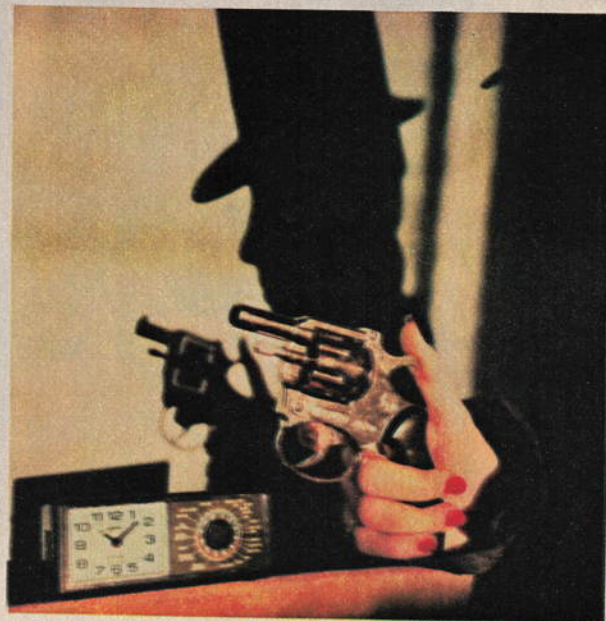


SBE-115M POCKET SENTINEL
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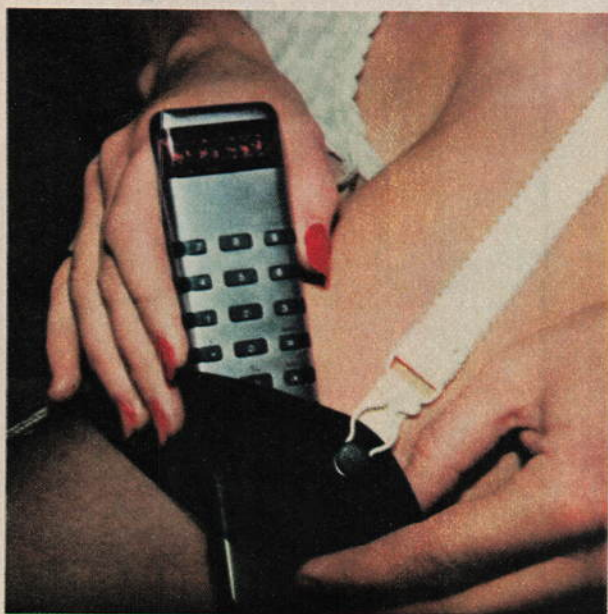
prefocused zoom lens and adjustable strap for right- or left-hand use, by GAF (it's displayed at New York's Museum of Modern Art)? What self-respecting snoop wouldn't have a Heuer timer—a four-ounce, multitracking wonder—in her bag? Our lady of the cloak and dagger has them all. Above, from left: Thank God for R&D's 10.4-ounce Pearlcoorder; for the four-ounce Henniscope viewer, with its quick change of lenses to let her see far—or wide; for the self-lighting Cyalume stick, a must on dark-alley assignments; and for that pocket-sized, four-channel scanner from SBE.



SONY KV-5100 TV
\$ 460.00//



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SINCLAIR SOVEREIGN CALCULATOR
\$ 100.00// (IN BRUSHED CHROME)
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SPECTRA-PHYSICS HELIUM-NEON
LASER, BY EDMUND
\$ 305.00//

Top, from left: Headquarters questioned the five-inch Sony TV, with its glare-free screen; but she insisted. Henniker's timepiece? Without it, she wouldn't know when to signal Istanbul. The Minox camera weighs only 6.5 ounces, but its photos could compromise kings, tyrants and sheiks (the noise-free shutter doesn't hurt any). Espionage would be tough indeed without her Sony Note-Taker, a one-hand-only machine that records while sitting in her pocket, regardless of what she's doing. Above, from left: The genie in Sinclair's calculator computes Swiss bank deposits, among other things,



MINOX 35 EL CAMERA
\$183.00//



SONY BT-50 NOTETAKER
\$250.00//



C.B. POCKET COM
FROM HENNIKER'S
\$55.00//



POLAROID SX-70 ALPHA-1
\$210.00//

and reports back in eight figures. Another mechanical whiz kid is the Edmund Company's laser, which can be used for anything from code breaking to range finding and lasts for 20,000 hours (much longer than the average spy). Hen-niker's five-ounce C.B. PocketCom—a Dick Tracy fantasy come true—lets our heroine talk to her contact while in the field. The Polaroid SX-70 Alpha-1 focuses at any distance, automatically adjusts its shutter speed and develops in minutes; it produced the photos you see here. She can see a pattern in them—and the free world can sleep soundly tonight.



THE

I am in the dentist's chair. The dentist is out in the wings somewhere, getting lost for the customary ten minutes so that I can prepare mentally for what is to come. You see, I haven't been to the dentist in about three years and the inside of my mouth is just slightly more photogenic than a mass-burial trench. I am worried that the dentist will take a look into my mouth, fling his little mirror against the wall, point to the door and say, "Get out of here, you pathetic foul-mouthed little bastard. I'm a dentist. If I wanted to be a garbage man, I'd wear baggy clothes and learn how to ride on the side of a truck." But, of course, he won't say that. He will look at me without emotion and then go to work.

I begin to relax. The chair is comfortable and the office is warm. Water is running someplace, gurgling gently. I start to nod off. Then there is efficient bustling and a blur of white. A pretty face passes into my line of vision and switches on a 200-watt hygienist's smile. I am about to comment on the weather when there comes another blur, followed by a scent of peppermint oil, a not-so-pretty face and a rough thumb on my jaw. It has begun. The mask moves in, eclipsing the overhead lamp. The gas bong is proffered. I toke and go under like a puppy. . . . I am bebopping

down Queer Street, hanging loose, being hip. The day is ominous. Black Crows squawk across a sullen, white-chocolate sky. Black Cows low amid tenement rubble. But there's only one thing on my mind: getting my morning hit. I swing left onto Fifth Avenue and hurry past Zero's, Hershey's and Clark's—all bars that I do not feature. Past the \$100,000 Bar and the Mr. Goodbar *discothèques* and into my usual hangout, the Sky Bar Lounge. The regular crowd is there: Junior Mints, Peppermint Pattie, the Pom-Pom girls, Mary Jane and her Baby Ruth, and natch, Ike and Mike. The bartender is a Kat they all call Kit. He watches

CANDY BARS ARE BETTER
THAN EVER—
ALTHOUGH SOME ARE
BETTER THAN OTHERS

ARTICLE BY
CHARLES MONAGAN



Illustration by Guy Fery

FUN GOO *I look around for help, as the chocolate now gushes into the room. Licorice whips slither atop the rising flood. Oh, God! The stench of chocolate! The Brown Death!*

me very closely as I belly up to the bar. "Starting a little early today, ain't ya, kid?" he asks.

"Ah, yeah," I stammer. "Let me have a Mint Julep, will ya?"

I hear Chuckles behind me. Kit smiles as he washes a glass.

"Your mother's cut you off," he says. "She called last night; said no more hard stuff for you."

The Chuckles turn to Snickers. I turn and see that Almond Joy and the Raisinets have come in for their first set. I am embarrassed—and desperate. I need something early to set me straight for the day.

"How about some M&M's and water?" I ask meekly.

Kit leans across the bar and puts a hand on my arm. He's sympathetic, trying to bolster my spirits.

"I can make you a Milk Shake," he offers. I decline. I also refuse a Banana Split with Zagnuts.

I make like I'm about to leave. I nod amiably and start for the door, but my hands are shaking as I reach for the knob. Suddenly, outside, there's a flash of lightning and a tremendous clap of thunder. I wheel around and slam my fist down on the bar. Everyone stares at me, frightened. Now they realize that my habit is serious. I climb over the bar, spot a box of Mounds and start to reach for it. But suddenly everything is out of whack. The walls tremble and the lights flicker on and off. The faces of the others begin to lose shape and to float around the room. There is chaos in the street. Three Musketeers, swords drawn and clothes covered with sugary slime, race into the bar and yell that the dam has broken. The first trickle of chocolate oozes through the door. The floor shakes. I look around for help, as the chocolate now gushes into the room. My mouth is full of it, and also with wafers and drops and cups and chews. Licorice whips slither like water moccasins atop the rising flood. My teeth are all loose and moving in my head. Oh, God! The stench of chocolate! The Brown Death! As I begin to sink, I look around the bar one last time for Kit and see instead my dentist, perfectly calm, sober-eyed and serious.

"OK, kid," he says. "See the girl on your way out and have her make another appointment for you. And for Pete's sake," he adds, "lay off the junk."

For the next month, I eat nothing but Canada Mints. I'd heard they were practically good for you. Like Dentyne.

The candy bar presents a perplexing problem. It does a tap dance on your

taste buds while, at the same time, it spelunks around your teeth with a pickax. From here on, however, I'm going to steer clear of the unhealthy side of the subject, letting the American Dental Association and Bucky Beaver work that potholed side of the street. I'd much rather talk about the pleasure of eating candy—the morning-sun-glinting-off-a-fresh-Mallo-Cup sort of pleasure. Ergo, before we proceed, let's all pause a moment and recall the tantalizing medley of the Sky Bar; the no-nonsense bulk of the Chunky; the winking, mischievousness of the Jujube; the sweet, juicy subtlety of a Mounds; the Olympian splendor of the Milky Way.

I am long gone, I admit. I got in early and stayed in. But I am hardly alone. Take a look around you, friend. Check those wrappers in the gutter.

The candy industry complains that 1975 was a bad year. Americans spent only \$2,800,000,000 for 3,400,000,000 pounds of candy. That's 16.3 pounds of candy per American, down from the 20.3-pound peak of 1968. The main reason for the decline is price. In 1975, we had to pay \$1,200,000,000 more than the same volume of candy would have cost us in the late Sixties. We picked up the tab for skyrocketing costs on the 1,250,000,000 pounds of sugar, 52,000,000 pounds of cocoa powder, 141,000,000 pounds of peanuts and 23,000,000 pounds of coconut meat, all of which went into our mouths via the candy route.

It is likely that candy will continue to be produced, bought and eaten—despite any rising costs. The craving for sweets goes back a long way. A cave drawing in Spain, from 10,000 B.C., shows a man removing a honeycomb from a beehive as the bees swarm around him. Thus did our forebears commit irrational acts when in the throes of the munchies.

The prehistoric Iberians would probably have enjoyed chocolate equally, without risking all those nasty welts. The cacao bean, however, was then under jealous guard in Mexico, where the Aztecs considered it to be a gift from the gods; therefore only rulers and warriors were fit to eat it. It was not until 1528, when Cortes included chocolate in his Mexican booty, that the substance became available to the rest of the world.

Candy got off to a slow start in America, largely because many of the first settlers considered sweets to be

frivolous or even immoral; they did, however, continue the European custom of taking draughts of hot chocolate for medicinal purposes. By the beginning of the 19th Century, sweeter tooths prevailed, and molasses, licorice and toffee candies, among others, were widely indulged. In 1847, the first mass-produced novelty candy went on the market, a heart-shaped lozenge produced by Chase and Company of Boston; its descendants can still be seen in stores around Valentine's Day, with OH YOU KID!, SWEETIE PIE! OR BAD BOY! stamped onto them.

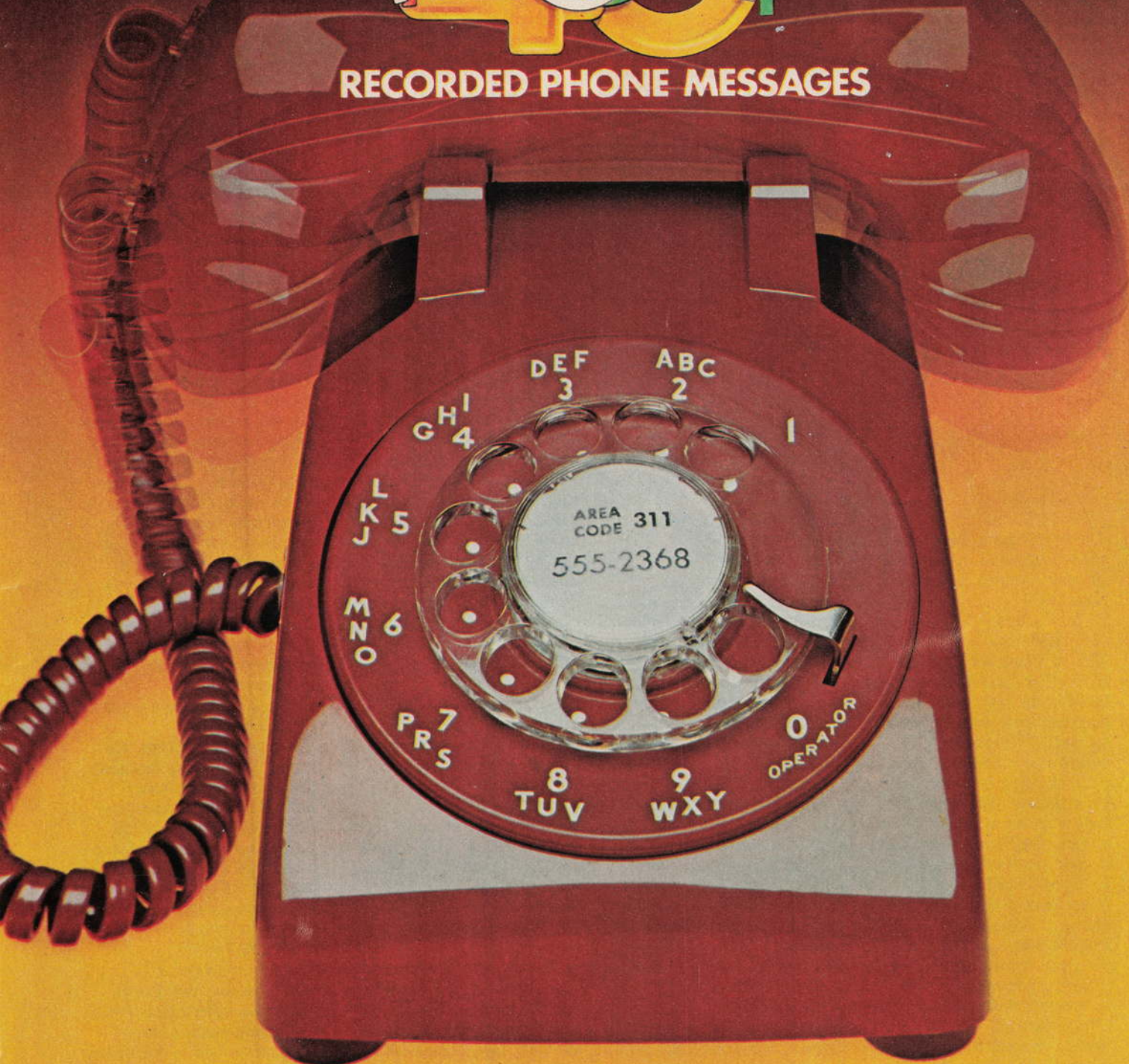
Toward the turn of the century, other five-cent candies—such as Necco Wafers and Black Crows—went into production; and the leading candy manufacturers—the Mason, Heide, Curtiss and Necco companies—started expanding. Also at the turn of the century, a man named Milton S. Hershey was drifting between his second and third bankruptcy and trying to come up with a salable caramel. But, for the candy bar—as with so many other steps forward in the history of civilization—it was war and necessity that were the parents of invention.

During World War One, the American military brass decided that soldiers should carry candy with them into battle, both for the pleasure of the men and as an offering of friendship to the embattled Europeans. The problem was that candy, at that time, was produced and sold in one-pound packages, which were too big for the doughboys' ration packs. So the military lay down with the confectioners, and the candy bar, as we know it, was conceived and subsequently popularized. Another factor that made candy popular among American GIs was their discovery of European chocolate in its many splendid varieties. The men came back with a hankering, and the candy companies, already geared up as a result of wartime demand, were ready to fill the bill.

Bunte Brothers of Chicago was the first company to make a chocolate-covered bar, called Tango; Love Nest was the original nut roll; Baby Ruth, Clark Bar and Oh Henry! followed close on their heels, along with myriad others. In 1923, Frank C. Mars brought out Milky Way on a small scale and it did quite well; three years later, he decided to go big time with it and Milky Way became a nationwide sensation. Milton Hershey finally forgot about caramels and hit his stride when he flooded (Continued on page 124)

T400

RECORDED PHONE MESSAGES



COMPILED BY DAN CARLINSKY

In the beginning, Time and Weather were the only numbers a phone freak could call to get off on the sheer plastique of taped ladies talking. Came the proliferation of answering machines, and the Golden Age of Telephone Entertainment was born. Today, with the right digits, you can dial anything from sports results to gay news. In Vienna, call 1509 and you get an A-natural note to tune your cello by; in San Diego, ring up a certain unlisted number and you hear a taped voice whispering "Hi, I'm Pepper. I'm 26 years old, five foot four, 38-25-36. . . ." We're a long way from Dial-a-Prayer. The important question is: Which numbers are worth the long-distance phone bill? OUI got out a sack of dimes and buzzed some of the busiest answering machines in America, weeding out the schlock and cataloging the cassettes that amuse, cajole and—yes—edify. But dialers be warned: Phone tapes change faster than alibis. Some of these choice recordings may have already yielded to that most ominous message of all: "I'm sorry. The number you have dialed. . . ."

Photography by Richard Izui



has
given
up food al-
together and is
living on water and

1. DIAL-A-WITCH
(314) 645-6594

The lovely Sybil Leek tells your horoscope, neatly and sweetly: Destiny is at your finger tips.

2. DIAL-A-DOSE
(212) 269-5300

This is a rush job. A New York City health department lady crams hours of V.D. claptrap into your ear in 20 seconds. "Untreated V.D. will cause crippling, blindness, sterility, insanity and even death." But when the lady ticks off a list of free clinics, you listen hard, boy!

3. DIAL-AN-EARTHQUAKE
(415) 642-2160

Your heavier quake-niks phone the Berkeley Seismographic Station daily for progress reports on Richter-scale misbehavior.

4. WEIGHT WATCHERS
(504) 362-4357

Weight Watchers are everywhere, but the best Weight Watcher is the gal in New Orleans who claims an 83-pound loss. We don't doubt it! Her sweet Southern voice doesn't just drawl, it drags! "Are the snacks getting you?" she wonders wearily. "Why not try a nice *sloooow* walk to get your mind off the food you'd like right now." We suspect the poor thing

photosynthesis.

5. THE MARY HARTMAN
HOTLINE

(415) 478-3444
Video slaves arise! Yes, in San Francisco there is a line that allows you to miss *M.H.*, *M.H.* episodes and still know who did what to whom at the Capri Lounge. See, you're breathing easier already.

6. THE LAND OF OZ
(405) 843-7396

Oz, according to this taped commercial, is an electronic gizmo that plugs into your synthesizer and really lets you wha-wha. *We're Off to See the Wizard* and *Over the Rainbow* are heard in their synergic versions, sounding like the Munchkin Philharmonic being rained on.

7. DIAL-A-SQUEAL
(612) 348-8543

The sheriff of Hennepin County, Minnesota, has set up a line that's ready to tape all stoolie songbirds. Anybody in Hennepin you wanna screw?

8. DEPOSIT TEN CENTS,
PLEASE

(201) 387-9947
When you're dialing from your living room, there's something eerie about hearing a polite male operator telling you to deposit a dime.

9. DEPOSIT 20 CENTS, PLEASE

(704) 542-1010

This toll-free message tells you to deposit 20 cents, which is doubly shocking. (So where do you put it?)

10. BIBLE STORIES
(312) 943-2166

Little Biblical dramas, complete with hushed voices, swelling organ music and murmuring crowds.

11. WHITE-POWER MESSAGE
(216) 631-6448

The white-power crowd has left its recorded racism in Baltimore, San Francisco and "needy" cities like Cleveland: "White Christians simply refuse to live next door to niggers. Perhaps they do not like the fact that dopecrazed niggers have a habit of raping white women. . . ."

12. MISS BLUE ORCHID
(816) 753-0767

"Hi, I'm Miss Blue Orchid. I'll bet you'd like to know what I'm doing right now." Then she tells you.

13. DR. DIAL
(305) 325-7014

The disease of the week from Jackson Memorial Hospital and the University of Miami School of Medicine. Description and prescription.

14. ERUPTION INFORMATION
(808) 967-7977

In Hawaii, you never know when Kilauea or Mauna Loa is going to shoot its volcanic wad—unless you have this number. They'll know. But it won't help.

15. COORDINATED
UNIVERSAL TIME

(907) 752-3553
Anyone can ring up the local time; we're talking about Platonic absolutes now. Thrill to seconds chiming away at the very core of

time, the Greenwich mean time.

16. BEER LINE
(214) 741-1922

It's pure. It's simple. It's oompahpah. Dial this Dallas number and your horn will bounce with repeated choruses of the Budweiser beer jingle.

17. RARE BIRD ALERT
(212) 832-6523

There are something like 17 Dial-a-Bird services throughout the country: sort of avian gossip columns. It's particularly edifying, for instance, to hear from this number that there are birds other than pigeons in New York City; one day the Big Apple number reported sightings of cinnamon teals, black rails, a singing male cerulean warbler and nine sooty shearwaters. The only thing missing was a partridge in a pear tree.

18. DIAL-A-JOKE, NEW YORK
(212) 999-3838

The biggest of its type. Recently, Dial-a-Joke featured this lament: "I was an unwanted child. I spent the first eight years of my life pushed up against the living-room wall with a doily on my head. . . ." New material daily.

19. DIAL-A-JOKE,
PORTLAND, OREGON
(503) 238-7690

The people's version: "Did you hear that Lassie married a watermelon and had a melon-collie baby?" Anyone can win—obviously.

20. FOR THOSE WHO MOURN
(213) 622-6760

Keep this number in your wallet. When your best friend dies, use it. A reel-to-reel Los Angeles clergyman will try valiantly—if tediously—to make you think positive thoughts. It's more tasteful than calling Dial-a-Joke.



21. DIAL-A-STORY
(805) 466-9902

Throughout the U. S., kids can dial bedtime stories, but nowhere will they find a sunnier storyteller than the lady at the San Luis Obispo (California) City Library.

22. DIAL-A-PRESIDENT
(202) 456-2233

Dial the White House and find out what the President is up to: whom he's appointing, what he's signing, where he's spending billions. It's all there to prove that the man works hard for his 200 thou.

23. EARTH AND SPACE REPORT
(617) 491-1497

Do you spend sleepless nights wondering what's happening on Mars? What's up with Skylab? Dial the Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Massachusetts. *Semper paratus.*

24. SMOKER'S DIAL
(312) 654-8900

The most genial antismoker around is Gordon, from Hinsdale, Illinois. He takes his time. His voice is convincing. He doesn't cough. "And you have a real good day," he ends, "all day long." A real pro, that Gordon.

25. TEL-MED
(617) 482-3333

Choose your subject and a live operator will slip in the proper cassette. All-time favorite is tape number 174, *Masturbation*: "Masturbation cannot harm you. Such misunderstandings as that it will cause insanity, tuberculosis, sterility, impotence, pimples, blindness and cancer have all been proved false through scientific research. . . ." Whew!

26. GOOD NEWS
FOR JEWS
(213) 687-0870

Los Angeles boasts two tapes that aim to convert Jews to Jesus.

The fellow at (213) 655-6870 has a heavy Yiddish accent, offers a free New Testament to Jewish callers and sounds mightily saved.

27. INSPIRATION
(312) 346-0958

When in need of inspiration, call Norman Vincent Peale. The venerable pastor sounds calm, sensible and positive. At the end, he even asks God to bless you.

28. CATTLEMEN'S NEWSCALL
(800) 525-3056

A professional toll-free message giving latest prices of beef cattle. Why shouldn't you know a little bit about everything?

29. THE WILL ROGERS PHONE
(918) 749-6611

From Tulsa comes a folksy taped soliloquy. Sort of Johnny Carson without Ed McMahon's belly laughs.

30. DIAL-A-FISH
(806) 799-6333

A check on the lakes, creeks and swimming holes of Lubbock, Texas, from a fisherman with an authentic hang-dawg accent.

31. DIVORCE INFORMATION
(213) 974-5155

In New York, a recorded voice briefs you on the marriage laws; in Los Angeles, the voice tells you how to split. Figures.

32. TEENAGE SEX
(717) 768-4111

This one is big on the high school boys'-room circuit.

What happens is you get a not-in-service intercept that ends with the punch line "This is a recording from Intercourse, Pennsylvania."

It's funny if you are 14.

33.

AARDVARK
(714) 222-2111

From San Diego:

"You have reached Aardvark, the entertainment spot on your dial!" Music and jokes that range from sophomoric to soporific.

34. ZZZZZZ
(213) 836-5566

This entertainment line offers a continuing saga of one sort or another. Notable because it's the oldest variety-show message anywhere.

35. DIAL-A-DENTIST
(202) 347-7878

A friendly Washingtonian preaches good nutrition for your teeth. He'll clue you in on decay, and so sweetly, you'll wince.

36. PHUN FONE
(213) 990-4936

One of many West Coast "comment lines." Callers put in their two cents and hear it played back.

37. TELL-IT LINE
(704) 375-8635

The ultimate comment line because you don't hear your message or anyone else's played back. You comment in a vacuum on a vacuum. How's that for existential dialing! What's even more bizarre is that the recording tells the operator that collect calls are OK.

38. GOOD-TIMES MESSAGE
(213) 997-0811

A taped Van Nuys masseuse

manages to be both business-like and sexy. "We'd love to have you stop in for a quickie but love it even more if you stay for our full hour."

39. MONEY-SAVING TIPS
(612) 336-5821

Northwestern Bell, in Minneapolis, tells how to cash in on its "Gopher State budget rates." So dull, it's funny.

40. DIAL-A-POEM
(216) 231-2033

A Cleveland lady of some years reads original verse and gabs a bit. Big with English majors and gerontologists.

GOLDEN OLDIES

COMPASSION PHONE R.I.P.
Recorded sweet talk: "I—I think you're the most exciting woman I've ever met. . . ." Stepford wives everywhere ate it up.
DIAL-AN-ATHEIST R.I.P.
He'd read a Bible verse, then say, "Come on! Who'd ever buy a package like that?"

DIAL-A-POEM R.I.P.
This was a grant-supported line that had Jim Carrol remembering how girls under the boardwalk said semen tasted like strawberries. It attracted large after-school audiences and got the phone poets booted off the dole roles. Another setback for culture. And strawberries.

CRY, THE BELOVED LEBANON

AN ARAB JEW WHO WAS ABLE
TO GET OUT IN TIME GRIEVES FOR THOSE WHO DIDN'T

ARTICLE BY ALBERT PARIENTE-COHEN

Last year, my family owned an apartment building, a chocolate factory and a coffeehouse in Beirut. Now my mother, father and brothers are living on welfare in Montmartre, Paris. They spent 20 days in Lebanon trapped in the kitchen while bullets grazed the windows. They never slept. My father, acting on the advice of his partner,



Illustration by Julian Allen

an influential Moslem, had stocked enough canned goods to feed our family of Arab Jews and the other families trapped in our building during this long siege. My father's partner also gave him two machine guns for protection. A neighbor was killed in his bathroom by a ricocheting bullet, and a sniper, stationed on a roof opposite

our building, shot my cousin as he was crossing the street. A Christian Phalangist who was patrolling the neighborhood rushed to my cousin's aid, was shot and fell on top of him. The two lay there for three days, bleeding to death. Snipers were positioned on roofs throughout the city. They placed their guns in strategic positions



CRY, THE BELOVED LEBANON *My friend's uncle stayed behind. When the Palestinians arrived, they called all the men into the street, lined them up against a wall and slit their throats.*

and sat back; when anything or anybody moved into target range, the guns went off automatically. The snipers took pictures of every hit and were paid per photograph. One day a sniper killed his own brother; when he walked down the street and realized what he had done, he killed himself. Confusion was, and remains, a way of life in Beirut.

Fortunately the telephone lines were still open, so I called Lebanon from Los Angeles, where I'd gone several years before in search of a film-making career. My parents cried for help; not only were they trapped in the kitchen but they had no money, since the banks had been closed for weeks. Over the phone, I heard the firing of machine guns. I arranged for the purchase of five airline tickets, and my father called the French Embassy, which contacted the Lebanese Army and arranged for an armored tank to take my mother and brothers to the airport.

My father chose to remain in Beirut, hoping for a peace settlement so that he could dispose of his property and ship the family valuables: furniture, two cars, 35 Persian carpets and a case of my grandmother's heirloom jewelry, more than 100 years old. Our apartment was no longer safe, since the Palestinians were forcing the people in our neighborhood out of their homes in order to gain more strategic positions. My best friend's uncle sent his wife and children away but stayed behind to guard his furniture, thinking no one would harm a 75-year-old man. When the Palestinians arrived, they called all the men down into the street, lined them up against a wall and slit their throats.

My father moved into the coffeehouse that he owned with his partner, one of the richest Moslems in Lebanon. It was next to the Hilton Hotel and faced the sea. My father remained there during the heaviest fighting in November and December 1975 and January 1976. At various times, the coffeehouse was headquarters for the Phalangists, the Lebanese Army and the Armée de Liaison. Although he was in one of the fiercest war zones in Beirut, my father was well protected, because his partner kept his own militia of 50 men—some Palestinians, some Christians and some Moslems. He also had several secretaries, each with connections in the upper echelons of command in the fighting militias. Everyone slept in shifts in cars on the third level of the underground parking lot and no one went to the w.c. without his machine gun. In those three months, my father never left the coffeehouse and never showered or shaved.

One night on the news I saw the buildings next to the coffeehouse shelled out; the coffeehouse was still intact.

Everyone in my family speaks Arabic, eats Arabic food, loves Arabic music. Until one and a half years ago, we were proud to live in the only democracy in the Arab world. Beirut was called the Paris of the Middle East; it was the playground and financial center of the Arab world. It was a city where veiled women walked next to women wearing the latest European and American fashions. Tourists came from all over the world. But mostly it was a country where Moslems, Christians and Jews lived peacefully together.

Now Lebanon is a country shocking the world with its capacity for atrocity in war. A Moslem soldier, with flowers attached to his machine gun, walks over bodies on the cover of *Time*. And the world is mortified to hear that "Christians" refused to stop the bombardment of the Tal Zaatar refugee camp to let in the Red Cross to aid the hundreds of Palestinians trapped beneath a collapsed building.

The Lebanese people never recovered from the civil war of 1958; indeed, the wounds have remained open and festering for 18 years. I remember Yom Kippur 1958. I was eight years old. I don't know why, but I stayed home alone and was standing on the balcony when, in the distance, I saw a small band of men making their way down our street. They were carrying guns and shouting, "Long live President Camille Chamoun!" More men joined them. Some carried sticks or heavy metal tubing; many had guns—even machine guns.

At the opposite end of the street, I saw another crowd of angry men with heavy sticks and the metal instruments used by car mechanics. They were shouting, "Nasser! Nasser!"

I was frightened and I remember crouching low on the balcony, hoping to keep out of sight. I was too fascinated to go inside: for me, it was real-life cinema, a scene from a Western where the good guy meets the bad guy in the street for a showdown. The only difference was that here there were hundreds of guys on either side.

I knew these men. They were the Christians and Moslems who lived in the neighborhood. I was rooting for the Christians—for me, they wore the white hats. I remember seeing a Christian from the next block carrying a huge fire gun; he was followed by another guy who held the gas tank for the gun.

Soon men were coming from every-

where and the street was packed with two angry mobs heading for a confrontation. The Christians pulled down the street signs as they pressed forward. There were very few cars parked on the street, but I remember a group of Moslems surrounding a blue 1956 Ford and overturning it as though it were a toy.

The two mobs finally met. The street was filled from one end to the other. At the center, the leaders were talking, arguing. Then a Moslem took out a bomb, twisted it and threw it high in the air. Everyone scattered. I never saw people run so fast; it was mass frenzy, a total panic. Suddenly I realized that the bomb was headed toward my balcony; I ran inside and threw myself on the sofa, praying, "*Chammaa Israel, Hashame Elokenu, Hashame Ehad.*" Then the bomb exploded in my ears and I must have blacked out for a second. I felt total stillness, as though lost in space. Gradually I became aware of my body, which was uninjured. I realized that I was lying on the sofa and that everything was intact, even the windows. Later my father told me it had been a French bomb, an explosive that is used to scare people without destroying anything. He had seen them when he was in the French army during World War Two.

The 1958 civil war ended without serious destruction. But it left a mark on the psyche of the Lebanese people. I remember rumors of Moslems who would kidnap a Christian, kill him, cut off his genitals, stuff them in his mouth, then drop him off in a Christian neighborhood. The Christians would retaliate and kidnap a Moslem, kill him, cut off all his members, even his head, stuff them into a bag and throw the bag in front of his house. Civil war is a war of the psyche and quickly becomes an endless chain of savagery, with each side hoping to intimidate the other.

In 1967, I became aware, for the first time, that I was a Jew living in an Arab country. When Gamal Abdel Nasser, leader of the Arab world, sobbed to his people that the Arabs had lost Palestine for the third time to the Israelis, the Arabs went berserk. An enormous wail burst out from the Arab world; it was as though the tears from Nasser's eyes had instantly flushed every Arab out of his house and into the streets, like a tidal wave of screaming men, women and children. In Beirut, they rushed toward the Jewish neighborhood chanting, "Palestine is our country, and the Jews are dogs." The Jews watched from their balconies. My father ran into the kitchen and started boiling huge pots of oil to (Continued on page 107)

DEBRA
TATE
WATCH
THE FUR FLY

Photography by Suze Randall





Men tell her she will grow out of these fur fancies and move on to the hard stuff: hairy chests. Debra just smiles. What does she really want, they ask. Debra says mink. And high heels. And cherry-red lipstick. But primarily mink. Because it tickles when you're naked. Like a man. Yes, her name is famed, and **YES, SHE IS THE BABY SISTER OF SHARON TATE, THE LATE GREAT,**

who helped raise Debra in the whirl of the Sunset Strip Sixties. As you can see, Debra has come of age. She has dealt with that which had to be dealt with. She is not running after a movie career and has no interest in the sort of public life that Sharon lived. Debra wants none of that. She has her own concerns. Secret concerns. By day, she passes for just another spectacularly built California girl who races horses down the rolling verdure that leads to her beach house, body-surfs in her front-yard ocean and thinks happy thoughts: ermine-lined license plates; finding inner peace in a sable. But that's just the daytime. In the early evening, she lolls around with the black sheep of Hollywood, a circuit of brothers, sisters and children of famous people. They have quiet luaus by the pool. They complain about est seminars. Debra is soon bored. She presses a button and the time lights up on her gold watch. Deliverance is near, for after midnight, the leopard changes her spots and the fur fantasies begin in earnest. Debra sneaks off to a big gay disco with a pack of boys. She wears her Black Diamond mink over nothing. This is her comment on the Hollywood status scene:

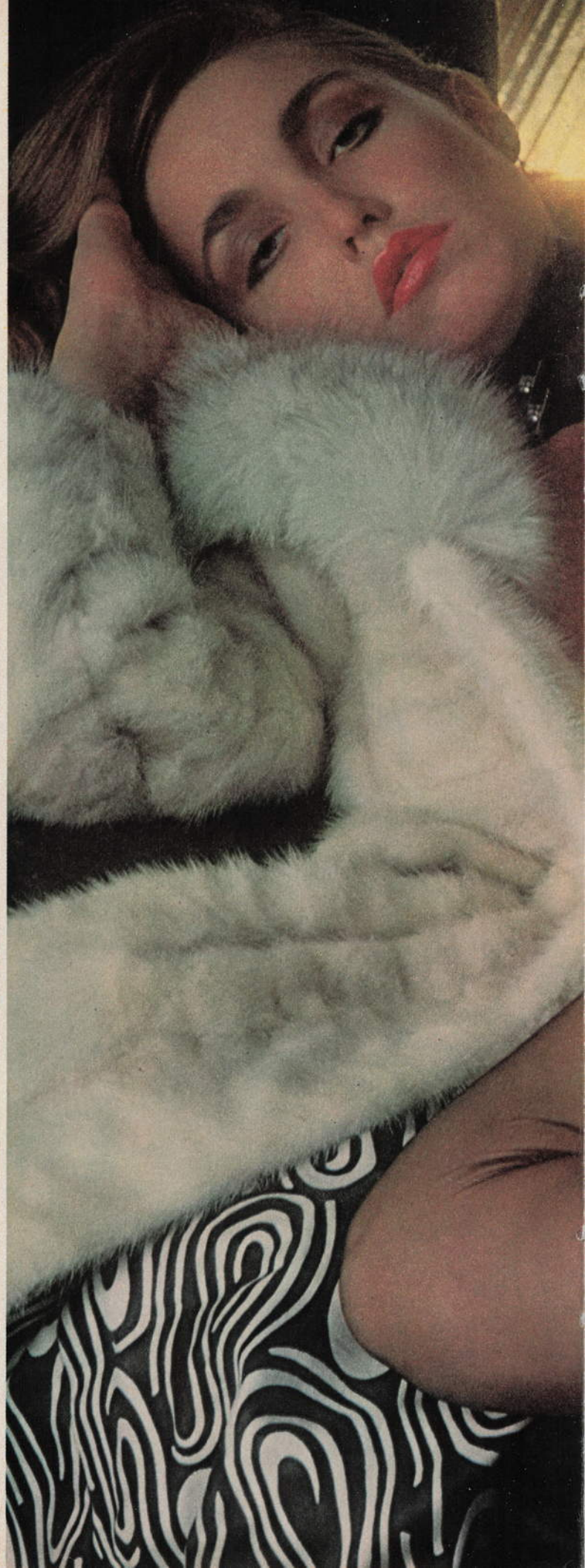


everything on the line; price tags up front. The dancers bop-ba-bop. Debra takes her time. Suddenly, as if by accident, she lets her mink fall open. A tinsel star falls from the ceiling. Somewhere a galaxy explodes. One man drops his drink. Debra blows him a kiss. She takes a cigarette from her garter strap. A man who identifies himself as a Milanese count turned movie producer lights it for her. She is not fooled. She exhales smoke into his eyes. Spaghetti disaster-flicks, indeed! Her sister warned her about these lounge lizards.

Debra turns up her collar and leaves. Fast, faster, fastest. Her Lamborghini zips along the Pacific Palisades. The steep, winding descent to the shore. Off with the mink, on with the boa. Debra wraps herself in it and wanders naked through her many-windowed beach house.

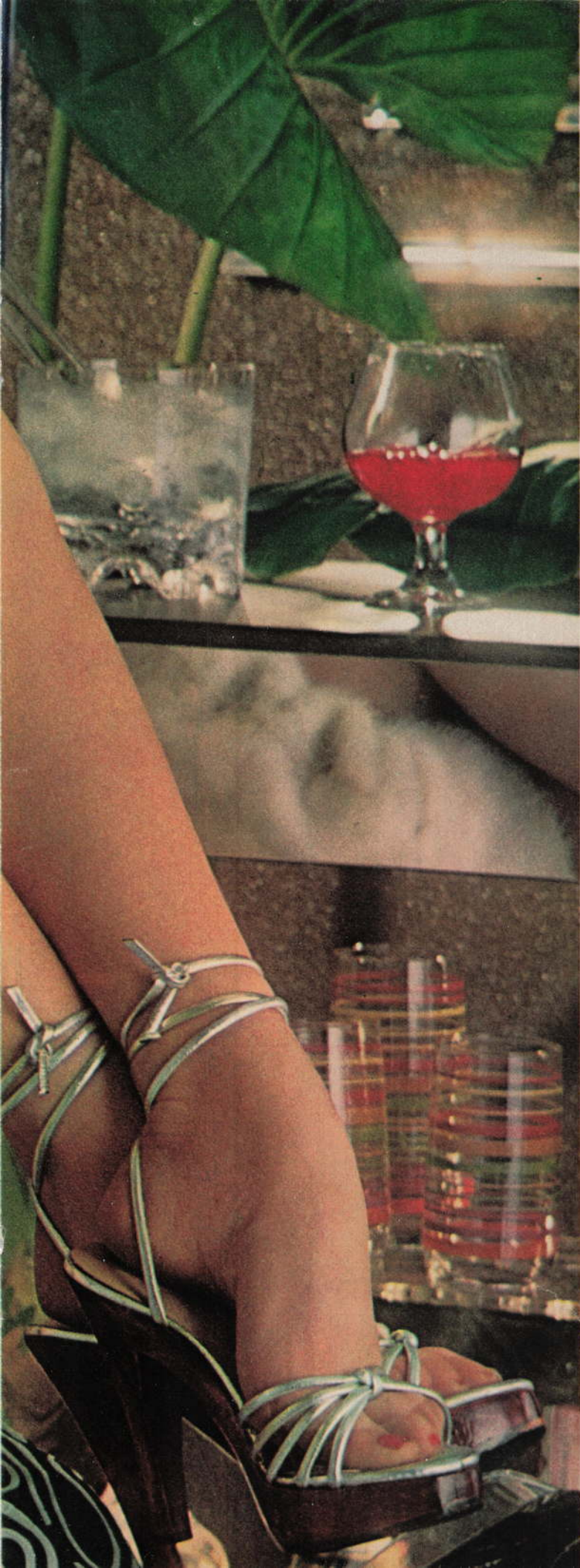
**ONLY THE SEA
SEES WHAT
SHE DOES
WITH HER
SERPENTINE
LOVER.**

The unconstricting boa slithers over her blushing landscape. The sea waves.









Tonight Debra is angry. Tonight she plays rough. She drags the mink across the redwood floor, grinds her silver heels into it. For this, she must later suffer the boa's flagellations. (It's only a game. No one is hurt. Even the fur glistens afterward.) But then the phone rings. Oh, no, it's the spaghetti man! He wants to make Debra a star. But she will have nothing to do with his projected epic, *Earthquake, Italian Style*. And no, she is not interested in a musical biography of Benito Mussolini. What does she want, he

persists. Debra gives her standard answer. He offers her the role of a mink rancher who gets stuck in a Swiss ski lift with a man from *Save the Seals*. The drama centers around the couple's ideological split on the fur question and how it relates to world communism, the state of the arts and Debra's pouty lower lip. Debra says she'll think about it. Men are too ridiculous!

ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT SHE'S BREATHTAKING? MUST SHE WORK, TOO?





She puts the receiver in its cradle. That's that. Debra cuddles up in the boa. But already she has a vision of herself, not so much as a box-office heavy but as a box-office heavy in one of those What-becomes-a-legend-most? ads. (They say they let you keep the mink.) Before long, with the boa caught up in a most provocative convolution, she falls asleep before a window. Bright sun wakes her. Debra must think things out. She puts on her naughty lingerie with the gold gizmos and slides into her Lamborghini. No one will be startled by her traveling briefs. Everyone in Los Angeles goes about in bikinis; that's how Debra once explained her scanties to a police officer whom she had asked to tell her the way to San Jose. He saw the sheer bikini, and they never did get around to San Jose. They dated. He was an ex-surfer and showed Debra how to hang ten—without a surfboard. Debra already knew that trick but played dumb, give or take a few moans. A star performance. Yes, Debra tells herself, acting may be her forte. The Lamborghini turns onto the freeway, that great conveyor belt where L.A. does much of its thinking. Its smooth, hypnotic transitions empty the mind (which explains the type of thinking done in L.A.). Motoring aimlessly, her destination nowhere in particular, Debra arrives at a decision almost by psychic osmosis. Without really willing it, Debra is back at the beach house.

**ON THE
COUCH, THE
MINK WAITS
TO BE
TOYED WITH.**

The phone rings. Debra knows who it is and that she will accept his offer. What becomes a legend most? A beauty whose time has come.





oui





CONVERSATION WITH

STAN LEE

The mastermind of Marvel Comics talks about his life with The Hulk and Spider-Man, the transformation of dime-store superheroes into post-atomic myths and how V.D. made him what he is today

In his cozy, comfortable executive office high above the murky miasma of Madison Avenue, behind the hurly-burly and hubbub and the heedless hurrying hordes, sits Stan Lee, pondering the peerless plethora of incredible, inimitable inventions that his ever-burgeoning brain has bounteously brought forth throughout the endless eons of the Age of Marvel to everlastingly enthrall the mavens of Marveldom and munching on a tuna sandwich from the downstairs deli.

If you have never read a comic book, then you may not know or care who Stan Lee is. But if, like most of us, you grew up wishing that you could make sticky stuff come out of your hands and feet so you could climb up the side of a building like Spider-Man, or shout "Flame-on!" and flash through the air like the amazing Human Torch, or hurl your invincible Uru hammer with the mystical might of Thor the Thunder-god, or rip evildoers into shreds with your bare hands like The Incredible Hulk, then you have Stan Lee to thank for it.

Whether encouraging these fantasies was strengthening or debilitating to our emerging psyches is a point for psychologists and sociologists to debate—and they have, endlessly. The fact is that Lee, as editor, art director and finally publisher of what is now called the Marvel Comics Group, is responsible for the creation of The Fantastic Four, The Hulk, Spider-Man, Thor, Dr. Strange, The X-Men, The Avengers, Daredevil, Nick Fury and The Silver Surfer. Lee came to the world of comics as a go-fer at the age of 17 and has stayed for 35 years. To many people, Stan Lee is Marvel Comics.

Lee used to write many of the books himself, sometimes turning out a story a day. He is an acknowledged master of the purple prose that characterizes comic-book narration—alliteration being his specialty. He is also the star of the letters pages that appear in many Marvel comics, on which

he keeps up a flow of chitchat with his readers and makes household-name stars of all the artists and writers in "Stan's bull pen."

Lee started life in New York City as Stanley Martin Lieber. The reason for the name change? "So young and witless was I at the time I started writing comics that I felt I couldn't sully so proud a name on books for little kiddies." His original nomen is still being held in reserve for the title page of the great American novel that his wife Joan says he must write someday. In the meantime, Simon & Schuster has published three books under the Stan Lee byline, "Origins of Marvel Comics" (1974), "Son of Origins of Marvel Comics" (1975) and "Bring on the Bad Guys" (1976), with several other sequels in the offing.

The first thing one notices on meeting Lee is how great he looks. He is tall and skinny and craggy-faced leading-man handsome—sort of a Jewish Gary Cooper. In the Sixties he had shoulder-length hair; now it's cropped short. He wears cowboy boots. He seems really relaxed and casual, except when he is talking about something that interests him—and then great waves of energy go zinging forth. At 54, he is head of a very prosperous corporation and pining for fresh worlds to conquer. Asked what he thinks of the fact that comics are finally being recognized as a serious art form, Lee says, "It's like recognizing a mountain: It was always there."

Interviewer Anne Beatts comments, "When I was growing up in the Fifties, comics were supposed to rot your brains. I wasn't allowed to buy them. So my sister and I would smuggle our favorites into the house, take them upstairs and hide them under the bed to read them. Stan Lee has brought comics out from under the bed and into art galleries and college classrooms and I am really grateful to him for that. But I still prefer to read them under the bed."

OUI: Comics seem to be more respectable these days. Do you have a favorite theory as to why this is so?

LEE: When comic books were read only by prepubescent kids and cretinous adults, nobody accepted them as an art form. The acceptance came only when older readers turned to comics. Also, many parents felt comics would prevent kids from being good readers, because they were just looking at pictures. Ironically, today comics are the only

tool we have to teach kids to read, because television has weaned them away from other reading material. As far as comics being a viable art form—let's suppose Michelangelo and Shakespeare were alive today and Shakespeare said, "Hey, let's team up and do a comic. You draw; I'll write." If that happened, nobody would say that comics weren't a worthwhile form of art. My point is, there's nothing innately wrong with the comic-book medium.

OUI: It's as good as the people who do it?

LEE: With certain exceptions, until Marvel came along nobody had been doing it very well at all. Most of the people in the field didn't respect comic books themselves. They figured they were just writing for young kids, so why bother to make it good. The companies were owned by people who were not really very literary, who for the most part just stumbled into the comics business from other areas of publishing or

STAN LEE *I had to give Odin authentic supreme-god expressions. Odin couldn't say, "Hey, Thor, knock it off, would you." He had to say things like "Cease and desist, thou base varlet."*

from some other industry. For them, comics were a way to make a buck. They hired somebody and said, "Turn out some comics for me." It wasn't like other forms of art. It wasn't like the theater or ballet or opera or even movies or television, where the people are dedicated and study the business.

OUI: What caused that change?

LEE: I'd like to think that I had some part in it. At Marvel, we have tried to upgrade the medium by upgrading the vocabulary in our books. We use college-level language now and concentrate on incorporating relevant psychology, sociology, philosophy, satire—things that nobody paid much attention to before. Before the Marvel style came along, you'd see a superhero walking down the street wearing his costume—a mask, a cape, red underwear—and nobody would notice him. Then he would turn a corner and meet a bug-eyed monster 15 feet tall with scaly skin and eight arms; the hero would say, "Oh, a creature from another planet! I'd better capture him before he destroys the world." That was the level of writing in those days. A Marvel hero today would say, "I wonder what that nut is advertising." We take a whole different slant. Our Spider-Man character, for instance, is a guy who climbs walls, sticks to the ceiling and has the strength of 20 men. Obviously that's a fairy tale. But what would happen if such a person really existed?

OUI: You put the fantasy in the context of day-to-day reality?

LEE: And it immediately becomes more interesting. And this is why the older, more intelligent reader can accept and enjoy our books.

OUI: How did this change begin at Marvel?

LEE: With the Fantastic Four in 1961. Here was a team of four people, and I asked myself, why do they have to like one another? Why do they always have to get along? Let them argue occasionally. Let the teenager in the group say, "I want to cut out. I'm not getting enough money." Their headquarters was a skyscraper on Madison Avenue. In one episode, they got evicted because they didn't pay the rent. The leader of the group had invested their reward money in bad stocks and they were wiped out. The other members wanted to kill him: "Some leader you are. You lost all our dough. You blew the whole bit." This

was a new attitude for comics to take.

OUI: Was it simply a case of making the language more true to life?

LEE: Right. With The Fantastic Four again, I tried to get the kid to talk like a kid, and the leader to talk like a stuffy, pompous intellectual. We had a character called The Thing and I tried to give him movie dialog—sort of a cross between Jimmy Durante and James Cagney. When I work on my new characters, I take them very seriously. I ask myself, now if I were Dr. Strange and I had to deliver oaths and incantations, what would I say that would sound genuine? And when Thor was up in Asgard visiting Odin the king, the supreme god, I had to give Odin authentic supreme-god expressions. Odin couldn't say, "Hey, Thor, knock it off, would you." He had to say things like "Cease and desist, thou base varlet." The words had to sound right. The reader had to accept them. A character can't say do, when it ought to be dost or doth.

OUI: Did you research the language?

LEE: I read the Bible. I'm not a religious guy, but I love the rhythm of the Bible. I love the writing. I'm a big Shakespeare buff, too. If you combine the styles of the Bible and Shakespeare, you get a colorful, flavorful type of language, and I tried to throw that into Thor whenever I could.

OUI: How did you know you were on the right track with this new approach?

LEE: I wasn't even looking for a track. The whole thing started out of sheer boredom. The readers were dying of boredom; I was dying of boredom. Every day I would tell my wife that I wanted to quit, and she kept saying, "Instead of writing the same old slop, write something better." But I knew we were onto something when the fan mail started coming in. We had never gotten fan mail. I couldn't believe it. I answered every letter. Even now, if I get a letter written in pencil from some five-year-old, I can't go to sleep unless that kid has received an answer. It's a compulsion. And in those days, we were getting hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of letters a day. More than the Beatles, I think. I read every one. I almost went blind reading all those letters until four in the morning. I had to stop after a few years.

OUI: Weren't you the first to publish letters from readers?

LEE: And answers to them. I kept it

warm and friendly. I got sick of seeing letters beginning Dear Editor and signed Charles Smith. So I'd answer the letter Dear Charlie and I'd sign it Stan. And little by little, the kids caught on and started writing, "Dear Stan and Jack," "Hey, you nuts in the bull pen"—that type of thing. Which is the feeling I like. Comics should be fun. I can't tell you how many letters began, "Dear Stan, I've got a problem. We've never met, but it's something I can't ask my parents, and I know this will sound crazy, but I'm closer to you than to any other adult I know." There's one letter I'll never forget. A woman wrote to me saying that her son was graduating as class valedictorian and that she and her husband thought I should know, because the three of us did a great job of bringing him up. It was such a nice letter.

OUI: Do you have adult readers today who have grown up with Marvel?

LEE: Yes, and that had never happened in comic-book history. Before Marvel, kids would start reading comics at age five, and by the time they were 13, it would have been goodbye forever. Marvel, on the other hand, has readers who have remained loyal beyond college age. I'll be lecturing at a college or doing some radio or TV interview and some guy 30 years old will say, "Hey, you're Stan Lee. Jesus Christ, I've been reading your stuff since I was. . . ." And he'll get me in a corner and ask how come The Hawk did such and such last issue.

OUI: And you still attract young readers, despite television?

LEE: We've kept the kids because of the superhero scripts. If we were doing just Westerns we wouldn't be as successful, since television can do Westerns better. Same with romance or crime books. But no medium can do a science-fiction fantasy story as well as a comic book. Animation is too expensive for television or movies, and the animation people can't turn stories out as often or as fast as comics can. We can present a whole galaxy in one little illustration.

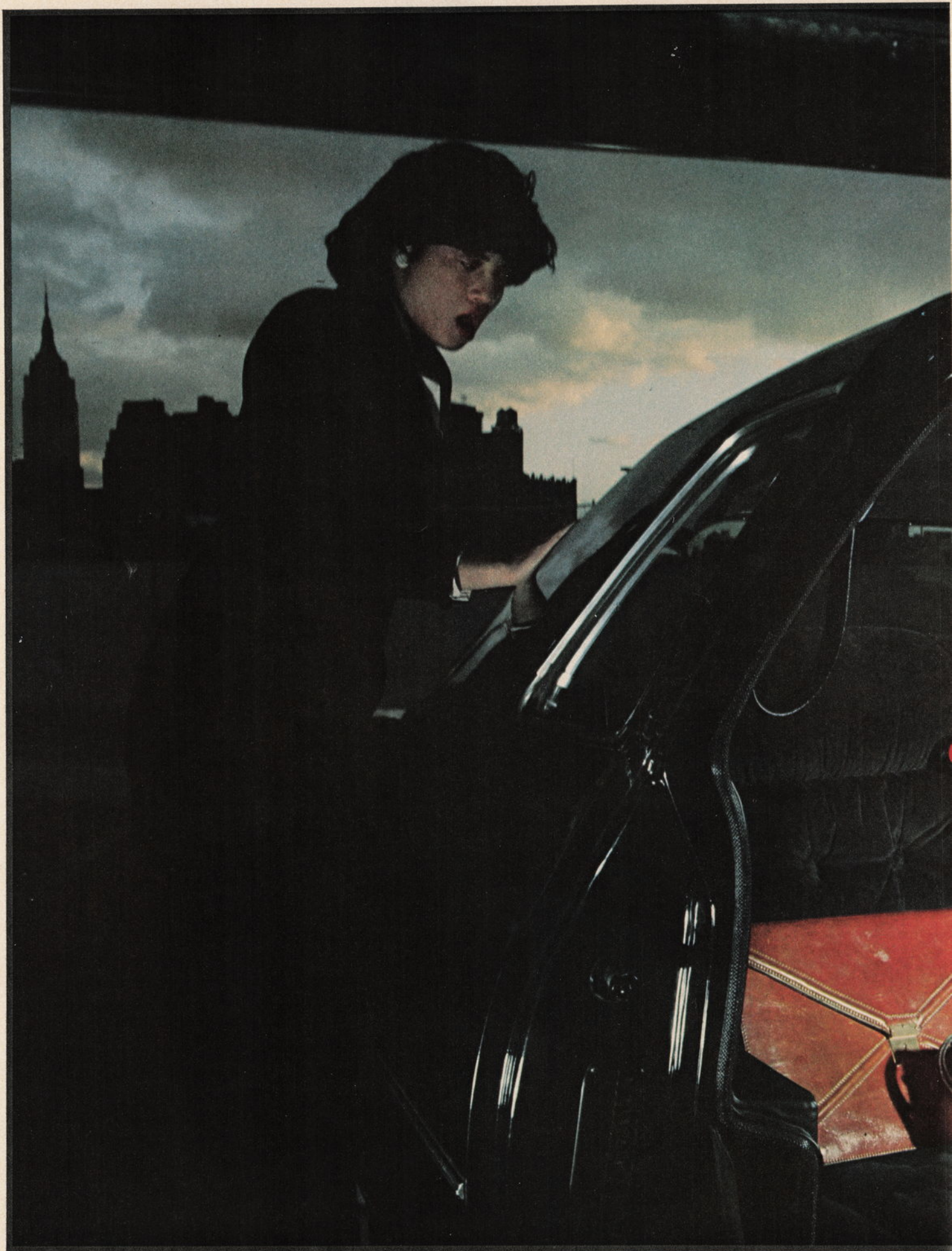
OUI: But science fiction has a limited readership. You must be doing something more than that.

LEE: Our books are fairy tales for older readers. Every kid in the world loves fairy tales, but when he gets to be 12 years old, a kid feels that he's outgrown fairy tales. Then, suddenly, he discovers Marvel Comics. Now he reads about giants, or (Continued on page 116)



*"Whether
they give or refuse,
women are glad
to have been asked."*
—Ovid

Aslan





BAG TIME

NEW YORK STYLE: COKE AND SYMPATHY

High-powered moguls have long since abandoned the notion that bags for men are fey. Walking around with contracts, tax-free municipal bonds and market analyses stuffed in your pockets is grounds for your tailor to sew up your zipper. New Yorkers need formality to offset the indignity of garbage-strike residue and New South power brokers. One is likely to find crisp leather bags that speak softly and carry big bucks or—as we see in this quaint scene snapped during the evening rush hour—candy. We learned later that the young lady wasn't having any, thank you, but appreciated the ride uptown anyway. The bags are a slim envelope, left, from Peter Barton's Closet (around \$145) and an attaché, right, also from Peter Barton's Closet (around \$155). The little R.O.N.A. bag in the center (around \$17) is what European men carry things in, and it's available many places.

LOS ANGELES STYLE: RANCHO DELUXE

The West Coast is another story, natch. Out here, formality would get wet, poolside at the Polo Lounge. The heat makes everything lose its starch. But still there's stuff to haul around: film scripts, purloined letters, hot pix of superstars in unhygienic positions, chemical calmatives. West Coast bags tend to be squishy, so no one gets hurt if he falls on one in a stupor. Also, the bags out here tend to reinforce Southern California mythopoeitics: cowboys, wetbacks, young snatch. Here we see a not-so-sweet school-girl putting the bitch on her consort, who works for a recording company and who has gone back into the car. They had been discussing the terms of their afternoon liaison. She has to get home before dinner.

The bags are, clockwise from top left, a Stitching Horse bullhide jobbie (about \$80); Stitching Horse saddlebags (\$90), perfect for lonesome cowboys; oh-you-green-kid leather sack with lots of room inside from Skin Clothes by Michel and Anouchka (\$175); a French bag by Roots Natural Footwear (\$80); a leather shoulder bag with pockets by R.O.N.A. (\$40); a beige herringbone carryall from Hunting World (\$175); a leather-trimmed beige-canvas shoulder bag by Roots (\$95) and a tan-leather schoolbag by Roots (\$100).





Photography by Moshe Brakha

PIE-KILL'S GREATEST HITS

On July 18, 1974, Agents of Pie-Kill Unlimited first announced its existence to a revenge-hungry world.

Two and a half years and about 500 pies later, APKU is closing up shop.

"It was good while it lasted," say the organization's founders, Chief Agent Rex Weiner and Chief of Protocol Deanne Stillman. "We were able to commit assault and battery," says Weiner, "and get paid for it, too!"

APKU is the original pie-for-hire outfit, and it spawned scores of imitators. *Time* called pie-kill "the biggest fad since streaking." At the height of the piemania, APKU's 12 agents were busy around the clock, traveling as far as Quebec and Key West to carry out nefarious assignments. Despite

problems often encountered by rival groups, APKU's high degree of professionalism allows the Chief Agent to boast: "We never missed, never got punched and never got sued. And we *always* got paid."

Why retire such a successful business? "Our original dozen agents have gone on to bigger things," explains the Chief of Protocol, "like murder, bank robbery and plutonium smuggling. It's awfully tough to get good help these days."

Looking back over the past adventures of APKU, Weiner and Stillman have picked out some of the high points, pictured here:

1. David Frost gets it right in the puss from the Chief of Protocol herself, while the Chief Agent (who has just

pied Adrienne Barbeau) eggs her on. Frost had been asking for it for years.

2. The other agents swore they'd take "executive action" unless this photo was included. It shows none other than the Chief Agent getting a taste of his own medicine during APKU's second-anniversary celebration.

3. William F. Buckley, Jr., tried to duck, but couldn't escape the whipped-cream justice of Pie-Kill. Perhaps now he'll write a book called *Pie and Man at Yale*.

4. This gentlemen is a very famous figure in the world of Wall Street and high finance, but shall remain nameless. A group of imaginative Marxists hired APKU to strike this blow for dialectical materialism.

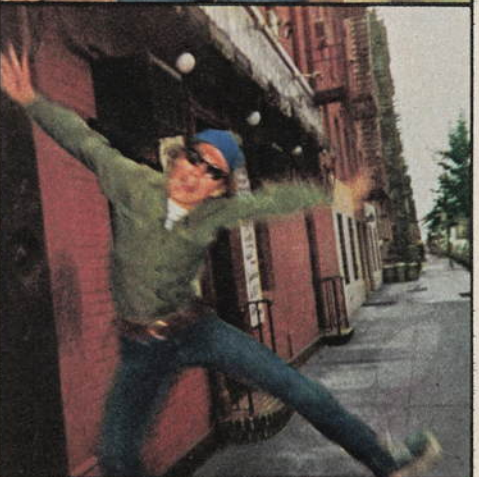
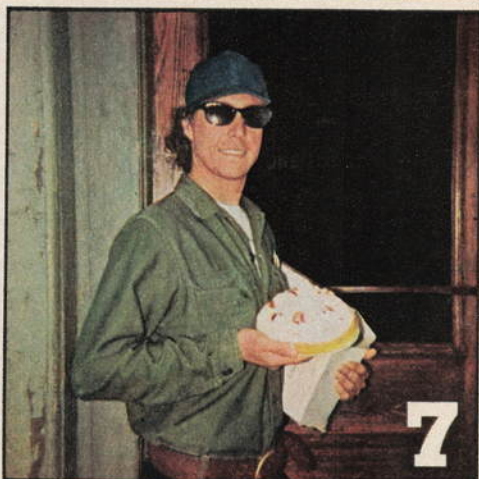
5. Governor Ray Blanton

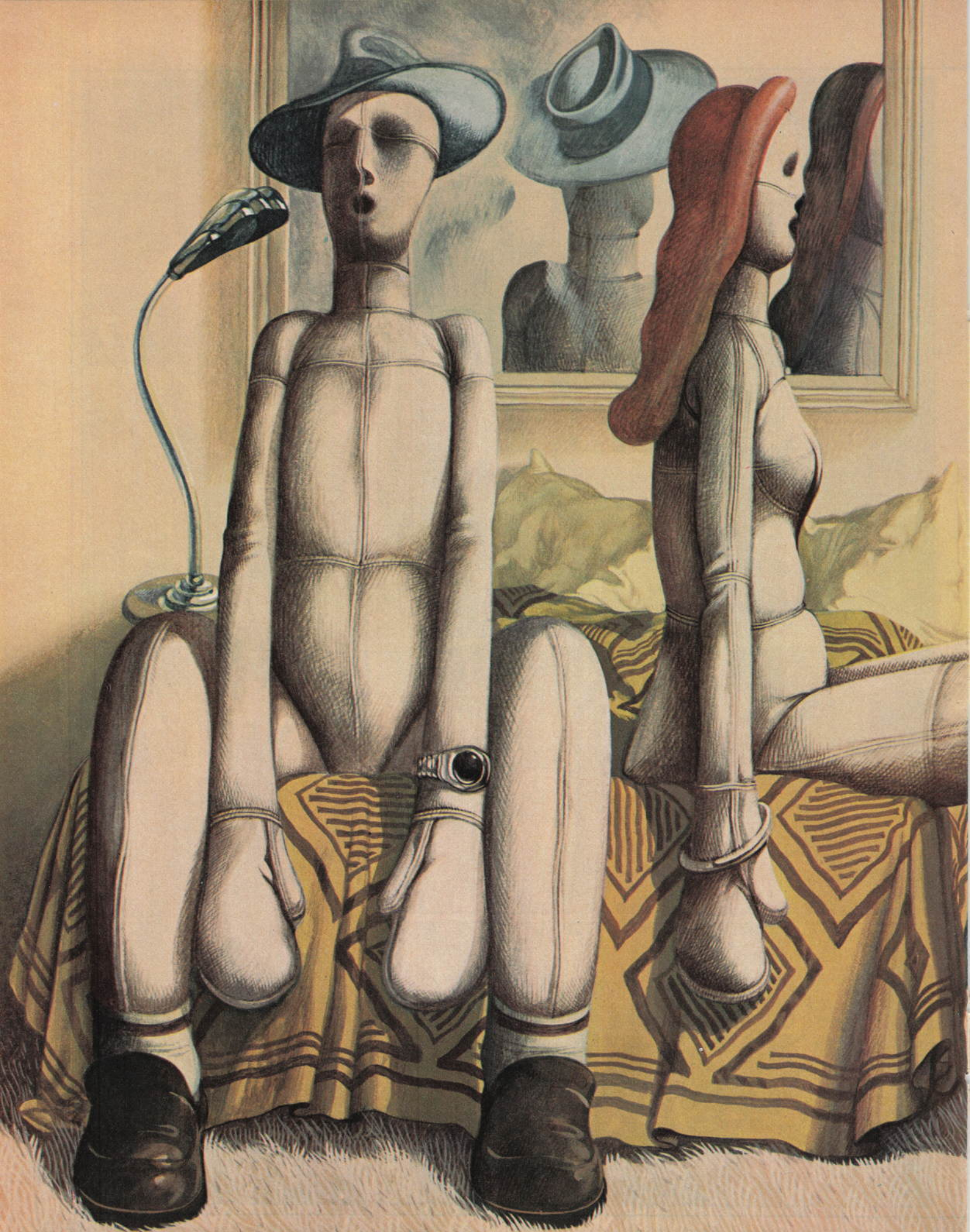
of Tennessee is the highest elected official to understand in a personal way the power of pastry politics.

6. When Daniel Patrick Moynihan was pied by ace agent Aaron Kay during his 1976 Senate primary, the news flashed 'round the world, and many rejoiced. But not Bella Abzug, who lost to the rotund scholar. She later complained: "Moynihan's people staged it." Sorry, Bella, but no conspiracy there. The irrepressible agent was just free-lancing.

7. This was a great hit because it was the very first. The sequence shows the approach, the attack, the aftershock and the escape, as performed by the Chief Agent himself. Photographed by the Chief of Protocol.







THERE'S NO SEX LIKE NO SEX

ASEXUALITY MAY BE JUST THE THING FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO PUT OUT/ARTICLE BY JOYCE GRELLER

Consider Gloria: She looks great, acts feminine, aims to please. But she pretends to be involved in a deep relationship in order to avoid same and to fend off random passes. During her early days as a commercial film editor, she bunked with a very helpful, very successful fag. Then she calmly married a rich boor who provided all the luxuries and freedom she needed. He even tolerated, at first, her excuses to avoid sex: She occasionally tossed him a stray girl. She moved ahead in TV production. She was grateful when he divorced her. Gloria easily attracts folks who cater to her needs and desires,

though there is rarely any kind of sexual exchange between her and anyone, and she always has someone who serves as home base.

Now consider John: He is sensitive, very handsome, blond, in the age-indeterminate upper 20s or early 30s. He is Gloria's brother. He is not overtly gay or straight—he is not anything exactly, though he has tremendous pansexual appeal. John dresses well but quietly, travels on the margin of various international circles, possesses a smooth manner and a glib awareness of what's happening. He is a superb gossip, frothing with unusual black and blue anecdotes, often gathered firsthand, of select personages. He moves among unassuming hidden jobs in order to meet social and wardrobe expenses, and he is expert at finding a man, woman or couple to live with for a small fee, or none, in exchange for very light duties—never for sex.

And now consider

Ramona: Her accent and manner are undefined Continental and she's sexy to look at, stylish to touch—but obviously too hot to handle. Who knows? Or cares? This seething temptress fascinates men, women and beasts alike, sometimes for fun, more often to pay her way or to provide something—in exchange for her company, bravado and spirit. Herself! Some of her partners are long-playing marks, easily dumped whenever someone more advantageous or of note appears. She goes to these partners when she's between stars; they thrive on her unpredictable abuse, on the sporadic excitement of her aura and on her recent stories of victory or defeat. They don't expect any, and she doesn't give them any, of course, though as the competition for nailing celebs stiffens, she's occasionally forced to go through the motions. She fakes it fine. Sometimes she actually puts out. But surprisingly, to her benefit, many "names" are

grateful that her lusts are rock bottom.

Ramona and John have worked well together as a dashing, amusing, fashionable duo; smart filler of no particular aptitude other than moving around nicely—which is still several notches above most callings. Their access to parties, habitats, grapevines and sources has sometimes required considerable joint effort. Between their rows, schemes and outside adventures, there has been some lingering, emotional intimacy, understanding and loyalty between them. Some might even call it love. But their obligations to each other

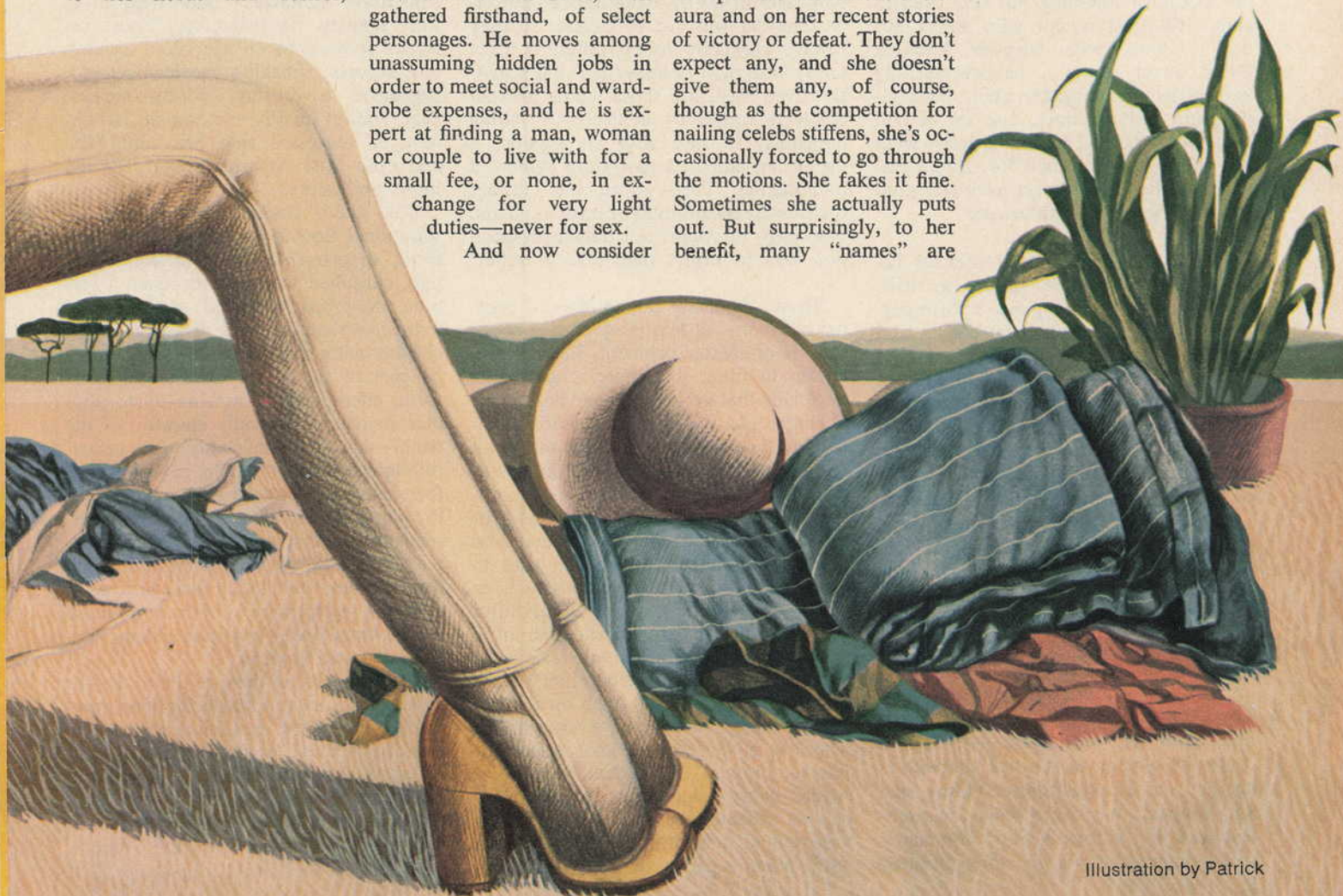


Illustration by Patrick

THERE'S NO SEX LIKE NO SEX *Some people repress their sexuality for fear of releasing the devil within them. Or they believe sex is an ugly, vulgar, dirty act not fit for humans.*

have been, ultimately, as transitory as every other aspect of their lives. Each has always signaled the other back when there was room for one more at the latest château, party or score; but each has also been free to depart without adieu for any suitable offer.

They—and Gloria—have been known in passing by many who never really quite knew what they did. They have been seen often enough at parties and openings, avoiding overexposure, always looking splendid. They resemble hundreds of other offbeat, attractive types, seemingly everywhere and nowhere, trying to connect on various social levels, on drug or cultural scenes—with one exception: Unlike other aimless or aimful opportunists who find sex the easiest of entrees—next to procuring—these classy nomadic neuters pride themselves on getting around and, except by rare choice or in an emergency, making it without ever having to make it! Though at times they play the same sexual bargaining game as those who really mean it, Ramona, John and Gloria never follow through. Ramona, who enjoys using her body for anything but sex, used to sing, “I’m just a slut who won’t put out!” Gloria, who despises Ramona (“that awful tramp”), has successfully neutralized and forgotten about her bodily parts and functions, and she is still sometimes shocked when she hears what *else* those parts are used for. John’s private member is the most exclusive club in town. Not even John belongs.

Consider the sources of asexual behavior: Many people endure a strict, harsh, narrow or religious upbringing. Some of these become extremists and fanatics; others become prim, proper and prudish. They don’t dare indulge freely. Some children unwittingly witness sexual behavior in others or suffer some vile abuse or they are punished for spontaneous sexual behavior of their own. Early jolts can either release or traumatize, accelerate or diminish adult sexual drive. Girls conditioned early to hold out for marriage sometimes become permanent holdouts.

Then there are those who sustain bitter romantic or emotional experiences: persistent use as a sex object or symbol; loss of job, status, security; rejection. The vulnerable—the afraid-of-being-hurt-again or used-again—develop a protective armor to insulate themselves against further catastrophe. Young men and women, swept into behavior countenanced by permissiveness, sometimes seek penance and revirginization through

religion, mysticism, spiritual retreat. Then there are those who are trapped in miserable marriages in tight social or corporate climates where a double life or mild fetish foray can be hazardous and scandalous. Such a situation will kill or sublimate *all* sexual urges.

Some people repress their sexuality for fear of releasing the devil within them—or of freeing their wanton, kinky, strange lusts including, for many, even now, homosexuality. Or they believe sex is an ugly, vulgar, dirty act not fit for humans. They feel superior to and beyond such earthly, primitive, base, time-consuming, low-life faldral as sex. Or they are sexually awkward. They feel insecure about their inadequacies, their lack of passion, their poor or brief performances. They are afraid of disappointing a desired partner. Or they don’t know how to find a partner. Or they are embarrassed over some physical defect or deformity—unaware that in today’s market there’s a salivating taker for anything!

Then there are the social malcontents who simply rebel against the universal emphasis on sex by avoiding it completely. They’ve run out of causes, so they behave asexually to be different. Certainly “the right to be sexless” has potential. And there are those whose asexual behavior comes by contact—by falling hopelessly in love with an asexual, a drunk, an addict, a castrating demon, a homosexual. They adjust and retract their desire accordingly. Please, no tears. Not only do these asexuals-by-association love to *suffer*, they *love* to suffer.

These, then, are the sources of asexual behavior—at least they are the social sources of asexual behavior. There is also reason to think that there is an innate asexuality that is biological and hormonal: Some people are born eunuchs or impotent, with no sex drive or a low one, with feelings and emotions, maybe, but without the need for sexual release. According to Dr. Elayne Kahn, the director of the New York Center for Sexual and Marital Guidance, Inc., which tries to help the many who have retreated, or who continue to try unsuccessfully: “Their problems are a reflection of a pseudo-sexual revolution and false pressure to think sexual. Liberation means having a choice to do it or to abstain. An asexual person is one who lacks, or who has a very low, sexual energy or interest or who doesn’t act upon what sexual energy does exist within. This can be self-inflicted repression or from a hormonal deficiency a person is born with. When a person chooses asexuality,

it should be considered no more abnormal than promiscuity.”

Asexuals have for the most part been badly served by the sexual revolution. The strong-minded or independent ones, who are unmoved by the breezes of fashion, tried sex perhaps, didn’t like it and decided why bother? There are other, more interesting ways in life to find relief, they concluded: drinking, gaming, gambling, creating, so forth. Others, the weak-willed and the followers, have been less lucky. Many things—especially, in recent years, sex—have been deceptively packaged to tempt and deceive in a most unhealthy, cheap mode. This has created not only an anti-sex and sexless climate pretending to be sexual but a sexually oriented very confused society. The sexual revolution freed a few, but mostly it created new identity crises and more fucked-up people.

Consider: Many couples living together in a reasonable facsimile of compatible bliss, despite only cool sex, were suddenly bombarded by sexual exploitation at every turn. They were pressured into believing that they were missing something fantastic: that their lives were sexually unsatisfactory. Frank celebrity confessions on television, scandalous exposés, shocking medical surveys, suggestive advertising, smutty movies, dear friends madly playing at switchies—all suggested that Mr. and Mrs. and even Miss America better face the music and swing!

The guilty slackers pored over inspirational how-to guides, studied porn flicks, experimented with various therapies, consulted with experts, spent a fortune in props, attended seedy sexual induction seminars and faraway orgies, cheated with new partners—anything to be part of the wave. Others still plow forth, attempting to measure up to popular standards, painfully unaware of the truth—that the possibility for sexual fulfillment among human beings is less than universal. Not all men actually enjoy pleasurable or detached or committed sexual contacts to the fullest. Many people did, in fact, work at sexual fulfillment, however, and did finally achieve a passable new performance level: new, more vivid sexual lives—but with a lingering, tickling dissatisfaction.

Unbeknownst to most of them, they’re possibly asexual and may be fighting gravity. But, then, the asexuals have not yet had a movement, or they have had only the start of a movement of which the glamorous asexuals like Gloria and John and Ramona or the out-of-the-closet asexual Andy Warhol are the unique beneficiaries. (Continued on page 120)

A NIGHT IN THE STATEROOM

These gentlemen are *not* the Marx Brothers. Neither Harpo, nor Zeppo, nor Karl. This is *not* the famous stateroom scene from the Marx Brothers' hilarious *A Night at the Opera*. However, one day, the fertile minds of our's staff got together and wondered, "What if we reshot that scene?" We could hardly contain our excitement; we could barely get it on seven pages.



Produced and photographed by Reid Miles

The manicurist was summoned. She's always good for a few buffs.





Talk about room service! Pretty maids having a row.





Champagne, confetti, streamers, screamers—the ship gets bent out of shape.





Outside, a wild Gulf storm wails against the suburban New Orleans night. In the back room of the Patriot Bookstore, candles on a large black cross cast a reddish-yellow light. Thirty faceless figures in long white robes and high peaked hoods are crowding in front of the cross, murmuring.

Then a voice intones, "Klansmen and Klansladies, let us now salute the fiery cross and hear a speech by David Duke, our national director."

At once, the hooded shapes snap to attention and thrust their left arms forward, Nazi style.

From the midst of the crowd emerges a tall, hoodless young man with light-brown hair, a square, handsome jaw, a thick mustache and intense, unmoving, green eyes. The young man's name is David Ernest Duke, and he has a problem one would think twice about wishing on an enemy: A contingent of national and international press is on hand, looking for drama, and the cross-lighting ceremony has been rained out. Duke smiles tightly, like a seasoned veteran of *Face the Nation* and *Meet the Press*.

"Klansmen, Klansladies, press and friends," he begins. "This is certainly not a twenty-foot flaming cross, but in our minds, it symbolizes four very important things: fire, heat, devotion and the light that it sheds."

Duke scans the room. "Many people around the world think the fiery cross is a symbol of hate, but our movement is primarily a movement of love—love of country, love of race, love of heritage, love of the values of white civilization. We see in the fiery cross the ideals and purposes of Western culture. We see in the fiery cross the light of the Western world. That light is the white race."

A history of white achievement is recounted next. The litany includes major advances in medicine, technology, art, philosophy. "All around us," Duke warns, "we find parasitic minorities who want to leech off our accomplishments. The Communists already control three quarters of the world. Their race-mixing Jew friends in this country control our foreign policy, our Government, the press and the banks. Together, they will destroy the purity of our race and the fabric of our civilization."

Duke's eyes begin to flash as he drives his point home. "Black people have organizations that fight for black people and black power. Jews have organizations that support Jews. But there are no organizations that fight for

IN THIS AGE
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KLEAGLE
DAVID DUKE

ARTICLE BY
HENRY HURT III

THE KLAN'S NEW CLOTHES





THE KLAN'S NEW CLOTHES *Klan vigilantes lynched, drowned, shot, stabbed, scalped, and tarred and feathered with a ruthlessness unparalleled in American peacetime history.*

the rights of white people. "This is why," he concludes, "we have formed the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan."

During the past two years, Duke has sold the line on his new Klan like an Imperial Wizard of public relations. He has appeared on the *Today* show, the *Tomorrow* show, in *Time* and *Newsweek*, and in hundreds of other media slots across the country and around the world. His greatest asset is his manner. He is well-dressed, 26 years old and college-educated—the kind of figure that can make racism seem respectable, reasonable and, in a clean-cut suburban sort of way, sexy.

Duke's most adroit public-relations achievement may well have been the name he gave to his group. Though allied in spirit to the Ku Klux Klan of myth and legend, Duke's Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, or K.K.K.K., is not technically the same organization. The original Klan was founded in Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1865, by six disaffected Confederate veterans. Its purpose, at first, was simply social and recreational. In the fashion of college fraternities, it adopted a Greek name—*kuklos*, meaning circle or band—and added the word Klan as an indication of common Scottish ancestry. Then, borrowing from an obliging housewife's linen closet, members donned sheets and pillowcases and paraded through the streets like maskers. The charade proved amusing to Pulaski's white citizenry, but the blacks were terrified. At once, the merry-makers saw how the Klan could be both a vehicle for fun and a tool to intimidate the newly freed blacks back into submission.

Over the next two years, the Klan quickly spread among like-minded whites in Alabama, Georgia and other Southern states. In 1867, the first Klan convention took place in Nashville. The K.K.K.ers adopted a body of prescripts and begged General Robert E. Lee to lead them. Lee demurred (though, according to some accounts, he expressed tacit approval), so the organization was entrusted to General Nathan Bedford Forrest, one of Lee's field marshals. In 1869, Forrest formally disbanded the Klan, but only as a subterfuge. The Klan was transformed into the Invisible Empire. Klan cadres or dens were organized in cities and towns across the old Confederacy, as war-impoorished Southern whites became increasingly resentful of Reconstruction and the loathsome governments of carpetbaggers and scalawags. Klan vigilantes lynched,

drowned, shot, stabbed, scalped, and tarred and feathered with a ruthlessness unparalleled in American peacetime history. When the Reconstruction troops were finally withdrawn, the Klan claimed responsibility for the victory.

The K.K.K. then lay dormant until the early 20th Century. Novels and newspaper articles were written about it, pro and con, as Americans tried to determine whether the Klan was a hate group or a pillar of the moral and social order. D. W. Griffith's infamous film *The Birth of a Nation*, which portrayed the Klan as the South's valorous guardian, decided the question for many people.

The Birth of a Nation also inspired William J. Simmons, an Atlanta, Georgia, insurance salesman, to revitalize the Klan. On Thanksgiving Eve, 1915, Simmons and 15 followers climbed to the top of Georgia's Stone Mountain and held their first solemn initiation ceremony. According to some accounts, the first recorded Klan cross-burning took place during that ceremony; it was prompted by the pioneer Klansmen's need for warmth and light atop the cold, bare mountain.

Simmons' Klan would likely have expired had it not been for the intervention of two Atlanta advertising executives, Edward Young Clarke and Elizabeth Tyler. Seeing the growth potential of the Klan and the financial rewards that could accrue, Clarke and Tyler persuaded Simmons to sell them his Klan for a lifetime salary of \$100 a week. Clarke and Tyler redirected the Klan's animus. They recognized that their contemporaries were more distressed by apparently declining morals than by the threat of blacks; they quickly identified Jews, Catholics and other immigrant minorities as the culprits. As if by magic, membership boomed. The Klan grew from a few thousand when Clarke and Tyler took over in 1920 to some 5,000,000 in 1926. Ordinary citizens joined; so did politicians and government officials. Thousands of Klansmen paraded down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington in full regalia.

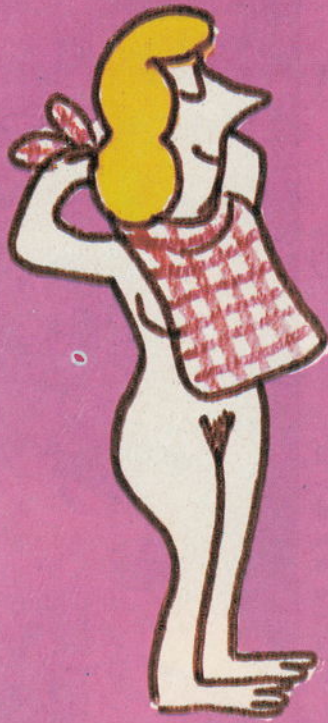
But scandal struck. David C. Stephenson, an Indiana Klan leader, abducted, raped and was charged with the second-degree murder of a white woman. And it was revealed that Simmons had milked the Klan for some \$225,000, after which Clarke and Tyler made an estimated \$40,000 a month from it for several years. All told, it turned out that Simmons,

Clarke, Tyler and their cohorts around the country had bilked people out of some \$75,000,000. Membership dropped from 5,000,000 in 1926 to fewer than 300,000 in 1927. Leadership changed hands, and the organization was eventually sold to two German-educated Southern doctors who led it into a brief flirtation with nazism. In 1944, America's second major Klan formally disbanded because of its inability to pay a \$685,000 tax bill from the IRS.

The Klan spirit, however, continued in many hearts and minds throughout the country, and various autonomous splinter Klans continued to hold meetings. With the Supreme Court's 1954 school-desegregation decision and the advent of the civil rights movement, the Klan enjoyed a brief resurgence. Many of the more traditional Klan groups came to be organized under the national umbrella of the United Klans of America (U.K.A.), led by Robert M. Shelton, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Others maintained independence. One of these independent Klans was a six-state organization founded in the late Fifties by a shadowy New Orleans businessman named James Lindsay, or Edward White, as he preferred to be called while engaging in Klan activities. It is this organization, not the more widely known U.K.A., that young David Duke has taken over.

Duke's K.K.K.K. has gained in popularity not only in its home state of Louisiana but across the country as well. Exactly how much popularity it has gained is hard to say because Duke, like the leaders of other Klans, refuses to reveal its size and financial strength. According to recently published FBI estimates, Duke's Klan and Shelton's Klan are the largest in the U.S., with some 3000 active members each. Duke, however, scoffs at the FBI estimates, and with reason. At a single K.K.K.K. rally in a tiny Louisiana town last year, the crowd numbered 2700. That rally and the visible response to Duke's activities in South Boston, Louisville and other parts of the nation suggest that the FBI estimates may be very low.

An indication of increasing Klan appeal is the fact that Duke polled over 11,000 votes, or about one third of the total, in a recent primary race for the state-senate seat in the richest and best-educated district of Baton Rouge. At a time when issues such as school busing, reverse discrimination and welfare corruption have



tres

IN SWEAT WE TRUST

Exercise is our new national religion. But who should believe—and how much?

Article by Robert S. Wieder

*Run for Your Life.
(Fitness as Survival.)*

For years, we've doddered along convinced that we were, if not terrific specimens, at least in decent health. But now the word is out: We're as good as dead. Better, even, since we're alive to worry about it. Accordingly we're consumed with manic self-concern: We diet, we gobble vitamins and we exercise. This is known as physical fitness, and it's an epidemic. As T.M. is to the spirit, so P.F. has become to the flesh. "Healthy outlook, healthy frame" is our motto for the vigorous Seventies.

We're hustled by everything from down-home yoga to lab-tested aerobics. Our very lives, we're told, hang on running, or chopping wood, or stretch flexing, or swimming, or doing absolutely nothing and calling it meditation. Back-breaking labor, given the princess-kiss of P.R., becomes salvation. Exercise is nature's own cocaine, and if we can just get in a few sets of *jai alai* in between our zinc injections and primal-scream session. . . .

Some of us react to all this hardly at all and go on to rich and fulfilling lives looking like feed sacks and wheezing from opening olive jars. Others grab the reins and undertake rational and informed assaults on decay. And others react as if they were the Los Angeles cops and their body was the S.L.A.

As a result, we're going at P.F. the way minks go at other minks, and it's a tossup whether the hydrophobic drive for self-improvement will redeem us or lay us on a cement slab from effort. Dr. Lewis Thomas attributes this P.F. mania to the constant media barrage of products for everything from tension headache to piles.

But it's not that simple. P.F. is booming for a number of reasons having no more to do with *health* than tire rotation. For openers, fitness is vigor. Vigor is youth. Youth is everything.

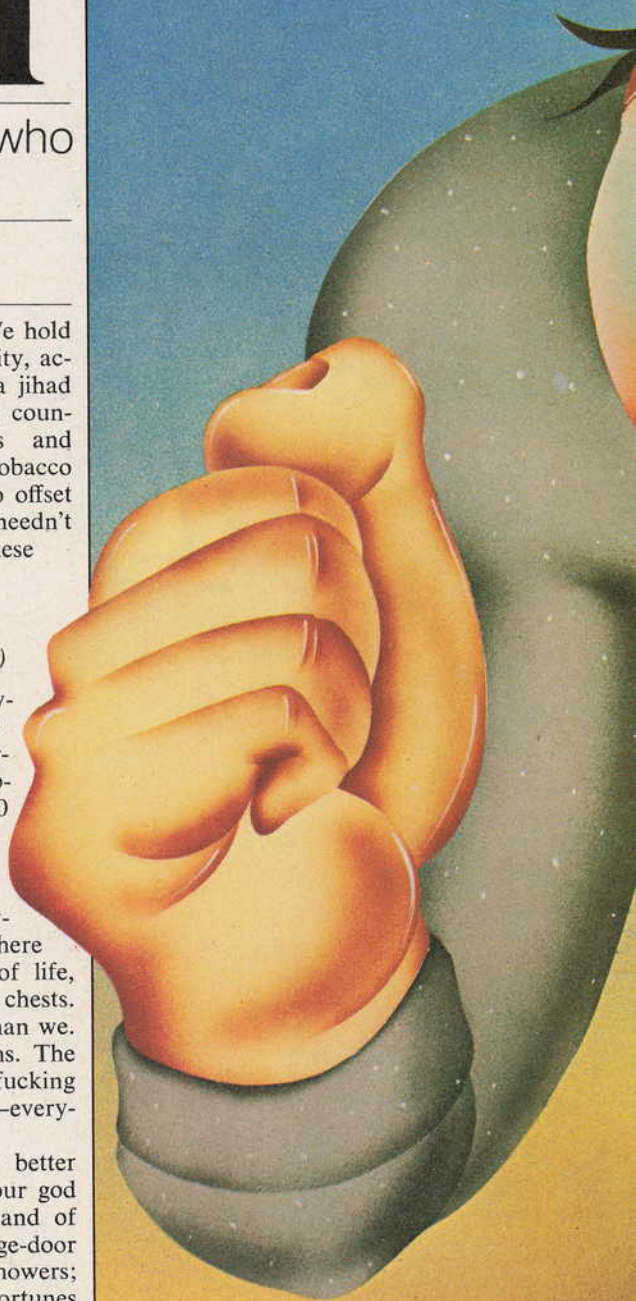
Then there's social pressure. We hold that flab is inconsistent with dignity, actually deviant, and so we wage a jihad against the flesh. We exercise to counterbalance our vices—chin-ups and handball to dilute the booze, tobacco and dope that pillage us—and to offset the fact that, as Americans, we needn't *do* anything. Let us consider these various motives.

*E Pluribus Unfit.
(Fitness as National Atonement.)*

Obstructive lung disease is growing like McDonald's. Bronchitis and emphysema are up 800 percent in the last ten years. Cardiovascular disease affects 15,000,000 Americans and kills 1,000,000 of us yearly. *Aerobics* says that we lead the world in heart disease/death; we're 18th in longevity. Meanwhile, in Europe, where walking and cycling are ways of life, people go around beating their chests. The British are in better shape than we. The Scandinavians. The Germans. The Russians. The Chinese. The fucking Masai tribesmen! Hack, wheeze—everybody will bury us.

The reason we're in slightly better condition than the dead is that our god is now convenience. This is a land of carwashes, Trashmashers, garage-door openers, drive-in banks, power mowers; lethargy as luxury. We've built fortunes by removing the effort from life. Class is being able to take an elevator from your apartment to the tennis court. We're comfort junkies, guilt-ridden easeholics, now and then going cold turkey in frenzies of handball or karate.

And it's killing us. The great American affliction today is atherosclerosis, a thickening of cholesterol in the blood vessels which, depending on where it happens, produces either a heart attack or a stroke. Current professional opinion





cites their ultimate cause as lack of exercise. Statistically, sedentary jobs go with cardiovascular trouble like graft with politics, and our society specializes in doing nothing for pay. Now we're told we must substitute excruciating fun for the excruciating labor that was our ancestors' lot. Is this progress?

How do you exercise at a teller's window, at a computer keyboard, at the steering wheel of a bus, or at that neo-American altar, the desk? Indeed, is work compatible with exercise, and, therefore, with health? A growing number of uneasy corporations suspect it isn't, and last year some 50,000 of them poured two billion dollars into employee P.F. programs in the name of morale and increased productivity. Workers are exhorted to insinuate exercise into their daily routine: Raise knees high when dressing, raise and lower self on toes when standing, avoid short cuts, move briskly, wash self vigorously, take stairs not elevator, walk don't ride, stand don't sit, stride don't tread, embrace chores, etc.

The best suggestion is that you drag your ass out of that rolling electric chair, the car, which not only eliminates our easiest, cheapest and best form of natural exercise—walking—but has been medically shown to cause more stress and heart strain by sheer volume than war. Ride a bike! Spit at the parking lots, glide through traffic like an otter.

Beyond that, there's a big difference between having a tight schedule and a tight schedule having you; and if yours won't permit you to jog, cycle, or otherwise engage in leisure activity, the answer isn't to dredge up half-ass exercises that adapt to your schedule, but to change your lifestyle before it kills you.

Life Begins at 20.

To Collapse.

*(Fitness as
Youth and Beauty.)*

The sedentary American male's body is middle aged by the time he is 26.

—DR. T. K. CURETON, Director,
University of Illinois Physical
Fitness Research Center

And you thought the 18–30 group was somehow immune from deterioration. Hah! True, in your 20s, you can get away with murder, but the victims are your own parts. The news can arrive in a thousand ways: The ass wears out on your Levis before the knees, seductive smiles are replaced by sympathetic cordiality, your easy chair has become a size too small, your nerves are like bowstrings and things that used to get you off now lay you out. One morning you look in that vicious reality window the mirror, and you see somebody

else. Somebody older, doughier and less alluring than the you you know so well. An appalling future befronts your imagination: the body declining first in a trickle, then in a rush and finally in the giddy waterfall of age.

If Italy falls into the sea, ours will be the world's most narcissistic country. We're so concerned with appearances that we let realities quietly bump us off. If we spent a fraction of what we pour into cosmetics on cancer research, leukemia would be an exhibit in the Smithsonian. But when most of us talk fitness, we don't mean health; we're more horrified by the social consequences of dilapidation.

*Sport Is Where the SCORING Is.
(Fitness as Self-Display.)*

Don't worry about when a weekend athlete will have a heart attack. He'll have it on a weekend.

—DR. WARREN GUILD

We're a competitive bunch, even to the point of wanting to outlive one another, and our idea of fitness is usually performance oriented. Sport is the militant wing of health, and a major nerve in the Yankee backbone. Thus jogging is S.R.O. because it is forward progress, a kind of vascular manifest destiny: Keep moving, stay alive, worry later about where you're headed. Alas, most sport is not designed to improve health, but to make demands of it. Skiing and karate fill hospital beds. A major network documentary reported that the number-one cause of physical damage among young males in the U. S. is football.

But sport also has the strong allure of its social nature—camaraderie, relationships, display. Sport isn't just fitness/health, it's fitness/virility. In a word: sexuality. Fine, but why not eliminate the middleman and concentrate on the Beautyrest Invitational itself? Sex as sport!

*It's Off to the Workout
or off-the-Wall.
(Fitness as Shrink.)*

Half of the people from ages 18 to 30 whom an M.D. sees daily suffer from the symptoms of stress and anxiety. Being hyper has blitzed us with asthma, fibrosis, ulcers and neuroses. *Type A Behavior and Your Heart* defines the doomed man of our generation as the compulsive hard-charging competitive deadlinehead, who is riddled with glaciers of blood fat and cholesterol and is hypertense and insomniac. Chronic stress—the upward-mobility syndrome—is bringing down these birds like a macho-seeking missile. Any Type A who hasn't made out a will is kidding himself.

An environment of pressure, aggrava-

tion and hustle has made T.M. the heroin of self-improvement, created the manual override of biofeedback and popularized P.F. to lower tension and defuse stress. Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper says exercise does wonders for ulcers, hypertension, depression and personality rehabilitation—the displacement of anxiety by self-confidence. Herbert A. DeVries, in *Vigor Regained*, says even mild exercise can help you relax, think more clearly and decrease emotional problems. Good, earthy fatigue is called the natural trunk. There haven't been claims made like this since the New Testament. But all is not roses in workoutland.

Dr. Laurence E. Morehouse extols exercise as a tonic for normal stress, but then adds that if you're under severe emotional stress, you shouldn't exercise. Swell. Worrying about whether your stress is normal or severe could kill you. For that matter, we don't know whether more anxiety comes from indifference to our health or from our obsession with it. If you're already courting a duodenal ulcer, do you really want a competitive sport, or something you can just clank through mindlessly?

We do know that exercise as panicky overreaction is destructive. When it's mildly strenuous and cuts tension, you can't beat it; but when it becomes excessive or blindly competitive, you're lucky to survive it. Curtis Mitchell: "Beginners always . . . attack any exercise bout as if they were taming lions. The result is an early collapse."

*Take Two Laps and
Call Me in the Morning.
(Fitness as Wonder Drug.)*

The trend among P.F.-oriented doctors is to view exercise as therapy, a prescription nondrug. Doctors have jumped aboard this bus with the concept of hypokinetic disease—illness caused by physical inactivity—and an entire medical area is being roped off and called Exercise Physiology. It should be the hottest item since acupuncture.

In the sense that exercise aids health, it is two vital and important things: One, it is hope. Two, it is free. We hurl some 120 billion dollars yearly into health care, whose costs in 1975 rose faster than any other consumer item, to nearly ten percent of the G.N.P. We worry about our health not just from neurotic self-awareness, but also because we can't afford to get sick. Given the whopping cost of traditional routes to longevity, a jump rope, track shoes, or even a Doughboy pool is peanuts, and jogging or otherwise working the flesh into shape is one of the few real bargains left.



广播体



预备姿势：立正
1. 左脚向左跨一步（与肩同宽），同时两臂经侧摆至肩侧屈（掌心相对）。
2. 两臂用力伸直至胸前。
3. 两臂经肩侧屈向



预备姿势：立正
1. 左脚向前迈出一大步成弓步，同时两手握拳经胸前（掌心相对）向侧后摆扩胸。
2. 再做扩胸一次。
3. 左腿蹬回并腿全蹲，同时手指相对。
4. 起立成立正姿势。



预备姿势：立正
1. 左脚向左跨出一大步成左弓步，同时右手握拳，左臂经侧向上举带动上体向右侧屈。
2. 向右再侧屈一次。
3. 向右再做侧屈一次。
4. 左脚蹬回，同时左臂经原成立正姿势。
5—8同1—4，但方向相反。

COOLIE CALISTHENICS: Muscles make revolutions

Every morning bugles sound throughout China. Chop, chop, it's time for the People's Republic to kick out the jams and hit the exercise mats. Chairman Mao believed that his motherland's military weakness was due to the soft life of those in command. And, indeed, dynastic thinking saw exercise as demeaning and lower class. But for Mao, the day of bound feet and the ricksha elite was over. In one of his first published articles, *A Study of Physical Culture*, he presented a series of short, arduous exercises that he had developed as a student in Hunan Province. Now, every day during factory breaks—come earthquake or monsoon—800,000,000 Chinese gather in



操图解



上举（掌心相对），同时抬头挺胸。
4. 左脚收回，两臂放下成立正姿势。
5—8同1—4，但出右脚。
注意事项：动作要伸展有力。



两手扶膝（两肘外分）。
5—8同1—4，但换右腿。
注意事项：1. 扩胸时两臂要平。
2. 第二次扩胸时两腿配合做自然颤动。



注意事项：
1. 三次侧屈动作的幅度要逐渐加大。
2. 上体侧屈时不要低头或转头，身体不要前倾或转动。
3. 第二、第三次侧屈时腿部配合上体做自然颤动。

public squares for four minutes of calisthenics and nationalist music. The workouts are aimed at increasing blood flow and liberating muscles. Mao, you may remember, was also a firm apostle of the cold bath, the long march and the violent overthrow. So, come on, round eyes: To counteract the biceps-rippling yellow peril or perhaps to show revolutionary solidarity, pick up *People's Republic of China 4-Minute Exercise Plan* by Dr. Maxwell L. Howell (Grosset & Dunlap), a loose adaptation of Mao's thoughts on P.F. Something may have been lost in the translation, but at \$1.25, the booklet is perfectly geared for all card-carrying capitalists, especially since the brawn regimen can be done—according to a hilarious jacket blurb—“during TV breaks.” Keep the vigilance, capitalist roaders!

And P.F. does have medicinal properties. It builds resistance, and by reducing stress, it can prevent some psychosomatic hassles. More doctors recommend it since degenerative diseases have outnumbered infectious ones. And being in good shape is better than Blue Cross in emergencies or sudden illnesses. But it's no insurance against emergencies or illnesses. You can have the circulation of Mark Spitz and still be fair game for lymphoma, traffic, kidney failure, muggers, cirrhosis, terrorists or clap.

Even Dr. Cooper issues a disclaimer: “Exercise . . . cures a lot of things, but it's not the ultimate cure-all. . . . We still haven't found answers to . . . ailments from the common cold to cancer. . . . A friend of mine in good condition from regular tennis died of a coronary attack.”

Sure, longevity is linked to exertion, but it's also linked to gender, income, environment and how close you live to a hospital in a pinch. Remember, it's the nature of free medicine to include no guarantees.

Healthier than Thou. (Fitness as Self-Righteousness.)

The rope whirls, leg muscles tense and relax, the feet skip over the rope . . . and somehow I know that I am in tune with elemental rhythms. And I feel secure.

—The Perfect Exercise

The real medicinal factors in any pursuit are enthusiasm, conviction, achievement and the superior glow of rightness. Hiking, lacrosse, Hare Krishna, total immersion, stumping for Carter, enema therapy, T.M. or the Manson family—whatever—can make you more positive, pleasant and healthy. The key is a sustaining belief that you've found the answer. Identify with any system and you can instantly empower it. And vice versa.

P.F. isn't a solution, but a catalyst. Just as Synanon replaces smack, so the commitment to exercise replaces the one to self-indulgence. Once dedicated to nonexertion, you now embrace sweat like holy water. This is why P.F. heavies can cite a link between exercise and emotional well-being; why Dr. Cooper could take a pack of defensive, hysterical, depressed hypochondriacs and, with conditioning, give them positive insight, enthusiasm and a firmer self-image.

But don't kid yourself. I exercise because I figure it bestows certain advantages, and where I live, people who don't give themselves every edge are called suckers. Some of my best prose and sickest slurs have come while running or doing Shorin Ryu katas. From swimming, however, I get only wet. The

point is that if it works, it's right; and don't ask questions.

Lastly don't fall victim to the arrogant notion that unfitness is deviance. P.F. is fine unless it becomes a standard, just another basis for social hierarchy. Your condition may be appropriate to the person you are. Why drain off your energies feeding the snobbery of physiognomy? If you're so big you show up on aerial photographs and are perfectly happy that way, fuck it. Life is qualitative, not quantitative, and the timeless argument over which is better—a long and boring existence or a short, enjoyable one—is your decision.

Your Money for Your Life. (Exercise as Hype.)

The health industry—which is about four percent health and 96 percent industry—has not had such a bull market since the clap hit Europe. Health spas are hauling the money in with nets. Jack LaLanne is the Colonel Sanders of fitness. We have magazines called *Today's Health*, *Physical Fitness Research Digest*, even one named for the ominous concept that drives all health freaks: *Prevention*.

Everybody with muscles or an M.D. has a device, alchemy, regimen or program of exertion to suspend decay, forestall decrepitude, evade the reaper and perpetuate the spark. The Catholic Church doesn't promise this much. But hell, if you can peddle being a prick as Assertiveness Training, you can easily sell discomfort as exercise. And no sooner does one book announce that the way to vigor lies through wading in hogshit than another declares that hogshit-wading can kill you. This creates a stupefying parade of miraculous ordeals and exotic choreographies, each guaranteed to eliminate the hazards of the others, and in less time than defecation; each presented by persons with credentials as long as your thing.

The net gain is not of health, but of confusion—the lifeblood of lawyers and charlatans. What this hooraw indicates isn't so much the existence of a problem as of a market. It becomes a vicious circle: We play tennis to stir up our comatose metabolisms, then mantra-down to soothe the jagged adrenal edge of competition. Along the line, people take our money.

Feel younger and healthier . . .
with an exerciser that is nonstrenuous, safe and effective. THE BODY
TONER! Fastens to any doorknob.
—magazine ad

To pursue health is one thing; to buy

it is something else. True—what good is money if you don't have health? However—what good is health if you don't have money? Look, all you need to run is feet. As *Sports Illustrated* noted: "Total Fitness made the best-seller list, which probably proves that people have been reading books when they should have been exercising."

The Battle of the Rx.es.

Fitness is a piece of cake. You need about 30 minutes a week to be fit.

—*Total Fitness in 30 Minutes a Week*

It's an impossibility to develop total cardiovascular and pulmonary fitness in 30 minutes a week.

—COOPER, *Time*

There's more contradictory data on P.F. than on nuclear power plants. It's absolutely imperative that you do 2, 7, or 13 exercises for 4, 12, or 30 minutes a day, 4, 5, or 6 days a week for at least 6 weeks, 12 months, or life. For the love

of God, jump rope! urges Mitchell. Nonsense, retorts Morehouse; the road to immortality is paved with sitbacks.

There's exercise that can help you blunt the final scythe, and exercise that is about as healthy as spitting on Sinatra. Distinguishing between the two is a matter of some import. Dozens of studies document exercise's preventive benefits against heart disease; dozens more claim that a leading cause of ticker trouble is overexertion. Isometrics and jogging are hotbeds of dispute.

The rule in this game is: by their backgrounds shall ye know them. Thus doctors stress leisurely exercise for health, while physiologists emphasize intensity of activity. Shrinks add their bit in terms of stress, and body builders contribute their own chorus of prejudices. *Total Fitness* is only for the totally unfit, and R.C.A.F. programs mainly produce R.C.A.F. pilots. *Harper's Bazaar* asked a Dr. Neil Solomon to "rate the exercise programs." But who rated Dr. Solomon?

One Man's Feat Is Another Man's Poison.

For many years, I have advocated exercise and fitness. . . . Hundreds of people have asked, "What is the one best exercise?" At last, I have an answer. It is jumping rope.

—CURTIS MITCHELL

You definitely do get more benefit—and quicker—from running than from any other form of exercise.

—*Aerobics*

The how and which of any exercise program depends on the specific goals and limitations of the exerciser. Running is excellent for general health, but won't give you shoulders like Samson or the competitive rush of volleyball. Fatties lack flexibility and stamina; skinnies are short on strength and endurance; both must work out accordingly. Tennis devours calories, but it also devours knee and ankle cartilage. Jumping from total sloth into total exertion is like chugging Drano. "Start your exercise program with a



complete checkup!" urge all doctors, who happen to charge for such a service.

We tend to exercise for various of these reasons: physical endurance and general health; to lose weight; recreation and social activity; to relax and deintensify; for physical attractiveness. Each of these goals has its own good and bad approaches. Take muscles. There are big ones, strong ones and healthy ones; three different kinds of muscle, three different exercise requirements. Muscle *size* takes repetitious rapid motions at 70 percent exertion. Muscle *strength* is produced by short-duration workouts at maximum effort. *Healthy* muscles demand a high number of repetitions at low exertion.

Some clarifications: Fitness isn't health. Fitness is your ability to do work and expend energy. Health is the absence of disease. The two are related but not identical. Nor is fitness performance, which is how well you do something, not the shape you're in. Jogging doesn't prepare you for hockey any more than sleep prepares you for death. Also, health is not performance. You can be healthy

and lose, or sick and win, as the flu proved at Innsbruck.

There's no all-purpose exercise. Sprints don't build endurance, swimming barely affects strength and weight-lifting ignores heart/circulation. Karate is fine for tension and body tightening, but is like using your ligaments to beat rugs. Calisthenics are boring beyond sanity. What you do is what you get.

I Jog, Therefore I Am.

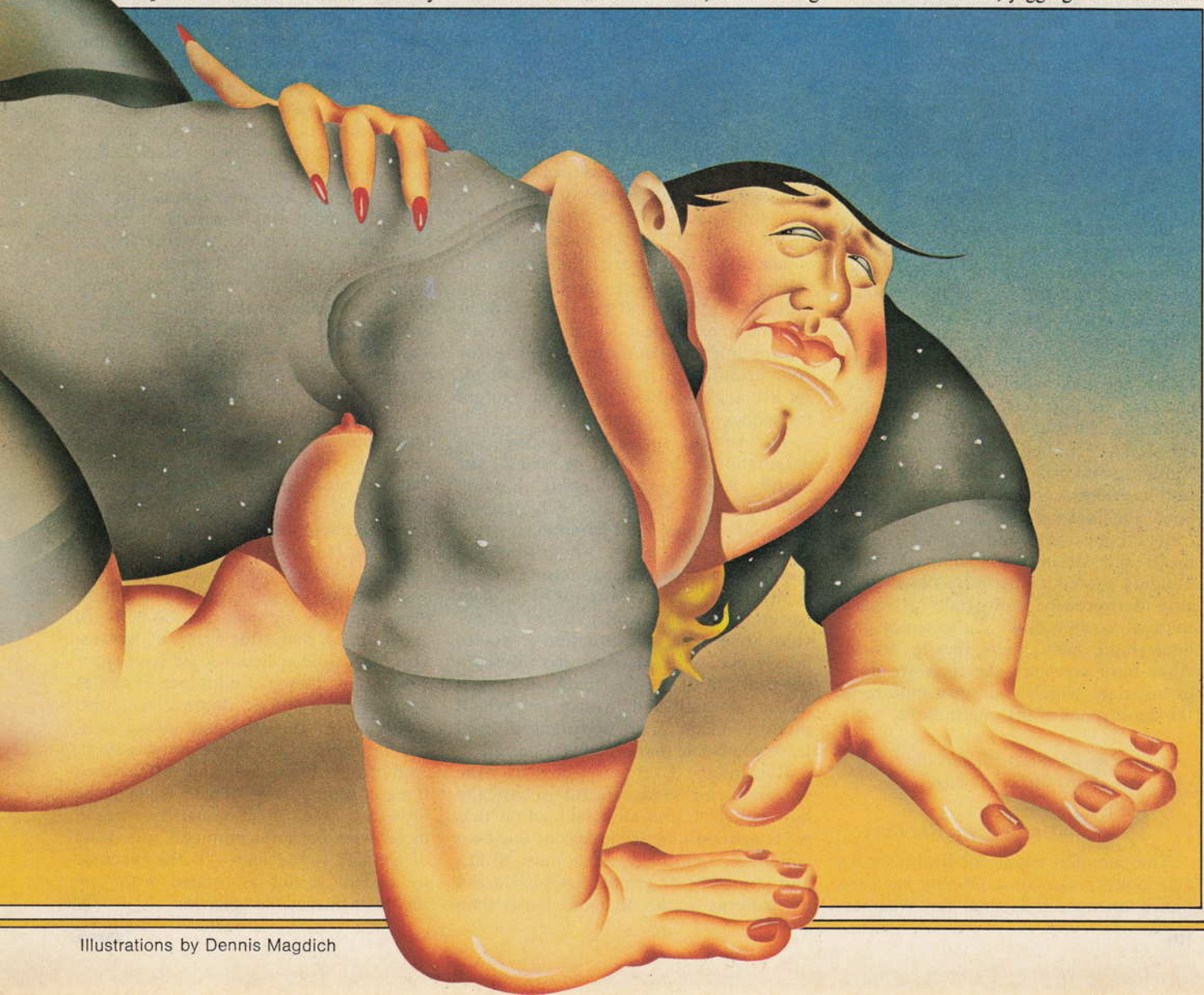
Current medical truth maintains that ruin is not with celebration but with sloth. To stay healthy, keep moving. Most experts reduce fitness to good circulation and a strong heart. Whatever boosts your breathing and heartbeat is best, especially endurance exercises involving continuous effort—"running, swimming, cycling, walking, stationary running, handball, basketball and squash, and in just about that order," says *Aerobics*. Isometrics use too little oxygen; sprints and most sports are too sporadic.

The official disease of the young male American is the heart attack, and running

is popular for keeping that hoodoo at bay. Unfortunately the medical journals are in hot debate over whether running causes more heart attacks than it prevents. Marathoners have more than once been linked to falling over dead. The relationship between sport and ischemic heart disease is cloudy, but competition and extended effort seem to fill a lot of coffins lately. Danger signs: clammy skin, blue lips or finger tips, shakiness well after workout, dizziness, nausea, chest tightness, uneven heartbeat. Don't ignore pain—it's the body's fire alarm. Learn to take your pulse—it should drop to 120 a few minutes after exercise.

The other major young-male health hazards are hypertension—high blood pressure, which is as good for you as a knife wound—and atherosclerosis, which is its handmaiden. Blood pressure is the very barometer of general health, and there's no doubt that exercise lowers it; especially the long, hard, rhythmic endurance kind.

Being cheap, convenient and blessed with rave reviews, jogging is the exercise



of choice for most people. But some P.F. pros call it the most hazardous exercise of all, since it can play hell with the back, legs, abdominal rings, sweetbreads, etc. Dr. J. E. Schmidt compares it to hammering a wedge into your spine and says joggers are begging for phlebitis, slipped disks, inguinal hernia or myocardial thrombosis, a clever name for heart failure. Since up-down motion is the culprit here, the same logic holds for skipping rope.

Finally, exercise can do only so much. Atrophy may cause heart disease, but so can heredity, smoking and diet. Workouts won't erase your genes or your Camels. Clarence DeMar ran some 1000 marathons, won Boston's seven times and had a heart like a steam hammer at 70—when he died of cancer. So there. The bottom line of life is still death; and you can run, but not away. Health be not proud.

*Beauty Is Only Skin Deep.
That's Usually Enough.*

Our fitness palaces . . . [promote] a body-beautiful notion that is out of date and discredited. People who patronize [them] want to make their bodies conform. No deference is shown to individual differences . . . [or] to what's happening inside the body. Looking great is desirable. But . . . it shouldn't be the primary objective of a fitness program. —MOREHOUSE

Don't confuse the clinical school of health exercise with the neurotic school of cosmetic exercise. The former is for the body, the latter for the mind—although you'll tend to look better if you feel better.

The main difference between general health and physical attractiveness, exercise-wise, is just *intensity*. Endurance workouts, done at a constantly increasing level, are better for *proportional* slimming and body-firming than specialized exercises. A Tarzan frame developed for looks alone is form without function incarnate and can weigh you down and strain your pump. Muscle-building exercises also raise blood pressure dangerously and strain as many muscles as they build. Calisthenics produce more pain than they're worth. Also, most cosmetic exercises are done in isolation, which is a germ culture of the depressions of the unattractive.

*The Lard Giveth and the
Lard Taketh Away.*

Fat is a slow cancer.

—DR. MELVIN ANCHELL

The common enemy of health freaks and looks freaks is *fat*. Obesity has been linked to more evils than the Weather-

men: heart/kidney disease, hypertension, diabetes, gout, aging, liver trouble, infections, backache, stroke, cancer, suicide and *impotence*, which hits some 25 to 35 percent of overweight diabetics. More people o.d. on strudel than crank. Any society wherein you can eat regularly without leaving your car is toying with cardiovascular collapse.

The only effortless way to lose fat takes place in the operating room and costs more than single-family housing. The quickest and safest way is through exercise, which devours calories. Any activity that burns them burns fat. Running sucks in 900 per hour; cycling, 300; swimming, 500; walking, 250. In *How Sex Can Keep You Slim*, Dr. Abraham I. Friedman says a piece of ass is worth 200. Go for a record! However you go, the equation is simple—if you take in fuel, you have to burn it. A half hour daily burn can equal 20 pounds a year, which can equal cheating the undertaker.

But take heed: The lard ass who leaps into heavy P.F. programs is begging for cardiac arrest, tendon/ligament strain, or worse. A sudden burst of jogging when you're overweight is like kissing the third rail. Start with moderation.

*Why Do You Think They're
Called Crash Programs?*

You can [hasten your deterioration] by . . . forcing yourself to do something you don't really enjoy.

—Total Fitness in
30 Minutes a Week

The human sacrifice of the health cult consists of ourselves—broiled in the sauna, flogged around the track, broken on the Exercycle. Rushing yourself toward improvement can be worse for your health than running for President. As Bruce Lee proved, the faster you go, the sooner you're finished.

The key to survival is pacing, not desperation. Don't kill yourself for health. Avoid: overdoing it, holding your breath, straining, dehydration, downhill jogging and strenuous irregular workouts. Warm up beforehand and cool down afterward; never go from complete rest into heavy exertion. Aim for gradual progress. Know and respect your limits. See a doctor first if you're utterly out of shape. And don't make a big deal out of it—overreach and you'll just create guilt and inadequacy, which produce ulcers and hypertension and leave you worse than when you started.

Remember: Exercise is here to serve you, not vice versa. Health is basically how you feel, and clinicians admit that we're generally better judges of our own condition, intuitively, than most M.D.s and any chart or graph. Artificial activity patterns could do more harm than

good. Health is poison if it makes you miserable.

While you're at it, skip exercises you find *boring*. We can't abide boredom; huge fortunes are compiled insulating us from it—TV, Las Vegas, Pong, politics. The death kiss of most exercise is that it's as exciting as a sundial. If exercise isn't fun, you won't stick with it. Unhappiness is unhealthiness.

And don't get snarled in byzantine procedures and terminology. "The Training Pulse Rate is figured by multiplying the difference between 220 and your age by 60 percent the first period, 70 percent the second, and 80 percent the third and thereafter," instructs Morehouse, whose workouts take only a minute a day, but understanding them eats up an hour.

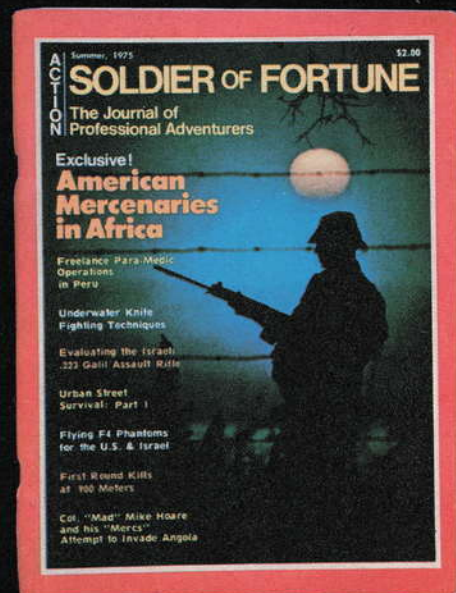
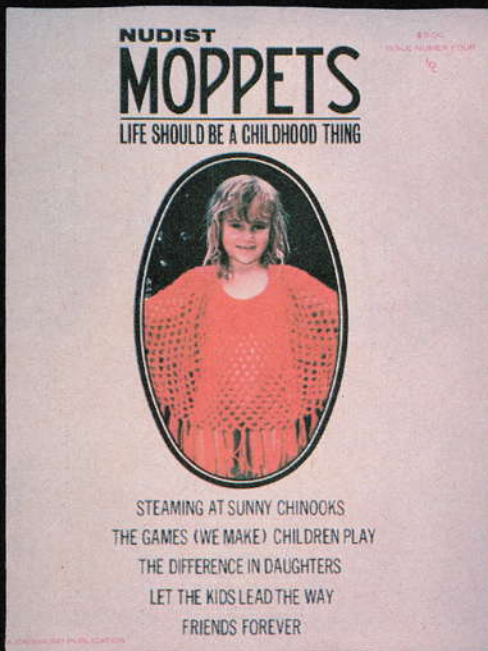
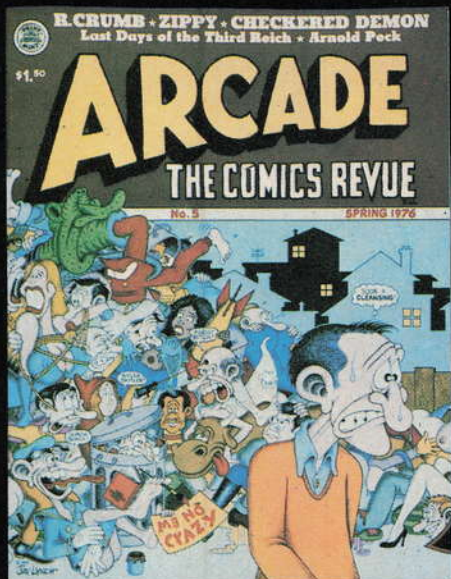
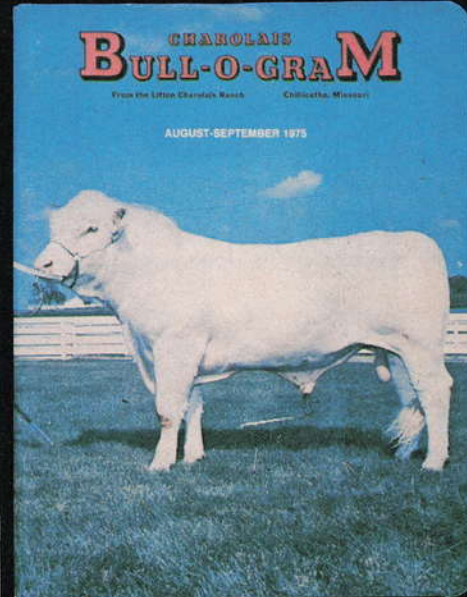
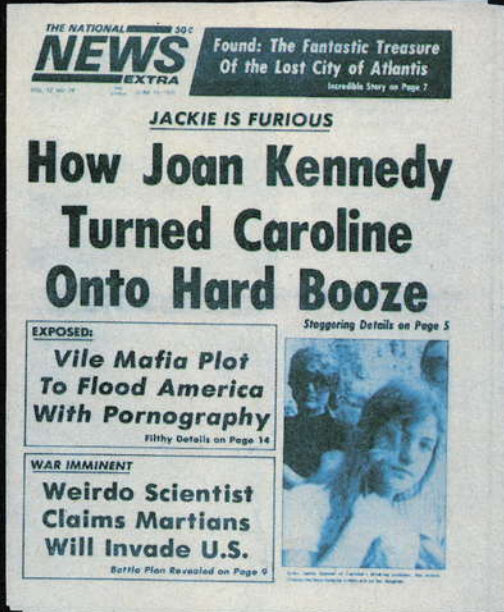
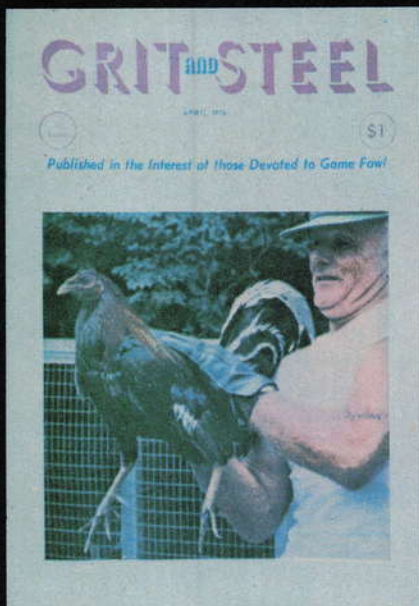
Myths, Tips, Timeless Truths.

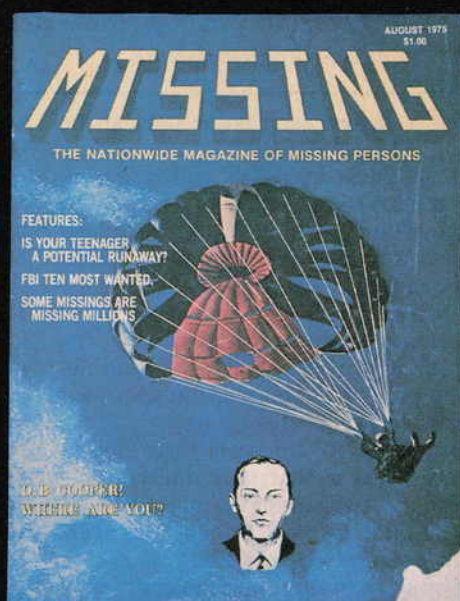
This stuff has definite limits. Clinically, to reach your "maximum condition" you should have begun training regularly at age ten. In addition, your physical health is such a jungle of causal factors: your lifestyle, age, natural ingredients, diet, emotions (not to mention color, income, nationality, sex) and the environment, which can waste you as fast as anything on the street.

Current wisdom: Daily exercise isn't mandatory, but lapses hurt. Any time of day is fine. Pre-workout stretch/flex moves are advised. You probably need two 20-minute sessions a week just to maintain, and if you're serious, 30 vigorous minutes five times a week boosts young-adult capacity 20 percent. Don't expect visible improvement for three weeks. It's distance that eats calories—not whether you walk or jog it—but vigorous exercise is more beneficial and economical. Exercise should be regular and longterm. Physical improvement requires steadily increasing your workload, but *maintenance* just demands regularity. If you're 20 to 29 years old and not working up a pulse of about 140, you're just spinning your tennies. Long frequent periods at low intensity are better than short hyper bursts.

Little-known facts: Your circulatory system—thus your energy and stamina—improves by plateaus, a network at a time, so that after weeks of frustration, in a sudden hemoglobic rush, your workout is a snap. Endurance exercises seem to work against depression. Short, moderate sessions stimulate mental acuity; hard, prolonged jags can decrease it. And from Friedman and Michelman there is good news—"There seems to be little long-range effect on performance in those who consume minimal quantities of alcohol"—and bad—"if the recourse to alcohol is not associated with late nights or unsociable behavior." ■







Mad Magazines

THERE IS A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS, A MEANS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEATHEAD

Article by Robert Singer

I collect magazines. So do a lot of other people, I've discovered. Everybody I've ever asked knows of at least one person who has years of unread *National Geographics* stacked in his attic. And, of course, we've all heard of the fellow who still hides copies of *Playboy* in his bedroom closet. (If you've got the first issue, by the way, it's now worth about \$300.)

Most people collect magazines because they can't bear to throw away something that cost \$1.50, even though they know that they'll never look at it again. My own passion for periodicals ranges far beyond such passive stock-piling. I just like to discover strange magazines—the freakier, the better. I wouldn't trade my issues of such weird rags as *The Feathered Warrior* or *Highway Evangelist* for a whole year of 1934 *Ladies' Home Journals*.

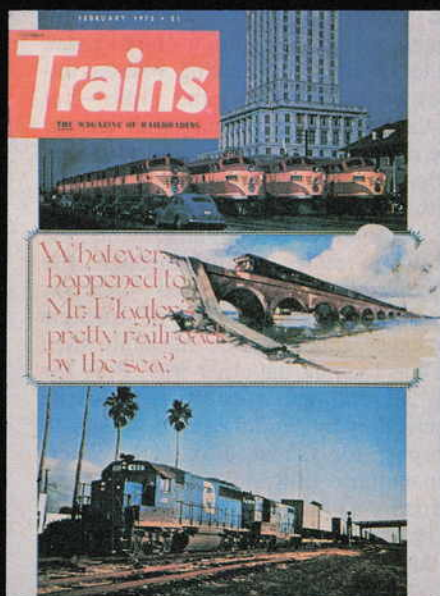
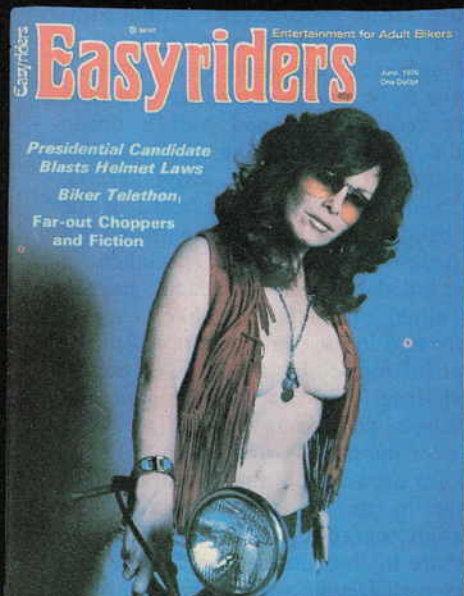
Here, then, is a connoisseur's guide to the best of the mad mags. I felt constrained to omit periodicals notable for little other than their names—the *Polish Art Review* and the *Bangladesh Journal of Soil Science*, for example—as well as those journals of recondite hobbies that exploit the psychology of obsessive behavior: *Pigeon News*, *Rockhound*, *Genealogical Collector*.

Although at first glance the publications on the list that follows don't appear to have much in common, they do share one trait: Each one reads like a *National Lampoon* parody of itself.

Grit and Steel says it is "published in the interest of those devoted to game fowl." Along with its sister publications *The Gamecock* and *The Feathered Warrior*, *Grit and Steel* offers the latest dope on the noble and ancient sport of cockfighting. A sample of advice from a column on breeding aggressive cocks reveals that the sport has not yet found its Howard Cosell: "I like a cock that will hit another cock even if he cannot see the other cock's head.... I hate a cock that will loaf around after hurting a cock."

The allegedly murderous roosters pictured on the covers of these magazines look kind of cute until you notice the ads inside for gaffs—the long, curved spurs that are attached to a gamecock's legs. Gaffs are sold in sizes up to three inches in length and are guaranteed to divide the chicks from the chickens. Most of the other ads are for rather tame stuff such as chicken vitamins. Just a drop of Blitz Instant Energy Fuel, for example, will have your tired cock back in action in no time.

Cockfighting has become so popular among New York City residents of Puerto Rican



MAD MAGAZINES *The beautiful four-color pictorials of confiscated drugs in "Drug Enforcement" are, frankly, as good as anything "High Times" has ever published.*

descent that only last year a bill to legalize the sport was laughed out of the state legislature. All three fowl magazines can be had for \$26 a year from *Grit and Steel*, Drawer 280, Gaffney, South Carolina 29340.

The National News Extra is the only tabloid to consistently dream up headlines more outrageous than those in the *National Enquirer*. How about "SINATRA: 'I'LL MARRY JACKIE IF SHE'LL FIX HER TEETH,'" for example? Under the immortal by-lines of Uban Koliptis, Rolf Nyder, Hector Vector and Anson Vybra-shuyns (among others) are stories on made-up countries ("ENTIRE MILTAR NAVY LOST AT SEA—FOUR-YEAR-OLD ADMIRAL BLAMED!") and the usual tabloid fare on film stars, UFO cults and psychic phenomena. Recently a team of *News Extra* investigative reporters turned up seven photos to dramatize the plight of "STARVING ANIMALS FREED FROM ZOOS FORCED TO TAKE JOBS WITH HUMANS TO EARN THEIR KEEP." Shown at their jobs are a bear gas-station attendant, Waldo the psychic penguin and a monkey porn-movie director squinting into a camera.

News Extra readers were shocked to learn "HOW JOAN KENNEDY TURNED CAROLINE ONTO HARD BOOZE" and that "ALL LEFT-HANDED PEOPLE COME FROM OUTER SPACE!" *News Extra* editor Bernard "Big Scoop" Pulitzer was shocked when the British press picked up a story about how Teddy Kennedy sleeps with his Teddy bear and ran it straight. The item then came back across the Atlantic and turned up in various gossip columns in daily newspapers. Pulitzer now runs a notice in every issue that the *News Extra* "editorial content represents the finest satire and humor." Every once in a while the paper receives letters from readers who complain "I don't believe half of the stuff you print." The editors publish these in the mail column along with communications from Henry Kissinger, Gloria Steinwoman and Tiny Tim. The newspaper has been such a success that Pulitzer now plans to turn it into a slick magazine. Subscriptions will still be available from Novel Books, 2715 N. Pulaski Road, Chicago, Illinois 60639. Rates available on request.

The *Charolais Bull-O-Gram* runs pictures of real studs, not those anemic creatures you see in *Playgirl* but the true thing. And the fellows in the *Bull-O-Gram* not only look pretty, they produce. A recent issue reports: "Even though Sam died three years ago at 13 years of age, we still have calls for his offspring from all over the world." Sam was a prize bull. He may be dead, but his

semen is in the deepfreeze and can be purchased for \$15 a shot.

In no other magazine will you find such a brazen celebration of virility. I'm surprised that feminists haven't descended on this outfit with banners waving. Listen to this advice for breeders: "If a good bull has been used, the heifer calves will be better than their mothers. . . . The main thing is a good bull. If you do not have a good bull, you will just spin your wheels and never get anyplace."

The *Bull-O-Gram* costs three dollars for six issues a year (five dollars for a foreign subscription). It's published by the Litton Charolais Ranch, Box 188, Chillicothe, Missouri 64601.

Highway Evangelist proclaims itself "The Voice of the Christian Trucker." It is a pleasant reminder that not every truck driver is a beer-swilling, pill-popping, ass-fucking goon trying to sneak around speed limits making wise-ass remarks on his citizen's band radio—not that there's anything wrong with any of those fine pastimes. But to read *Highway Evangelist* is to be inspired: "When Jesus Christ rides the second seat of our rigs and we follow his commandments, he in return resides in us through the Holy Spirit." A section called "Gearbox Groanings" lists the names of truckers who have landed in the hospital when God was looking the other way. Pray for them all and get a one-year, 12-issue subscription by sending three dollars to Transport for Christ, Box 120, Waterdown, Ontario L0R 2H0.

Missing is published supposedly to aid the bereaved families of the vanished, but the magazine reads like an open invitation to bounty hunters. Each year, thousands of kids flock to Guru Maharaj Ji, the Reverend Moon and the Hare Krishnas much to the dismay of their parents—who are themselves more likely to take off after Bo and Peep, the notorious flying-saucer couple.

Missing carries ads for detective agencies and Western Union Mailgrams, as well as requests for information on the whereabouts of runaway children and spouses. These last bear more than a passing resemblance to the WANTED—DEAD OR ALIVE posters that Steve McQueen used to tear off the wall in the old TV series. One ad offers a \$1000 reward from a guy looking for his wife, who evidently ran off with the two kids. Another ad describes a girl as a "known hitchhiker." *Missing* can be found at International Publications, Suite 1D, 361 East Paces Ferry Road, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30305. Ten dollars buys 12 issues.

Arcade is proof that underground comics are alive and well. Some of those

weirdos who created *Zap*, *Young Lust*, *Bijou* and *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers* put their talents together a little more than a year ago and came up with this off-the-wall publication. If America can be said to have an avant-garde, then guys like Art Spiegelman, Bill Griffith, Robert Crumb and Gilbert Shelton are it; forget the nonsense you read about film makers and other low-life types. Arrogant and chronically broke, *Arcade* nevertheless comes up with consistently brilliant material—funnier, for most purposes, than the *National Lampoon's* comics and far more compulsively readable. A collector's investment in four issues costs six dollars a year from The Print Mint, 830 Folger Avenue, Berkeley, California 94710.

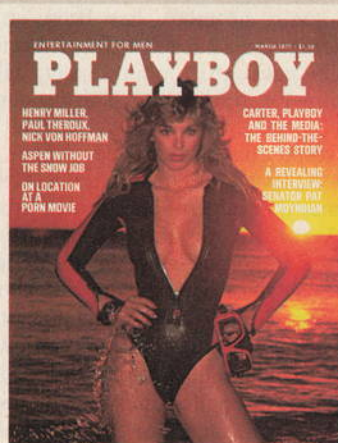
Drug Enforcement is the house organ of the Drug Enforcement Administration, a sweet group of narcs referred to by *Playboy* as "the American Gestapo." It's the only serious contender in a field that's recently spawned half a dozen special-interest magazines for dopers, following the lead of *High Times*, which, in case you haven't heard, is the first drug publication to sympathize with the drug user. *High Times* specializes in grass but dabbles in hash, acid, peyote, mescaline, psilocybin, coke, speed, downs and ludes, to name a few. But the beautiful four-color pictorials of confiscated drugs in *Drug Enforcement* are, frankly, as good as anything *High Times* has ever published—and I should know, as I am occasionally employed by *High Times* in an advisory capacity. The microphotographs of d-amphetamine sulphate in the summer 1975 issue and other such *Drug Enforcement* exclusives should, in fact, be hung in museums.

Alas, while this lavish narc newsmagazine is published by the Government Printing Office at considerable expense to the taxpayer, you can't buy a subscription. You can get on the complimentary mailing list, however, if you have "a professional interest in drug abuse." Write to the Drug Enforcement Administration, U.S. Department of Justice, 1405 Eye Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20537. *High Times*, to get in a plug, costs \$14 for 12 issues; write to Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, New York 10003.

The Star is the house organ of a Louisiana leprosarium. It is dedicated to "radiating the light of truth on Hansen's disease" (leprosy) and to bringing a sense of dignity and self-respect to the thousands of victims thereof. A recent cover, for example, shows one David R. Pedersen looking more like a befuddled Red Buttons than a refugee from *Ben-Hur*. Actually, nowhere in the magazine does

Getting it up for a porn movie.

You think you've got problems? Consider the plight of the average porn film maker. Since it's essential that his actors turn each other on, he plays a role more like Cupid than casting director. But even an assemblage of horny actors doesn't guarantee success, as you'll find out in Ronan O'Casey's diary of a smokie, *Getting It Up for a Porno Movie*, in the current issue of PLAYBOY. And if that doesn't debunk one of your favorite myths, D. Keith Mano's *Rocky Mountain Hype* certainly will. Mano journeys to the Colorado Rockies to see just what gets John Denver so high—and barely manages a mild buzz for himself. On the other hand, Dick Clark does live up to his reputation. And after 25 years he's still going strong. *Portrait of Dick Clark as an Eternally Young Man* gives you a clue as to why. This month's interview? Newly elected Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. It's all in the big March issue of PLAYBOY magazine. At your newsstand now!



MAD MAGAZINES *The whole spectrum of infantile female sexuality is on view here, and what a picture of health, happiness, innocence and Commie-nudist propaganda it is.*

it say that Pedersen is one of the afflicted. Still, the message is that these guys are just folks like the rest of us. *The Star* wants to dispel the foul mists of superstition that have surrounded lepers since before Christ. A year's subscription to six issues costs a mere one dollar sent to *The Star*, Box 325, Carville, Louisiana 70721.

Easyriders is the fabulously successful outlaw-bikers magazine. "She's so dumb she has to write to *Easyriders* to find out how to give head," underground-comic-legend Joe Schenkman once told me in reference to a lady who shall be nameless. He was referring to the advice column "Miraculous Mutha Tells All," in which a presumably fictitious biker's old lady gives toilet-mouthed advice on oral sex and other biker preoccupations. *Easyriders* is actually quite patriotic, in the sense that it supports such basic American freedoms as beating women, dynamiting objects stationary and mobile, and otherwise getting fucked up and partying.

A typical issue of *Easyriders* includes plenty of pinup pictures of choppers, hogs, biker ladies and their hairy, beery old men. There are articles on "The Uselessness of Helmets" and the inhumanity of man to bikers. The best story *Easyriders* ever published was titled "No Class Chick" (May 1975). It tells of the tribulations of a nameless biker whose initiation to a club requires that he make an Albuquerque-to-L.A. run in three days with any woman he can get to sign on. The plot thickens when his fare—"dies, man. Right there in the park after putting her name on the card, she goes toes up." When the biker complains to a club official that he cannot travel with a stiff on his back, he's told, "Your problems are over, pal. Now you won't have to stop every three miles to let your chick off so she can piss." The odyssey is undertaken, and Stella—or Zelda or Winona, as she is also known—bounces around, falls out of place, is half-eaten by a coyote and is fed tea by hippies who think she is having menstrual troubles. It gets worse, but enough is enough. Go read it yourself. Back issues are available—inquire when you send ten dollars for a year's subscription to 12 issues to *Easyriders*, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503. Free Sonny Barger!

Trains calls itself "the magazine of railroading." You can almost count the telephone poles whisking by as you turn the pages, and the endless ads for photos of locomotives, old and new train films and brake-whistle-and-flange recordings are a guaranteed laugh riot. Furthermore, the recollections of train addicts often rise to a pitch of insane eloquence

that rivals the early ravings of Timothy Leary about LSD. Yes, the iron horse has rambled off to the figurative glue factory, but the great railway bazaar still goes on in *Trains*; 12 issues for \$12 a year from Kalmbach Publishing Company, 1027 N. Seventh St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53233.

Das III Reich might be called *The Whole Reich Catalog* if it were published in English. Elegantly designed and lavishly printed, *Das III Reich* takes nostalgic Germans back to the good old days of World War Two. Most of the features are military in character: Recently the high command's game plan for a U-boat attack on New York was published in splendid detail. Softer features include a monthly comics page, a mock newspaper complete with ads from the period and a lovely batch of color photos showing tanks, marching soldiers and burning buildings. Most of these photos are reprints from *Signal*, Goebbels' wartime army magazine.

Nazi nostalgia has been around for some time, but never has it been so prettily packaged. Albert Speer, Hitler's art director during the Thirties and author of *Inside the Third Reich* and *Spandau*, would have approved. Speer, by the way, was the man who left the world many wonderful anecdotes of the period: According to him, Hess and Himmler used to argue whether draperies should touch the floor or hang just above it. To read *Das III Reich*, if you comprehend German, is to understand how it must have felt to be a happy, mindless, propaganda-propelled German in the Forties. An issue sells for \$1.35 at Hotalings News Agency, 142 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

Nudist Moppets is a come-in-your-pants item for sure. The oldest nudist in *Moppets* couldn't be more than 13. Here and there is a girl with budding breasts and a few strands of pubic hair, but mostly there are picture stories of such cuties as five-year-old Sue Ellen, who is "able to retain a certain trace of femininity and charm that projects even through a grimy face." The whole spectrum of infantile female sexuality is on view here, and what a picture of health, happiness, innocence and Commie-nudist propaganda it is. Rosy-pink boys, too, for them as likes 'em. Three fifty per issue, each with 32 pages of pix. Write to Crismund, Box 1459, Studio City, California 91604.

Soldier of Fortune's first issue appeared with a lot of media hoopla in the summer of 1975. Among other goodies, it featured a full-page, high-quality pho-

tograph of an alleged Rhodesian with his brains blown out "by Communist-sponsored terrorists." A typical response was that of *Hustler* editor and publisher Larry Flynt, who denounced *Soldier of Fortune* as "glamorizing violence, the real pornography," or something like that. Of course, he did reproduce the same photograph with its detail intact.

Subtitled "The Journal of Professional Adventurers," *Soldier of Fortune* is the glossiest of a pulp category that includes such illustrious titles as *Shotgun News*, *Gun Week* and *Paladin Press Catalog*. They all publish stories on killings military, political and commercial, as well as spy stuff on bugging devices and gun ads.

It is rumored that *Soldier of Fortune* was started in order to interest unemployed Vietnam vets in the mercenary profession. After a slow beginning, the magazine recently completed its fifth issue (winter 1977). The magazine's single-issue price is two dollars. A yearly subscription of four issues can be purchased for eight dollars from Omega Group Ltd., 1728-1/2 28th St., Boulder, Colorado 80302.

The *L.A. Star* is printed on a grade of paper reminiscent of the kind you find in French toilets. Much of the copy often arrives too late to be typeset and has to be hand-lettered onto the page. The *L.A. Star* bills itself as a reader-written paper. What the readers write are the most outrageous sex letters I have ever seen, and I have seen many and even written a few, having once enjoyed an undistinguished career as a sex-mag copywriter. Dwarf Cocksucker, My Nine-Year-Old Fuck and Bi Black Three are typical letter titles. Gosh. There's a classified ad in there from a deaf transvestite. And the pictures! Wow! Better than *Screw's*.

Rumor has it that the staff of the *L.A. Star* consists mainly of beautiful women, some of whom, to put it delicately, bang like a shithouse door in a gale. The paper began in 1971 as an underground political rag, but it made no bones about using sex to boost sales. Then it decided that sex was politics. The rest is history. The *L.A. Star* goes third class at \$15 for 24 issues or at \$20 for first-class mailing. Tell them you want the "national" edition (it's the hard-core one). Write to Star Family Press, 8444 Wilshire Boulevard, Seventh floor, Beverly Hills, California 90211. One last note: Crazy magazines have a disconcerting way of going out of business at the drop of a misplaced colon or at the mention of a libel suit. Before you subscribe to any one of these weirdo rags, write first and make sure that it still exists. ■

CRY, THE BELOVED LEBANON *He showed me every single whorehouse in Istanbul. I spent the next week going back to my favorites.*

(Continued from page 58) throw on the heads of the Moslems. But Israel proclaimed that it would attack Lebanon if a single Jewish Lebanese were killed, and the anti-riot division of the Beirut police force rushed to the neighborhood and set up a blockade to keep the mob back. I stayed awake all night, standing guard on the balcony with a pistol. My girlfriend, who lived across the street, was on her balcony and we whispered to each other. The sky was pitch black and we could hear the whole Middle East rumbling in our ears. It was not romantic. It was terrifying.

After the war came the first mass exodus of Jews from Lebanon. Every Wednesday and Sunday, planes full of Jews left for Istanbul and Cyprus to make connecting flights all over the world. They went to Italy, Brazil, Canada, Mexico and the United States; but the young people of my generation had been influenced by the Chura, the Jewish militia, and were eager to go to Israel. Among them was my girlfriend, whose family wanted her to marry someone older and more established than I was. After she was gone, I felt an enormous loss. I was 18; she was my first love and I decided to go to Israel and marry her. When I got to Istanbul, three Israelis in dark glasses picked me up at the airport in a Mercedes and took me to the Israeli Embassy; I felt that I had entered the world of James Bond. They took my passport and agreed to give me a week in Istanbul before forwarding me to Israel.

When I got to the hotel, I found that the room clerk spoke enough Arabic to know that *sharmouta* means whore. I said, "Do you know what *sharmouta* means?" He nodded. "That's what I want!" I said. He told me to meet him downstairs at 9:30, and from 9:30 until one A.M., he showed me every single whorehouse in Istanbul. I spent the next week going back to my favorites, and for the first time in my life I felt free. I could do what I wanted, without criticism from anyone. I loved Istanbul; I had a good time and I made a major decision there—I decided not to go to Israel, but to return to Beirut, complete my education and then emigrate to America to become a film maker.

My father never understood what a film maker was, and for the next three years, we communicated only by argument. He refused to admit that Lebanon was growing more violent; he had developed a style of living that he could not duplicate anywhere else in the world; and he would not let me go. But after I had completed my education and

turned 21, I contacted a Jewish organization that provided me with a ticket to Montreal. Three days before my departure, as we were having lunch, my father suddenly chased everyone out of the kitchen so he could talk to me; but once we were alone together, he couldn't talk. He couldn't break that wall he had built over the years. So he cried. I held him in my arms and cried with him, but I knew that I had to leave.

I left Beirut on June 5, 1971, during the Palestinian demonstration marking the fourth anniversary of the Six Day War. On the way to the airport, we passed through a Palestinian checkpoint, where they demanded to see our Lebanese I.D. cards. We had heard stories of prominent Lebanese citizens killed at these checkpoints for refusing to be intimidated by Palestinians. By 1971, the Palestinians walked openly in the streets of Beirut with their guns. They even came to the Jewish neighborhood, guns in hand, and demanded money to fight their Sacred Struggle. Meanwhile, President Suleiman Frangieh, with his relatives and flatterers, was stealing the country blind, and all the religious and political factions were getting armed. I was happy to leave Lebanon.

But for the Arabs, Beirut was still a paradise, a fun-loving oasis at the edge of a puritanical desert. When I returned on vacation in the summer of 1974, I could see that Beirut had changed drastically. Now the streets were teeming; the city seemed overpopulated. Large groups of men gathered on street corners to argue politics. Sometimes the arguments grew into riots, and the police would disperse the crowd to prevent a battle, because everyone in Lebanon was armed with rifles, machine guns, grenades and mortars. Everyone fervently believed in the righteousness of his own ideas. And everyone was filled with hatred: The Christians despised the Palestinians. The Moslems hated the Christian power bloc of the same tired old men who, with their sons, had controlled Lebanon since its inception. And the Palestinians hated the world that offered them no refuge and little sympathy for having lost their homeland.

The first sparks flew in April 1975 when a group of Palestinian officers were coming back from a celebration of the first anniversary of the Qiryat Shemona massacre. They were a little drunk. At that time, the Palestinians were the strongest force in Lebanon and could do as they pleased without police interference. The Phalangist party boss, Pierre Gamayel, was christening a church and



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CRY, THE BELOVED LEBANON *The victim climbed over the wall. He managed to pull himself onto his feet. His body was disintegrating. With blood pouring, he attempted to hitch a ride.*

had set a blockade around the neighborhood, giving his gunmen strict orders not to let anyone in. The Palestinians tried to pass through the blockade, but the Phalangists were adamant. An argument ensued. The Palestinians drove through the Phalangist guard. In less than a minute, their bus was bombed and 40 Palestinian officers were dead. A half hour later, a group of Palestinians drove up to the church and machine-gunned everyone in sight, wounding Gamayel's number-two man. After this incident, a truce was signed. It was the first in a long series of truces, none of which held up; they merely gave each side a chance to replenish its ammunition supply and count the dead.

That first truce was broken when a young Christian and his pretty girlfriend were walking in a Christian neighborhood and two Moslems brushed up against the girl, making provocative remarks. A fight broke out, Christians from the neighborhood gathered around and the two Moslems were killed. A fierce battle followed between Christians and Moslems, with the Palestinians rushing in to help their Moslem brothers.

The fighting escalated rapidly as the two sides began battling for neighborhoods. The *modus operandi* was as follows: Gangs of gunmen would simply walk through the neighborhoods, firing and shooting bazookas in every direction. They'd keep marching no matter how many of their men dropped dead around them, and it was not uncommon for whole contingents to be slaughtered.

When a large group of Moslems held a meeting in the underground theater of a high-rise, no one questioned the two 13-year-olds who entered, tossed a pair of Frisbees down the aisles and ran back into the street, turning around just in time to see the entire building crumble to the ground—the "Frisbees" had been deadly bombs. No one had suspected the 13-year-olds—but they had been trained in commando operations by the Phalangists.

From the beginning, the fighting was so chaotic that no one knew who the enemy was—or where. When two gunmen would meet on a street and draw their guns, they'd always ask each other's name before firing. Without uniforms or symbols, the only way to tell a Christian from a Moslem is by name. In our neighborhood, two men—a Christian and a Moslem—were working, as usual, in a six-story building, when the building was bombarded from all sides. The shelling kept up for five days—with the Christian forces thinking it had been invaded by Moslems, and the Moslems assuming it had been taken over by

Christians. All along, it was just these two guys trapped inside, with no food or water; they made a sack of sugar sustain them. And they vowed to each other that no matter who captured the building, they would live or die together. On the fifth day, the Christian Phalangists stormed inside and immediately ran to the roof. From that vantage point, they could see the Moslems, who were trapped in the adjacent Jewish schoolyard, and they picked them off like rabbits. The two men were sent to the Phalangist headquarters in my father's coffeehouse. It turned out that the Christian was a friend of the family—the tailor, in fact, who had made my *bar mitzvah* suit.

At that time, my father was called "doctor" in the coffeehouse, for, as he put it, "I used to patch up the wounded for their trips to the hospital." One day a man was brought to him with a bullet hole in his head and blood gushing from his eyes. While my father was cleaning the victim's face, his partner's maid, who was standing nearby, started screaming hysterically. The wounded man was her cousin.

My father felt fairly safe in his coffeehouse since it was Phalangist headquarters and was protected by gunmen, but there were times during the siege when he saw his own death. One day a mission of Phalangist commandos stormed the coffeehouse. The leader pointed his gun at the first person he saw, a waiter, and asked his name. The waiter was so terrified he stammered, "George . . . Mohammad . . . George." The Phalangist ordered him to kneel down and everyone else to raise his arms in the air. My father, his partner and the Phalangist officer in charge of the coffeehouse stopped their poker game. They were shocked, speechless. The attacking Phalangists had already trained their guns on their intended targets when the officer finally stood up, shouting, "This is Phalangist headquarters. What are you doing?" It was a mistake. The commandos apologized and left.

The coffeehouse was in the middle of the downtown hotel section and was under Phalangist control until January 1976. Any Moslem caught in the area was shot. One morning at five, just as my father was getting up, he saw three men dragging a man whose head was covered with a sweater toward the beach. They threw him off a cliff, onto the rocks by the sea. One man took out his gun and shot him; then another man grabbed the gun and emptied it in the victim's body, filling him with 14 bullets. Finally they left. My father was staring out at the sea, trying to

decide whether these people were Christians or Moslems, when he saw a bloody hand reach over the wall. Then the victim slowly climbed over the wall and rolled onto the sidewalk. He managed to pull himself onto his feet. His body was disintegrating as he moved. Flesh fell in pieces from his torso. With blood pouring out of him, he attempted to hitch a ride. He wanted to live so badly. But no one picked him up and hours later my father heard that he died in the street, still hoping for a ride.

What makes this war so deadly is that the combatants have known each other all their lives. They know each other's weaknesses, and that's where they attack. After the Christians lost the valuable hotel area, they attacked the Moslem and Palestinian slums around the Karantina slaughterhouse. This was the poorest section of Beirut, with thousands of people crammed into rows and rows of tin houses. The Phalangists, wearing gigantic crosses from the Crusades, went in with bulldozers, covered from behind by troops with machine guns and bazookas; the troops had orders to shoot down anyone who resisted. Masses of men, women and children ran, screaming, for their lives. The entire area was flattened. Everyone was killed. In retaliation, the Moslems massacred everyone in the Christian town of Damour.

My father told me that one memory is indelible. One day, the street in front of the coffeehouse was covered from all angles by hidden gunmen. Anyone who stepped outside was shot. Everyone in the coffeehouse knew this and tried to warn passers-by. A woman who lived in the neighborhood was about to cross the street. She was an old Jewish woman who limped, and my father knew her very well. Everyone in the coffeehouse screamed to her to stay back. Maybe she didn't hear, maybe she wanted to die—but for whatever reason, she stepped into the street. In less than a second, 1000 bullets went through her body.

The next day, the Phalangists took over the area and moved into the street with tanks, driving over her body. Each day, there was less and less of her as the tanks ground her body into the street. At last, she just disappeared in the sand.

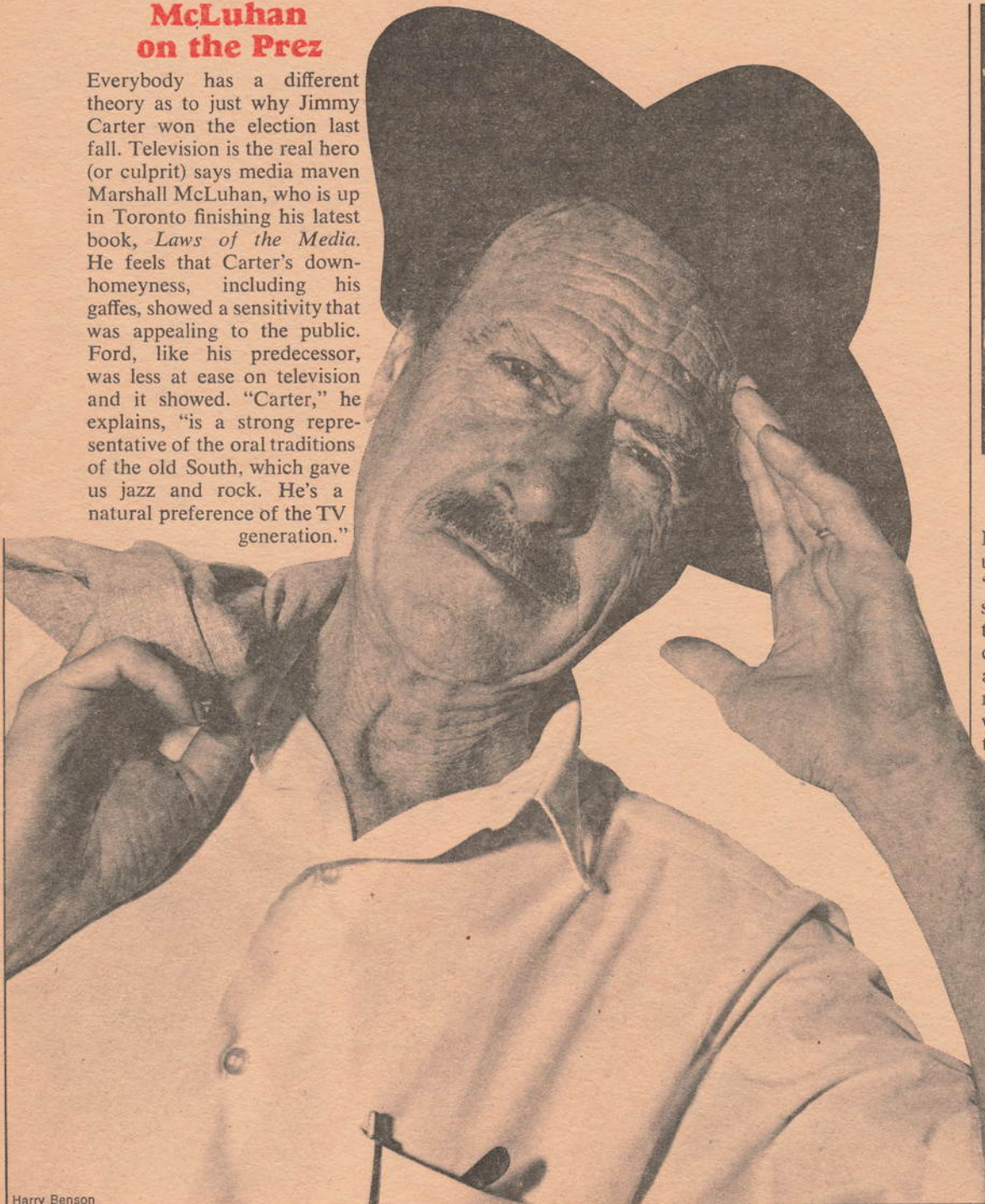
Then, one morning in January, a Phalangist officer who was staying in the coffeehouse received an excited phone call, after which he turned to my father and said, "Are your bags packed?" That day my father left Lebanon, practically penniless, with only a small valise. Two days later the airport was closed. Five days later the coffeehouse was bombed and 40 people were killed. ■



WHO

McLuhan on the Prez

Everybody has a different theory as to just why Jimmy Carter won the election last fall. Television is the real hero (or culprit) says media maven Marshall McLuhan, who is up in Toronto finishing his latest book, *Laws of the Media*. He feels that Carter's down-homeyness, including his gaffes, showed a sensitivity that was appealing to the public. Ford, like his predecessor, was less at ease on television and it showed. "Carter," he explains, "is a strong representative of the oral traditions of the old South, which gave us jazz and rock. He's a natural preference of the TV generation."



Harry Benson



Melba Moore: simply peachy

Melba Moore made an unusual debut on Broadway. "When I auditioned for *Hair*," she recalls, "I really thought they were looking for beauticians." Then came *Purlie*, TV appearances and concerts. She made two *disco* albums—which she now admits hardly tested her talents—and the critics stopped raving. They ignored her performances with symphony orchestras in Detroit and Pittsburgh.

Her recent debut at the Metropolitan Opera in New York had the entire town abuzz.

It's nice to see Melba back on track, because when it comes to peachy singers, Melba is a long way from the pits.



Rose Hartman

Victor Hugo: one-man show

We've got to hand it to Victor Hugo: He's become the most famous window dresser since Rhoda. Although officially his job is to do the windows at Halston's Madison Avenue store, Hugo conceives of his work as a constantly changing one-man show. His arty displays are certainly bizarre: spy bordellos, live rats, the birth of a baby, Patty Hearst robbing a bank, Halston running for President, smashed bottles, eggs frying on the floor and airport luggage searches. Designing windows is not Hugo's only métier. He also gives college lectures and contributes to Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine.

What's up next for Hugo's windows? Mary Hartman meets King Kong, perhaps? Hugo's not saying.

Bette meets Balanchine: when worlds collide

"Bette who?" asked ballet master George Balanchine when it was suggested that the Divine One star in the art play he's directing, *The Seven Deadly Sins*. Balanchine demanded that this Midler girl audition—something no one

demands of a superstar. But Bette, ever the servant of art, showed up for the audition. She was a smash—that is, until she said, "There are a lot of parts in here where I'm not singing. Can't I do something else? I can be funny."

Harry Benson



Mark Sennet



Lauren's back and Dick has her

Remember Lauren Chapin, the grumpy little sister on *Father Knows Best*? Richard Lamparski, who writes the *Whatever Became of . . . ?* books, has recently put together a giant edition in which he reveals that little Lauren, after two divorces, is on the comeback trail. Her latest film is *The Erotic Adventures of Super Knight*. Oh, Daddy!

Bob Gruen



Deborah Harry: natural Blondie

New York rockers still think it's Liverpool 1964. But the search for the new Mick Jagger is over, and her name is Deborah Harry. Her band, Blondie, has recorded the most amazing Sixties album of the Seventies. Packaged by the folks who gave you the original razors-in-the-beehive groups (the Angels, the Shangri-Las), Deborah is just the girl Patti Smith would hate to meet in a dark alley.



Walter Thiele shares his Sack with Christa Walter

Christa Walter (left) is taking a lollipop break from the taping session of her latest record, a titillating medley of sexy moans and groans that is already a marketing sensation in Europe. The record has no title, but it comes in a little sack with a mini-record player called the Sex Sack. The sack was German inventor Walter Thiele's idea. He made a bundle some years back with a collection of interminable guffaws he called a Laughing Bag. Hoping to make the same kind of killing, Thiele spent some \$5000 in an effort to collect just the right three-and-a-half-minute mix of oohs, aahs and oh babies that would sell a million records. Imagine his distress when he learned that a thief had broken into his office and made off with all his tapes. Such is showbiz. (*Mary Hartman's* writers couldn't improve on this heartbreaking plot.) But a man with an



idea whose time has come cannot be held back. Enter Christa Walter, whose last name matches Thiele's first. A good omen. Christa agrees to share Thiele's sack and musical history is made.

Photos by Interpress



Father Schlitt rocks your soul

Born-again rockers, stay tuned for Father Harry of the God squad. The hottest deejay in San Francisco these days is Father Harry Schlitt, a 38-year-old "and never been kissed" Catholic priest who

dispenses peace and love between cuts of Seals and Crofts. His teenage fans are so enthralled with his artful mix of music and morality they've dubbed Father Schlitt the Pepsi Priest.

Narvel Felts: just an ol' country boy

His friend Dolly Parton says, "When I first saw Narvel Felts, I knew that he'd win any fight he got into." With a name like that, he undoubtedly got into plenty as a kid. In 1956, Felts won a high school talent contest in Bernie, Missouri, for his rendition of *Blue Suede Shoes*. The 6'4" singer has been kicking around the country scene ever since, but it wasn't until the hillbilly-chic Seventies that Felts's albums, including his latest, *Doin' What I Feel*, began marching up the charts. Keep on stompin', Narvel.



Andrew Davis is no sad sock

Last year, at the age of 31, mop-topped British conductor Andrew Davis took over Canada's most prestigious orchestra, the Toronto Symphony. He brought with him a much-envied recording contract with Columbia Records. Davis' near-total concentration on his music occasionally causes him sartorial difficulties; his staff is always prepared to lend him black shoes and socks so that the *maestro* won't walk onstage in sandals.





SHORT TAKES

BOB BONDURANT'S COUNTERTERRORIST DRIVING SCHOOL

**This course will teach you
how to handle a car as if your life were at stake**

You're tooling along in Argentina in your chauffeur-driven limousine and suddenly you notice that you're being followed. A car full of terrorists forces your Cadillac to the side of the road, shoots your driver and kidnaps you. Your company pays a huge ransom, but the terrorists go ahead and kill you anyway.

For only \$1000 plus carfare, you could have sent your driver to Bob Bondurant's School of High Performance Driving, in the lovely if somewhat inappropriate Sonoma Valley wine country. In a special four-day corporate curriculum, he would have learned skids, precision maneuvers, power slides and other ways of evading pursuit with antisocial intent. "The training is not necessarily anti-kidnaping," insists Bondurant. "We teach people how to handle a limousine in any emergency situation."

Many people become teachers when they discover that there isn't anything else they want to do. Bob Bondurant became a teacher for the simple reason that he wanted to share his 16 years of racing experience with the general public. Then there was the fact that the steering cable broke on the car he was driving 150 miles an hour at Watkins Glen. During the three years he took off from racing, following that accident, he set up his school, first in Orange County, California, and now at Sears Point International Raceway, 40 miles north of San Francisco.

Bondurant, who is 40ish, won the 1965 World Manufacturers' Championship driving an American Cobra for Ford Shelby; today he resembles a small college fullback who has kept in shape. He "can do anything with automobiles," he claims. Besides teaching, he has appeared in several commercials and has taught movie stars how to drive race cars. He was technical advisor for the films *Grand Prix* and *Winning*.

The corporate curriculum, which is a combination of Bondurant's competition road racing, police pursuit and stunt-driving courses, was initiated in October 1973, when he was approached by a major American oil company. Worried about public response to the energy crisis and having recently come into some money, the company hired Bondurant to train several of its chauffeurs in evasion tactics. The word spread, and Bondurant has now trained approximately 70 drivers for some 40 major corporations.

The chauffeurs arrive in a somewhat apprehensive state of mind, despite the fact that they get to drive their own familiar limousines. "The first day is the worst day you'll ever spend in a car," Bondurant tells them. "You'll find out what you don't know. All males have terrific egos about cars and ladies; we all think we are the best drivers in the world and the best lovers in the world."

Bondurant's program proves

to most men that they are wrong—at least about being the best drivers. The chauffeurs spend the morning of the first day in ground school, working with movies, a blackboard and a model racing set. In the afternoon, they move out to the track. In addition to the oval, Bondurant has designed a skid pad and a precision-maneuvers course, consisting of short stops, a tight 360-degree turn, single-movement parallel parking, backing in and out of a simulated alley and a 180-degree turn into a garage. All the maneuvers are supposed to be completed in a minute and a half, preferably without stripping the expensive limousine's transmission.

The Accident Simulator—three traffic lanes formed by rubber traffic cones, with traffic lights above each—is probably Bondurant's most harrowing test. You approach the lanes at 35 to 40 miles an hour, and you are about 80 feet away when two of the lights turn red. By rough calculation, this requires a reaction (hopefully the right one) in a few tenths of a second. The rubber cones do not often finish the day in the same position in which they started it.

The average age of the corporate chauffeurs who sign up for Bondurant's course is 50. Remarkably, the great majority of them do learn to perform maneuvers with their limousines that they once would have thought impos-

sible. Bondurant sends his corporate clients a detailed analysis sheet on each chauffeur, with daily grades in ten areas and the instructor's comments. Very few drivers get a highly unsatisfactory report. One such chauffeur is now driving a delivery truck, which presumably keeps him safe from all but the most fanatic urban guerrillas.

The program finishes with a night chase, in which the student in his limousine tries to elude Bondurant. It takes place on a two-and-a-half-mile road-racing course that winds into the nearby hills. In the darkness of the Sonoma Valley, a driver who can build a quarter-mile lead on Bondurant can cut into the tall grass, kill his engine and escape. About ten percent of the students succeed in eluding the instructor. Although Bondurant encourages his students to escape by any possible means, he is especially impressed when they succeed in pulling off a sophisticated driving maneuver. "Sometimes they surprise me," he admits proudly. "They make a 180-degree turn in front of me and then they're gone."

Sometimes, of course, they surprise him another way. "We had a guy in the last group who tried to go cross country in a Ford LTD," Bondurant remembers. "We had to tow the LTD out the next day."

He didn't say how much the ransom was.

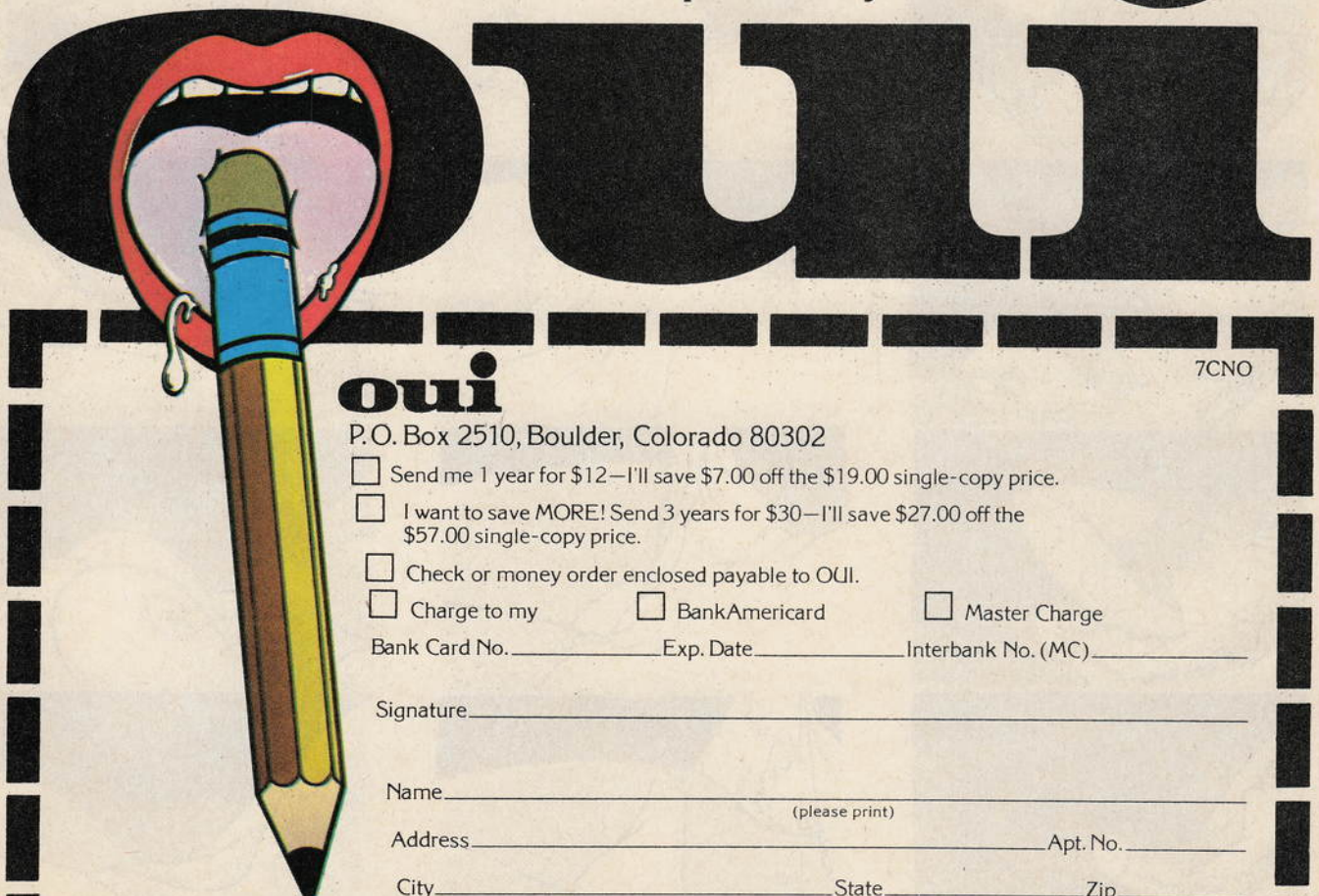
—DAVID SARASOHN

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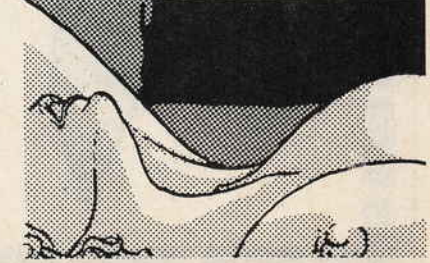
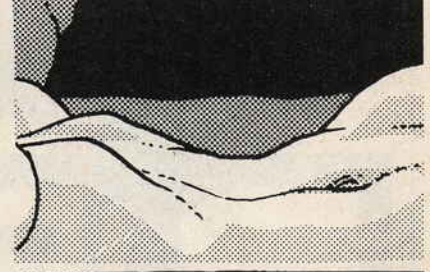
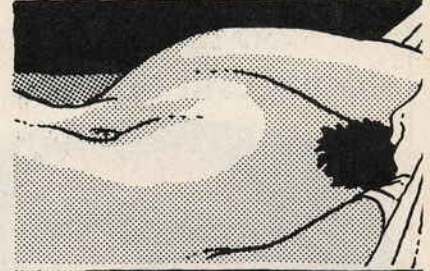
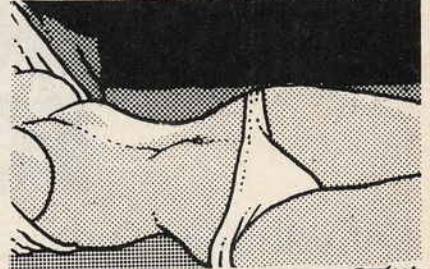
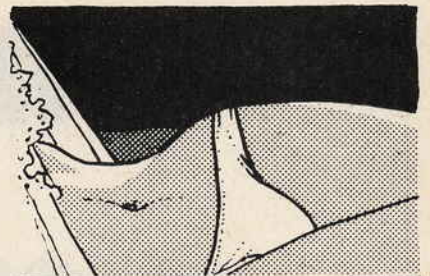
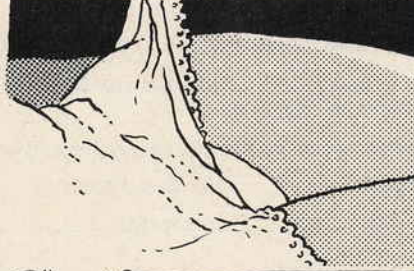
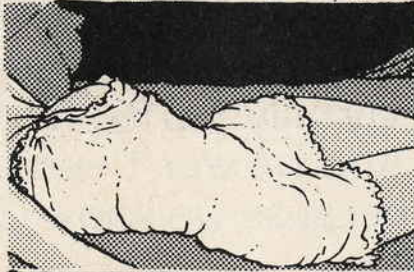
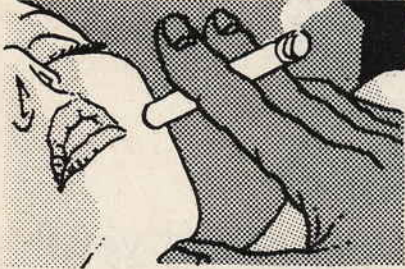
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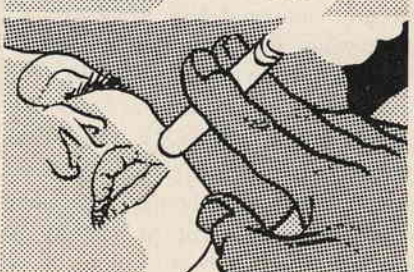
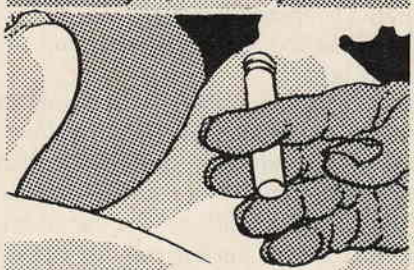
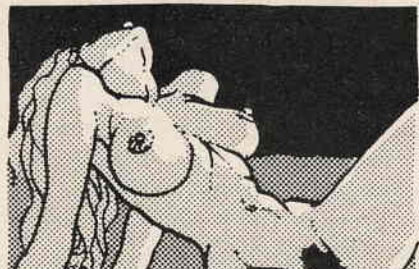
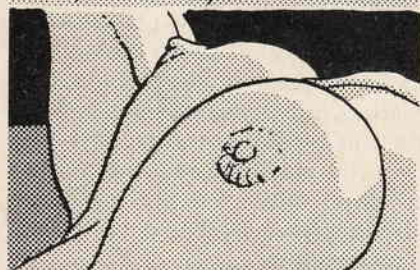
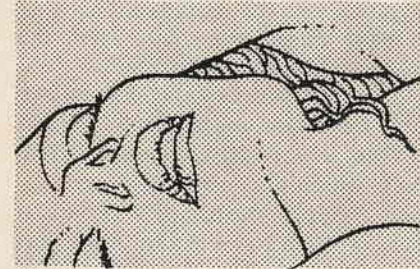
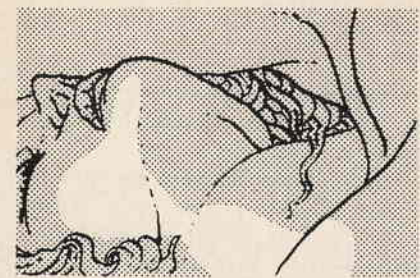
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BARBE

STAN LEE *I get to play God. I kill whomever I want and destroy planets, galaxies. I create new universes. We're the only people in the world who can resurrect people.*

(Continued from page 72) people who fly through the air, people with super powers, villains who are bigger than life. Our stories are not pure science fiction, which can get dull, pedantic and too technical. And they're not just adventure tales. Marvel stories are the closest thing to fairy tales for older readers.

OUI: Do you also find that more talented adults want to write comics these days?

LEE: There were always people who wanted to get into comics, but there are many more now. Whereas years ago kids wanted to write for television or movies, today there are lots of young people for whom the be-all and end-all of life is to work for Marvel Comics. Roy Thomas, for instance, who became the editor here after I became publisher, was a big comic-book fan when it wasn't quite so fashionable. He is probably deeper into comics than I am or was or ever could be.

OUI: How did you get into comics?

LEE: Nothing was more natural. In the beginning, back around the time of Noah's ark, I wanted to be an actor. I was with the WPA Federal Theater—me and Orson Welles. I'd like to feel he's doing an interview right now, saying "Yes, there I was with Stan." Anyway, you couldn't make any money in the theater in those days. Acting was just something to keep people off the streets. I had a whole family to support—my mother and my father.

OUI: Has the acting experience helped with the comic-book writing?

LEE: Yes. I now get to play God. I kill whomever I want and destroy planets, galaxies. I create new universes. We're the only people in the world who can resurrect people. Ever since Christ died, it hasn't happened too often.

OUI: When did the acting stop and the writing begin?

LEE: I had always been fairly good at writing. The *New York Herald Tribune* used to run an essay contest for high school kids and I won it three weeks in a row. So the editor called me down and told me to stop entering the contest and give someone else a chance. He asked what I wanted to be when I became a human being. I said an actor. He said forget it, become a writer. So I got real stupid jobs. One was writing obituaries for people who were still alive. But writing in the past tense about living people soon got to be very depressing. Then I heard about a job

opening at Marvel Comics, which was then called Timely Comics. It seemed an easy way to make money. How could anything be easier than writing comics? My first jobs there were to sweep the place, proofread and write stories. Within a few weeks, though, I became the editor, because the guy I worked for left and I was the only other guy there. I was 17 years old. The publisher asked me if I thought I could hold down the job until he hired a real editor. I said I'd try. I've been here for about 38 years.

OUI: When did Timely Comics finally become Marvel Comics?

LEE: We were Timely Comics for about 20 years. We weren't exactly making any inroads into the cultural life of America, just following the leaders in the field. When Western stories sold, we did Westerns; when the trend was to horror stories, we did horrors. When all the world was into funny little animals because of the Walt Disney comics, we brought out Terry-Toons and a lot of funny little animals. Sometimes we outsold the others; sometimes they outsold us. But business was going nowhere until we came up with The Fantastic Four.

OUI: Did you write all the comics?

LEE: The majority of them. Sometimes I'd hire a writer, and he'd say, "Oh, gee, I write Westerns but I don't write mysteries." Or, "I write mysteries but I don't write war stories." I never understood that. A story is a story. If it's a Western, you call the guy *hombre* instead of mister; if it's a war story, you use a couple of battlefield expressions.

OUI: What about love comics?

LEE: I wrote them all. Maybe I wrote them badly, but they came easily to me.

OUI: Are the first 30 years the hardest?

LEE: I hope so. I think I feel somewhat secure now. I once jokingly told an interviewer that the publisher was probably still looking for an editor and the article came out saying that Stan Lee was leaving Marvel Comics. I made up my mind right then that I would never again try to make an interview interesting.

OUI: Never tell the truth in interviews, just make it fast and funny.

LEE: That's the story of my life. It was nice talking to you.

OUI: So you have always been the editor?

LEE: I was the editor and the head writer. I was always the art director, too. You can't be a good editor in this business unless you have a strong visual

sense. The art and the script are really a unit.

OUI: Where did you get your art training?

LEE: When I was in the Army during World War Two, I was classified as a playwright—one of nine in the entire U. S. Army with that classification. What this really meant was that, when the Army needed some creative job done, I got the call. Because of this, I drew one of the most famous posters of World War Two. It was a poster about venereal disease, which the Army was very concerned about at the time. V.D. was a bigger problem than losing the war. After a GI had had carnal knowledge of a girl, he was supposed to go to a prophylaxis station and be cauterized, or whatever the hell they did to him; so I drew this poster of a proud, smiling soldier walking into a pro station, and the sign read V.D.? NOT ME. The Army must have printed 12 billion of them and distributed them all over the world!

The Army had another serious problem in the war. A guy would be in a foxhole getting his butt shot off. Comes payday, he's not getting paid, because the finance officer isn't available, or something. So I was given the exciting task of rewriting the training manual for finance officers. Now, I know as much about finance as I do about brain surgery. I read the old manual and decided that the new manual should be done as a comic book. I created a little cartoon character called Fiscal Freddie to tell the story. That comic book cut training time by 15 percent. I'd like to think that that was the second way I won the war singlehandedly.

OUI: You don't seem like the war-hero type.

LEE: I was a very skinny, pink-cheeked, curly-headed kid. I didn't look like a buck-ass sergeant; I always felt a little embarrassed to be a three-striper. Mine wasn't the typical Army life. So I tried to wear the oldest fatigues and keep my face dirty. When I'd see a combat soldier approaching, I'd spit a lot and roll up my sleeves.

OUI: After your Army poster success, didn't you want to be a commercial artist?

LEE: No, and I'm not sure I really wanted to be a writer, either. I wanted very much to be an actor. I like the idea of being a writer but, God, I hate to write. I've never been the kind of writer who could even have

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the radio on when he's working. I used to live on Long Island, in a house with a tiny little swimming pool and a terrace around it. I wrote outside. I'd wear a pair of swimming trunks and I'd put a table by the pool, with another table on top of it so I could write standing up. I'd be standing there and I would write facing the sun; as the sun would move, I'd keep turning around. I went blind and ruined my skin, but I loved it. I went to the office only two days a week and was out by the pool the other five days. After awhile, my wife forgot that I was a writer, because I was underfoot all the time. She would have her friends over and they'd be on the terrace talking, laughing, gossiping, and I'd be six feet away at the table, typing. I wasn't able to participate in the conversations and this frustrated me. So I hate to write. But there's no nicer feeling in the world than when you're through writing and you're holding those pages in your hand and you've finished it.

OUI: It's like hitting your head against the wall: It feels so good when you stop.

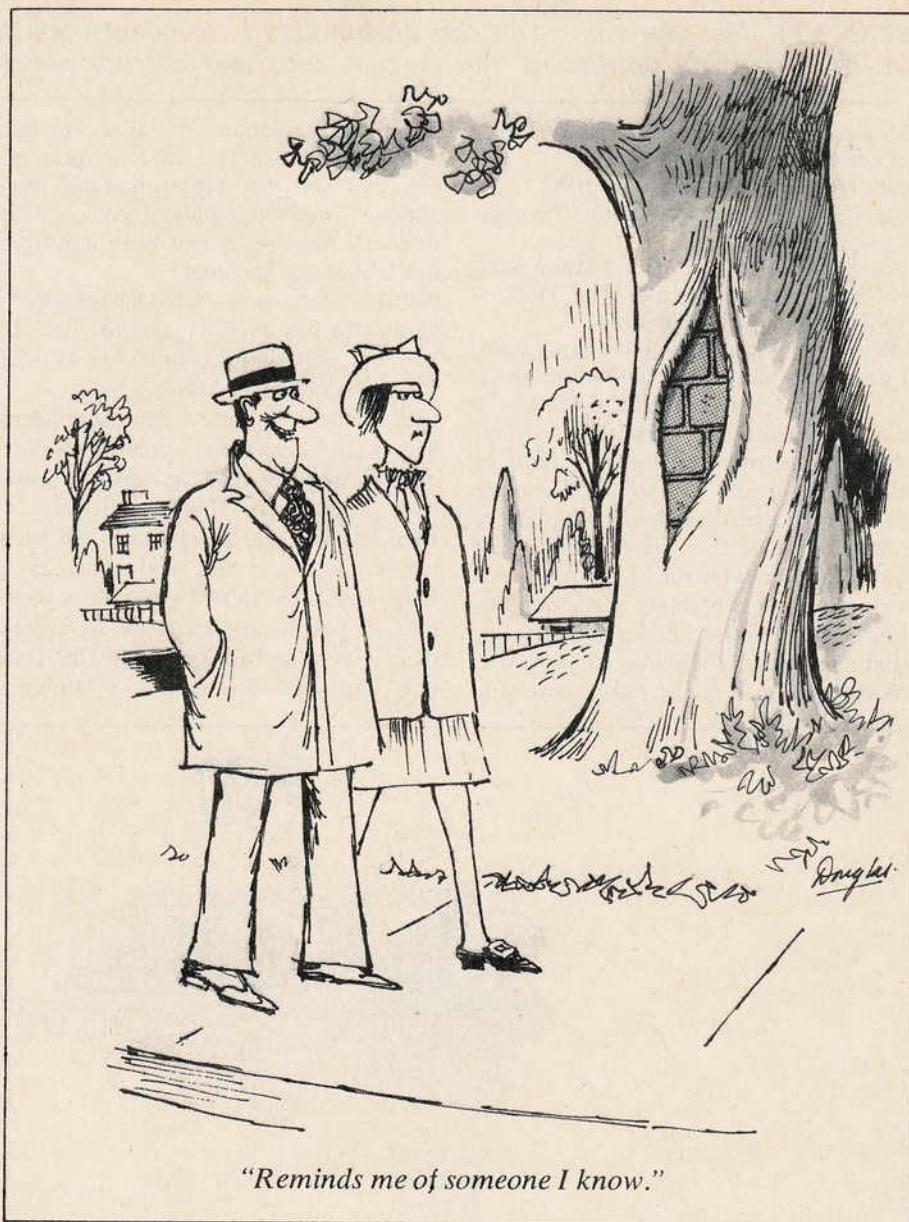
LEE: But I could never stop for long, because comic books come out once a month, and at that time, I was writing about 12 or 15 of them each month. So I would no sooner finish one and another one was due.

OUI: When did you originate your new way of scripting comics?

LEE: This was back in the Sixties when I first began working with a lot of different artists. I would be writing a story for Jack Kirby, and Steve Ditko would come in and say he needed a Spider-Man script. And I'd say, "Steve, I can't write it for you. I haven't finished Kirby's story yet." But I couldn't let Ditko hang around with nothing to do. So I'd say, "Look, Steve, let me give you the plot. You go ahead and draw anything you want and bring it back to me. I'll put in the dialog." Don Heck would walk in and I'd give him a plot. So I'd keep a lot of artists busy. I got better stories that way. Because all I usually was concerned with was the plot, not details. The artist would go home and decide which were the very best illustrations to tell the story. In the past, the writer had to dream up the illustration ideas as well as the dialog. If you give the artist first crack at the drawings, he will very often throw things in that you would never even have thought of.

OUI: Any favorite examples?

LEE: Well, this is how Jack Kirby and I created The Silver Surfer, one of our



"Reminds me of someone I know."

most popular characters: I gave Jack an idea for a Fantastic Four story about Galactus; when Jack brought in the drawings, there was The Silver Surfer character. I said, "Who's this?" He said, "Well, I figure somebody as powerful as Galactus ought to have a herald." On seeing the pictures, I gave The Silver Surfer a personality and speech patterns I thought he ought to have. But had we not worked this way, there would have been no Silver Surfer.

OUI: And now you have institutionalized the procedure?

LEE: Today the artist and writer discuss the story, the artist goes home and draws it and then gives it to the writer. The old way, the writer's creating dialog for a mental image; the new way, he's looking at the character's face and he can pinpoint the dialog. We have had artists who didn't follow the plot carefully. Sometimes they'd bring in something

that was so different, I couldn't remember what the plot was. I really enjoyed that, because then I had to create a whole new story based on the drawings. It was like doing a crossword puzzle.

OUI: Weren't you also responsible for making the public aware of the people who created the comics?

LEE: I guess so. I always wondered why we were anonymous. So I thought that, when we started The Fantastic Four, it would be fun to put some credits on the strip. First we wrote, "By Stan Lee and Jack Kirby." After awhile, "By Smilin' Stan and Jolly Jack." And "Lettered by Adorable Arty," and on and on. Even the inkers: "Inked by Joltin' Joe Sinnott." And I put in these nicknames just to give all of us a personality that would appeal to the kids. I treated Marvel like one huge advertising campaign with catchwords and slogans: "Make mine

STAN LEE *The best thing you can do for kids is to equip them to face life. There are such things in life as corrupt politicians and corrupt cops and corrupt parents.*

Marvel!" "Welcome to the Marvel Age in comics!"

OUI: Do you have a favorite strip?

LEE: Even if I did, it wouldn't be right to say.

OUI: What about The Hulk? Many readers have the feeling that The Hulk is your favorite. Or Spider-Man?

LEE: Well, I certainly love them both. I get a kick out of The Hulk. We made a hit out of a monster. The Hulk was like Frankenstein's monster. I always thought the monster was the hero of *Frankenstein* and everybody else came across bad, like those idiots who chased him with the torches. Here was this poor little monster who didn't want to hurt anybody, and everybody was hounding him. And I said, "Let's get a guy like that." So I love The Hulk. I like Spider-Man, because he's the most successful.

And I'm crazy about The Silver Surfer. I love Thor because I love his kind of dialog. I love the bigger-than-life situations. I like writing about gods. I like them all. Whichever one I am writing I like best at that moment.

OUI: You once spoke of the flawed superhero who has problems in his life. Is that the philosophy behind heroes like The Hulk or Spider-Man?

LEE: In the past, most of the characters had been superhero stereotypes. The good guys never made mistakes, always won in the end. This is ridiculous. I think of myself as a good guy, and very heroic, but—and this will come as a great shock to you—I've made a mistake or two in my life. And I imagine there are some bad guys who still love dogs and send their mother a Mother's

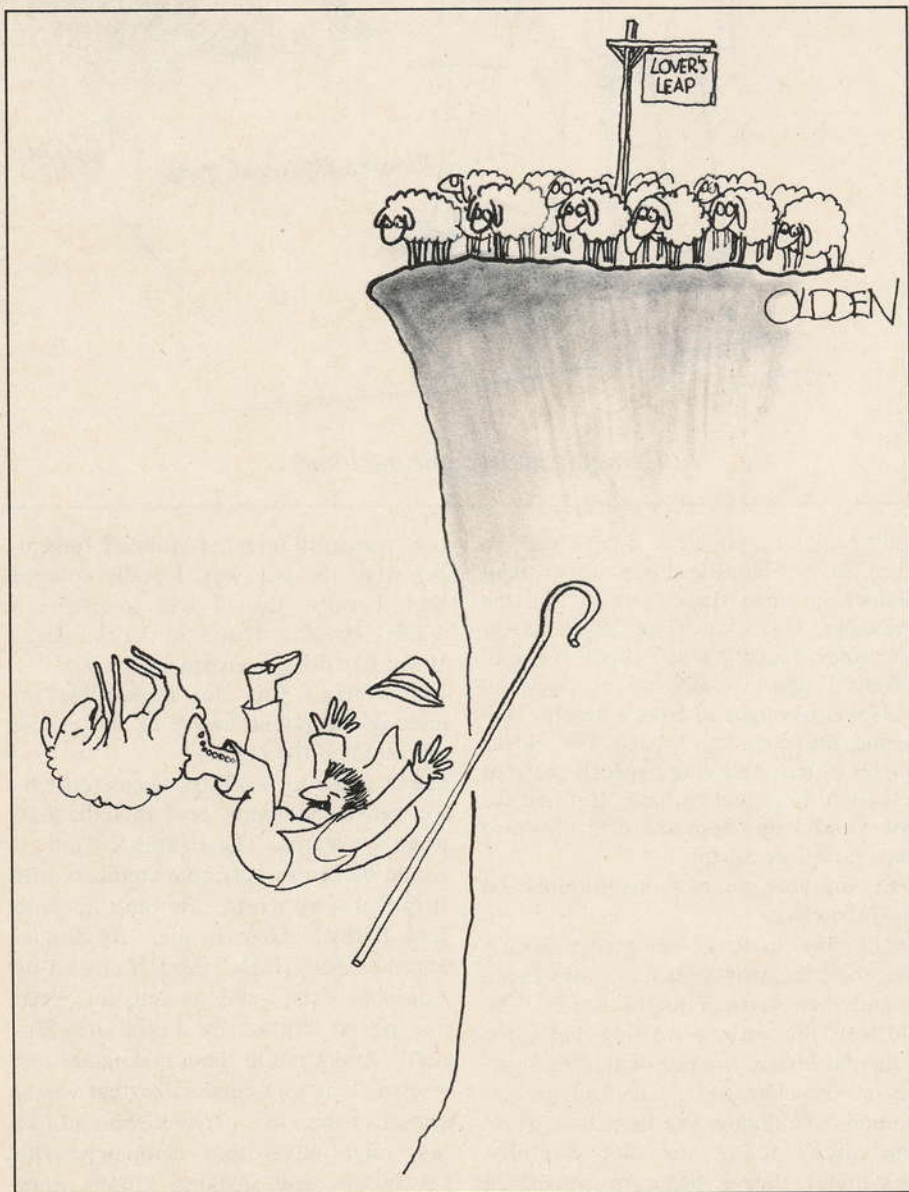
Day card every year. I've argued with the people at the Code of the Comics Magazine Association about this subject when they objected to a book in which the hero didn't win at the end or in which the villain escaped. They'd say it was bad for the kids. And I disagreed. The best thing you can do for kids is to equip them to face life. There are such things in life as corrupt politicians and corrupt cops and corrupt parents. A kid can keep his nose to the grindstone all his life, never tell a lie, go to church every Sunday and still contract a horrible disease. It's ridiculous to give kids a fairy-tale notion that if you always do everything right, you'll marry the fairy princess and live happily ever after. The trick is to let them know that life is unpredictable, but that it's better to play it the right way. We live in hope that the world will be a better place if we're all honest, if we all love one another.

OUI: Does everything you publish have to be submitted to the Code?

LEE: Oh, yes. But there's no problem. No matter how hip and offbeat we try to be, we're aware that there are many young kids reading our books, so we never get too sexy or too violent or too shocking in any way. There's really nothing that the Code requires that we wouldn't do without a code.

OUI: But didn't you once bring out a book without the approval of the Code?

LEE: I might as well tell the whole story. Years ago I got a letter from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, saying, "Your books have such great influence, and drug addiction is such a problem, that it would be great if one of your stories pointed up the dangers." I felt that was a worthwhile project. So I did a Spider-Man series, a story that ran for three issues. The drug-addiction theme was peripheral. I don't like to hit a kid over the head with a lecture. Spider-Man was fighting the Green Goblin, and one of his friends was taking an overdose. Spider-Man ended up giving his friend a lecture on what an idiot he was to take the drugs. We sent these books to the Code and they wouldn't give us the seal of approval. It was forbidden in the Code to mention drugs. Well, we didn't mention them in an appealing way. And we had been asked to do the story by HEW. "No, we're sorry," the Code said, "you can't do this, blah, blah, blah. . . ." So I figured the hell with it; we sent out



the issues without the Code's seal. Right after that the Code was liberalized; now we're allowed to mention drugs. Not that Marvel continually does. It's funny, because National Comics immediately felt that if we did it, they would do it. But they went all out. They had a cover showing a guy giving himself a needle in the arm. I don't know what the hell they were trying to do.

OUI: Did the absence of the Code seal affect the sales?

LEE: Not a bit.

OUI: Weren't you also involved in a venture with underground comics?

LEE: Kirby and I were once on a radio show at WBAI and the interviewer said, "Boy, you guys are getting so successful." I said, "Well, we're still just a little outfit trying to keep alive." And Jack said, "Oh, come on, Stan. You know we're the biggest. We sell more copies and we're the most successful." I covered up the microphone and said, "Jack, that isn't the image we want. The minute people think you're the biggest, they start rooting for somebody else. It's human nature. I like the image that we're still a little company, yapping at the heels of the big boys—like National Comics, which has Warner Bros. behind it." Jack said, "No, I think when you're big you should say you're big."

I didn't want the public to think of us as a nice, respectable, staid comic-book company. So I figured it would be great if Marvel could do an underground book, even if it didn't have the seal. I got Dennis Kitchen, one of the cleverest guys in the underground field, to edit the book and produce it for us. We were going to call it *Comix Book*. But I realized that for it to really be an underground book it had to be kind of sexy and shocking. I didn't want anything that would hurt Marvel or alienate any parents.

OUI: In other words, you were going to give the underground people a shot at the newsstand?

LEE: Yes. I thought it was a good idea. But it turned out to be a rather emasculated underground book. And although I thought it was good, it just wasn't sexy enough. And it didn't sell well enough. So finally I suggested to Dennis that he take the whole book so that Marvel would have no connection with it. And that's what he did.

OUI: But is it still Marvel-funded?

LEE: I can tell you exactly what it is. We made a deal that Dennis would pay us maybe five percent of profits—I don't remember—but a very small roy-

alty for the use of the *Comix* name we had copyrighted. And maybe someday we'll buy it back and go into it. Actually, I should be doing *more* underground stuff. I have a million new ideas that I haven't had time to follow up on—that I can't do while I'm at Marvel. I don't want people to start to say, "Ah, Lee is old and tired and doing the same thing day after day."

OUI: Do you feel that you've been in a rut?

LEE: Not really. I was always involved with outside writing projects. I used to ghostwrite radio shows and TV stuff. I even did newspaper comic strips that were eminently forgettable. I worked for a while on the *Howdy Doody* strip. I did a strip called *Mrs. Lyons' Cubs* about cub scouts. I did a strip called *Willie Lumpkin*, which was a funny experience. The one thing I'm not good at writing is bucolic stuff; it just isn't my style. So one day I came up with an idea for a comic strip about a cop in New York City; it was going to be a hip, humorous strip about the people on the cop's beat. I called it *Barney's Beat*. So I took the idea to the syndicate and the head of the syndicate liked it. I figured I was off and running, that this was going to be the biggest thing since *Peanuts*. Then he said, "I just want you to make one little change: Instead of a cop on a beat, make the character a mailman—a lovable mailman in a small town; let's call him something like Willie Lumpkin." So all of a sudden I was doing a bucolic strip—the one thing that I shouldn't write.

OUI: What about movies? Is it true that Fellini is one of your fans?

LEE: That was a funny thing. I'm sitting minding my own business and the receptionist tells me that someone is here to see me, someone named Fellini. I said, "Fellini who?" I figured she is going to say Irving Fellini. "Federico," she said. I didn't know what the gag was, but I went along with it. I said, "OK, show him in." A minute later this guy walks in, black coat over his shoulders—no Italian director would be caught dead putting his arms in the sleeves—a big hat with a big brim, and a big cigarette holder. He had an entourage, a half dozen guys who followed him single file in descending order of height.

OUI: They looked as if you could put them inside one another?

LEE: Exactly. I couldn't imagine why Fellini wanted to see me. When I realized that it really was Fellini, I wanted

to talk about *him*. All he wanted to do, though, was talk about me and Marvel Comics. After a while I was sure he was going to say, "All right, I want you to come to Italy and write all my movies." But no, just talk; then he left.

OUI: He used to be in comics, didn't he?

LEE: He had once been a cartoonist and is very interested in the whole field.

OUI: Was that meeting the end of your relationship?

LEE: We've exchanged quite a few letters. Nothing more. Then, a few years later, the same receptionist tells me, "Stan, Alain Resnais is here to see you." I said, "Oh sure, send him in. What took him so long?" Alain came in with a camera, and he kept snapping pictures of me while we were talking. I thought it was the funniest thing in the world: the internationally famous director who did *Last Year at Marienbad* and *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* taking pictures of me. Alain said he practically learned to speak English by reading my comics. Now he and I work together on screenplays. We're best friends. We did a screenplay called *The Monster Maker*. As far as I know, the thing is still on the shelf. So we have a new one now that has to do with the whole universe. I figure if you're going to write a movie, write big.

OUI: The whole universe? Can you give us a 25-word synopsis?

LEE: It explains what's going on in the universe—what it's all about; why we're here. I figure it's about time I let people in on that. It's called *The Inmates*. I think it's sensational.

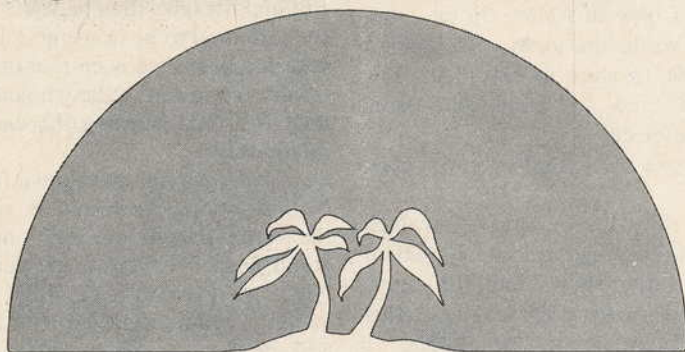
OUI: Do you have any TV projects?

LEE: I'm negotiating now to do a Spider-Man series, like *Six Million Dollar Man*, on prime-time television. Spider-Man is also going to be a newspaper comic strip with the Register and Tribune syndicate. And I sold another strip called *The Virtue of Vera Valiant*, a soap opera along the line of Mary Hartman. I have an idea for two rock operas using our Fantastic Four characters. One I wrote the treatment for. The other I haven't put down on paper yet. I'd like us to be involved in every form, shape and type of media. I'd love for us to do movies, television, stage shows—everything. We ought to have a Marvel Land, like Disneyland. And then I've still got to write a novel pretty soon, since my wife will never think of me as a writer until I write a story between two hard covers and have it made into a movie starring Robert Redford.

OUI: What's your greatest ambition?

LEE: To have a week's vacation. ■

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THERE'S NO SEX LIKE NO SEX *Don't take an asexual to bed.*

(Continued from page 82) Lord knows how many homosexuals were, by the momentum of the sexual revolution, driven into, for them, uncomfortable heterosexual activity, until the gay movement arose and told them that it was permissible to take members of their own sex as partners. Asexuals have yet to identify their condition in such a way as to be able to organize around it. Asexuals have yet to allow themselves to be persuaded that what they need is liberation, not shaping up. This week, please *don't* take an asexual to bed.

How do asexuals react to their condition, really? Some, like Gloria and John and Ramona (or like Andy Warhol and Truman Capote), thrive on it. Some grin and bear it. Some are mortified by it and are as obsessed with their lack of sexual drive as the oversexed are with their constant needs. Lack of enthusiasm for sexual participation doesn't necessarily limit curiosity about sex as subject matter; nor does it necessarily curb sexual prowling and voyeurism. It might even heighten the appeal of those pastimes. Indeed, asexuality may be so overwhelming that it dominates an asexual's psyche and drives. To compensate, an asexual might even become an expert or a writer on sex. Asexuals become sex counselors, confidants to sexually active people or censors. Some compensate, as we have seen, in other ways, such as concentrating on clothes, manners, tastes and accouterments. Such as Tito.

"Thank Mr. Liberty I came out in the late Sixties—out of the closet with enough finery to bring back Restoration comedy," Tito says. "Sweetie, I wasn't no faggot or drag queen—just a fop! And it was all right to be ridiculous, colorful or outlandish. There's other characters like me. We scratch the surface—each other's—at every costume-outlet sale. We're accepted by various crowds (there are a few of us in every one) and for what we are, which is exhibitionists, and rarely identified with sex. People get the picture right away—that I'd rather fuck the cloak than the Scarlet Pimpernel. And even we clowns have followers: fop groupies attracted to the more blatant, confident members of our force; there are girls who admire our guts and expression."

Many are able to enjoy lives unburdened by sexual demands, once they silence pesky partners. Most don't know they're asexual and keep struggling. Many find it cruel inconvenience. A few, such as Tito, flaunt it, though usually with less panache.

Individual asexuals' attitudes toward

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their condition, whether or not they recognize it as such, differ with age, social milieu, location, occupation, background and other personality traits. Though many flowerings felt compelled to take advantage of the open-love policies of the Sixties, it wasn't essential. It was perfectly all right, in the flower period, for someone to be gay, hung up about sex or even, in a certain way, disinterested. Deviations were countenanced. Orgasm wasn't everything; celibacy was cool; sex was, in some circles, even thought to be overrated; it was not yet the glamor growth industry of the Seventies.

During the emergence of the drug culture, heroin, downs, ups, opiates, and maybe grass numbed and stultified the sexual drive, even among sexually healthy people. For the most part, drug users are too introverted and self-involved, too preoccupied with their insights and habits to cohabit. The procuring and ingestion rituals became a satisfying substitute. In a drug ambience, drives are transformed and redefined. Not much action is expected. True asexuals are no worse off than drug-reduced sexuals, so the former never had to come to terms with what they really were.

But for other, older adults, as we mentioned before, the orders were: "Charge! Revive and open up the sexual consciousness. Get out there and screw—or else!" The commands were reinforced by all those books, by missionaries—professional and amateur—who got off on instigating sex, by articles, sex vitamins, ginseng, kinky products and by the rest of the range of sexual forced feeding designed to turn on and then further frustrate a willing, growing sexual reorder market that's bloody determined to find a way! And will!

Paradoxically this whole movement has turned upon itself. The ensuing battles for gay, drag, hooker, male and female emancipation and recognition and other sexual-political activities have replaced sex itself! The decline of sex is a very real phenomenon. There are more and more sexless couplings, both gay and straight. And the situation is fueled by growing fears of responsibility and involvement and by the increasing rate of divorce and family collapse. It is a threat to psychiatrists and others whose livelihood depends on the ability to salvage and restore more solid mating patterns through cunning new arrangements and whatever propaganda is necessary. The sexual dip and over-all leveling off has made it harder for real asexuals to see the truth about their condition.

How does one identify asexuals? Some asexuals are very easy to recognize, especially if they are unaware of their condition. Others cleverly disguise



"Not tonight, Pierre. I have a sore throat."

their deficiency and *pass*. In our quirky society, some play it honest, knowing that the truth will baffle. However, some "hetero" asexuals mingle with homosexuals in order to avoid straight pressure.

Dr. Green, a psychiatrist at UCLA, presented the first report on women whose husbands were themselves women before they had sex-change operations. The husbands had undergone all surgical procedures, including, in some instances, genital reconstruction. The marriages were described as happy and, so far, adjusted. But they raise a number of questions.

Dr. Green asks: "Should these marriages be considered homosexual or heterosexual? The sex-reassigned partner remains chromosomally female but is hormonally male and gonadally neuter—with or without genitals. Psychologically, the person considers himself to be a man; and the wife, with only heterosexual experiences prior to the marriage, is not actually homosexual or

even latent. The wife appears to need not another woman but, rather, a penis-less man." Should these marriages, then, be considered homosexual or heterosexual—or are they not rather, simply, asexual?

Though birds of a feather do flock together, we need not fear large bands of asexuals stalking the countryside and assaulting the populace with rejection—or intimidating natives with their purity and innocence.

Some asexuals are outwardly reserved, bland, anonymous, cold, unemotional, flaccid, sedentary, low-key, passive, listless, vegetablelike. As are many sex fiends.

A few Far Eastern-type religious movements, like certain political systems and local religions, forbid nonproductive sex among their disciples and followers. Their special menus further dissipate animal urges. Shake the clammy hand of a macrobiotic and you'll get the message. Many asexuals seek and find exotic

THERE'S NO SEX LIKE NO SEX *Whatever role or disguise asexuals choose or don't choose in their middle years, the barren truth is often revealed sooner than they like, because asexuals age badly.*

cover in unusual setups such as these.

Other asexuals are extremely vital, active achievers; they focus all energies into nonsexual channels. Ambitious, disciplined asexuals can conquer with ease. Without passion and its pangs, with no sex needs or libidinal ties to others (except for mother), with total emotional control, asexuals have *pure power* at their disposal. Unhindered by ordinary mortal desires, they can manipulate and influence brilliantly in whatever role they choose to play.

One sure sign of an asexual is the absence of . . . authentic sex appeal. A distinct lustful aura and odor radiate from truly sexual people—a nonsynthetic virility and natural earthiness that few can fake in spite of all the props, musks and accouterments. In truly sexual people, there is a chemistry, a simmering energy, a scent and feeling easily detected by similar creatures.

John, our scandalous but honest vagabond asexual, understands well, however, the bewitching quality of his breed—and his own somewhat spurious sexiness. "Ramona and I," he says, "can play up to and charm anyone. Even if they doubt our gender and intent, we beguile! Asexuals have a devastating sexless appeal, contrived or natural, uniquely their own—and it can be deadly to others. What female figure has spurned more sexual fantasies than that epitome of asexuality, the nun? Certain guises and aspects of asexuality, if used right, are strangely potent—especially our smoldering challenge of being unattainable. Men are always eager to drive some cold doxy up a wall, to crack the frigid façade of some frosty bitch like my sister, who means it; to get into the knickers of that dubiously aloof nurse, doctor or teacher."

John is quite correct. Though men may sense and crave the earthy sexuality of a Liz Taylor or a Sophia Loren, they'd still like to slam one into Jackie Onassis, who's public image is obviously sexless, or, sizing up a haughty matron, decide, "What that icicle needs is a good stiff rod up her tundra."

Women can be reduced to helpless blobs over the sensitive, aesthetic appeal of a gaunt, gentle, attractive asexual. Women can be captivated by their bizarre indifference, charmed by their substitute ruses—just as some ladies go bananas over homosexuals. Asexuals give the ladies needed opportunities to seduce: "All he needs is a nice hot pussy and a real woman to show him how to use his own tool."

Whatever role or disguise asexuals choose or don't choose in their middle

years, the barren truth is often revealed sooner than they like, because asexuals age badly. This may well be corroboration of the claims of several noted youth doctors that prolonged sexual activity and churning hormones keep one spry and young. Asexuals seem to wither, parch, get moldy and go to pot early. Lack of sexual contact isn't conducive to keeping the body flexible. Moreover, sexual indifference yields an older, stiffer personality that permeates body and outlook. The sexual neutralization and sameness of puberty that returns in old age comes sooner in most asexuals.

An asexual, a man in his early 30s, speaks: "I always feel my sexual detachment and isolation from others. I'm still not sure whether or not it's a handicap—but it does create a severe loneliness at times. I stalk everywhere, and sometimes I could kill the kissing, hand-holding couples. I don't think it's a stigma anymore to be a loner or a sexual snob—in fact, people are intrigued when I tell them that I have no desire or need for sex; but I know I'm missing something inside. Possibly we are more miserable than other human types, depending on how cut off we are. We still need and seek camaraderie, belonging, various types of relationships with real people. I'm constantly searching for who knows what—but everyone else I meet is, too. Things could be worse."

Some asexuals socialize heavily. Others choose careers and professions that take up most of their time, and sometimes they have a strong relationship with office wives or husbands who share their work; they immerse themselves in causes, studies, trips.

The fan and sports magazines are a clue to their number, the irony being that most of the latest processed sex symbols who are worshiped from afar are themselves often gay, frigid, impotent, twisted.

Those whose asexuality corrupts their attitude toward sexual beings, who don't care if they're accepted or rejected, often become voluntary or paid censors, busybodies, snoopers, finks, troublemakers, spies and vicious gossips.

Some asexuals spend their social lives within harmless groups of their own sex. Asexual men escape into various strictly male domains—private clubs, certain bars, athletics, games, the great outdoors, fraternities: all places, activities, hobbies in which they can innocently hang in with the boys. Some make a career out of the Service.

They're not particularly frightened of women; they just aren't interested in them for sex and avoid them as much as possible.

Asexual women find refuge in women's clubs, spas, retreats, charity groups, social organizations, religion, card groups, gardening. Many own pets—often hostile, sulky asexual beasts.

Most asexuals, however, are just as desperate for a mixed relationship or romance as practicing sexuals are, and they find it via some social or mating relationships, either as themselves or as sexual impostors, sometimes even if some form of sex is required. This is especially true of asexual men whose masculine egos require feeding in the coin of popular sexual success. It's well-documented that many of the great, mythic Don Juans were impotent, limp or lousy lovers compensating for the void within.

The saddest asexuals, married or single, are those poor, misunderstood, beaten-down suffering blokes who make massage parlors a burgeoning biz. Masseuses volunteer that almost 80 percent of their customers are lonely guys who merely want companionship, someone to talk to, rather than sex. Rap parlors were the natural follow-up act.

There is also an *advanced* asexual bonding. It's mostly asexuals who take advantage of the booming singles industry; who require all of the support, reassurance, prodding and incentive that are provided by commercial resort and club formats. One comely lady who had just fled marriage was stunned by these new, glossy pubs. "Before these singles spots were punched out," she said, "interested parties always knew instinctively where to go to find what they wanted. The ersatz atmosphere and desperation in these hybrid make-out bars distort and discourage genuine action, which used to transpire in more subtle forms. They're an insult, what with their uptight poseurs, programmed dialog, attitudes, darts, backgammon and chess. Now I have to go back to mellow jazz joints for that old sensual feeling."

Meanwhile, back at P. J. Avocado's, where the singles roam, we observe toy sexes toying around with each other—especially asexuals disguised to pass in the latest version of period or contemporary costume with some conversation piece or status accessory; female-female impersonators and male-male impersonators out to attract or put down one another, sometimes actually to find a

partner but usually among their own kind: They rarely fool anyone except their counterparts and a few misled sexuals taken in by calculating neuters with polished sex acts. Also floating around: a few smug, self-contained elitist asexuals who parade their unavailability! They mean it when they say they're prudes, sexless; nothing stirs them; they sold it to science; they're saving it; don't touch the stuff, etc. But they're still out there looking—at each other or for something: perhaps a similar platonic ideal for a rousing platonic relationship.

Of course, most dare not admit their lack of interest in the natural pastime and thereby possibly jeopardize their social mobility, so their chatter focuses on sex. There are *mucho* polite obligatory passes. All are relieved when the gambits are declined. It's just as easy for an asexual to avoid a tryst as for a sexual: I'm diseased, exhausted from a three-day orgy, that time of the month, medical problems, too drunk or too stoned, involved elsewhere, temporarily out of order, celibate, just muck with strangers, so forth. Squirming out is a more popular game than squirring in. The bars are safe; most alibis are acceptable; and patrons always shuffle back for more fudging with other sideliners.

But let us follow a pair of asexuals on a first date; let us imagine a showdown between class-A impersonators.

She bravely arrives at his furry, fuzzy, mirrored, comfy, mechanized pad in Forties make-up, she is wearing a lewd chiffon jump suit with glitter pasties and a G string below; five-inch platforms; a pink-tinted welding mask; ticker-tape hair.

He greets her in lewd, skintight, slightly padded jeans; coordinated voile shirt; vinyl tie-dye lumberjack boots, one pant leg tucked in; mirrored granny glasses.

His lair is whirring with deafening mood music. There are tropical drinks in blenders; electric dope sifters; a sultry light show; low, oscillating abstract furniture; pulsating, rippling gel beds; mobile sex-pillow units—some flying about; and other homespun miracles of the technological era.

They hastily exchange approval, and just prior to stepping out to that special new bistro, she plugs in—as we imagine it—her imported lifelike virgin vagina with custom-silk merkin, her light-up D-cup breasts, the retractable foam ass; they have all been nestling in her carry-all. He plugs in his assortment of super-sonic 18-speed dildos, laser vibrators, rotowhips, light-up French ticklers—and sets the timer.

And as they—in our imagination—exchange their most intimate sexual fantasies and experiences over din, the latest sex gadgets are fucking and sucking away by remote, doing the dirty



work for sexless people who need all the help they can get in this wonder age of sexual technology and miracles.

If he's a sport, he'll send her a picture of their appliance orgy, snapped in their absence for memory's sake—the latest porn for toy sexes. Can such a scene be far in the future, if it is not already in the present?

There are good asexuals and bad ones. Certainly the bluenose asexuals who censure and condemn and try to spoil everybody's fun are rotten to the core. They should be eaten or burned at the stake or fucked to death. Also, those stodgy, critical troublemakers and gossips. Those asexuals who use their powers to cheat, to lead people on or to get something they want unscrupulously and to control chosen marks with destructive methods are no fun to be around, though they are incredible to watch.

How can anyone who ignores, avoids or disdains sex today—even if such a person can't help it—not be somewhat harmful to himself and others and a potential social menace, even if he (or she) is simply an ineffectual, innocuous space filler? Resentful of his own suffering and spiteful of the freedom of others, he might find release through

cruelty and deliberately hurting others. With no feelings or conscience, the asexual can be cagey, difficult, mean. He retains anatomy and identity, but who knows what evil lurks behind that body fortress and sugary smile?

Many asexuals—without desire, compassion or emotion—are leading perverts; detached loners unable to account for twisted, undefined, misplaced drives. Some of them engage in antisocial sex acts. Sex crimes and atrocities are, in fact, often committed by shadowy, bitter, unassuming asexuals—who are not detected until it is too late.

It's easy for a trained, sensitive eye to see through neuters in their roles, in their attempts at invisibility. And, then again, *it's not*. Today's asexuals are the tube people. Beyond sex, emotionally isolated, functioning in individual glass tubes, they are an augur of a bleak future. Just as sci-fi heroes and heroines have a clinical asexuality about them, so the babies born in labs under glass through selective breeding and gene control will also not be hot to trot. Just another fact of life! And another sex!

And a last warning: Get it while you can!

As for John, Ramona and Gloria, they're living unhappily ever after. ■

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FUN GOO "I figure if Hershey can make a million dollars selling his candy, I can at least make a living selling mine," Reese said.

(Continued from page 52) the market with milk-chocolate bars; before long, Hershey was the patron of his own city in Pennsylvania. One of Hershey's employees, Harry B. Reese, quit his job on a Hershey dairy farm in 1923 and started up his own company. He put peanut butter and chocolate together in what has become consistently one of the best-selling candy bars in America—Reese's Peanut Butter Cup. "I figure if Hershey can make a million dollars selling his candy, I can at least make a living selling mine," Reese said when he began. He made a very nice living, as did many others.

While it is not surprising that most of the original big candy companies have gotten bigger and more inviolable over the years (in 1975, two percent of the U. S. candy companies did 76 percent of the business), it is nevertheless surprising that so many of the original candy-bar favorites have remained at the top for more than 50 years. Some zoomed to fortune while others achieved fortune gradually, but old-timers Milky Way, Hershey (plain and almond), Mounds, Snickers and Reese's all remain at the top of the 1975 rankings.

Of course, it helps to have a company that's big enough to spend a lot of money on promotion. Frank Mars thought he had reached his peak sales potential in 1939, when someone suggested he sponsor a radio show; he put his money behind the *Dr. I.Q.* show and watched in amazement as his candy sales tripled. Ten years later, the Bonomo Company took the daring step of advertising on that fledgling medium, television. As Bonomo's Turkish Taffy sales soared, the other companies lined up and followed suit.

In order to launch a new candy today, it takes painstaking research, careful test marketing and a huge advertising budget. Candy is a big, serious, sophisticated business. It is also a highly competitive one.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the humble adoration of candy companies for one another stands almost unparalleled in American industry. As soon as a new candy became a hit, it was usually a very short time before imitations were on the market, vying for the same dollar. The situation was so bad in the Twenties that when the makers of Oh Henry! wanted to launch a nickel version of their ten-cent success and also to dissuade other companies from doing the same thing, they called their new bar Copy of Oh Henry!; later, the same company threw Oh

Wally! and Oh Mabel! bars into the formidable wake of their best seller.

Today, there is still some interesting competition between candy-bar companies. What follows, then, is a subjective consumer's guide to five of the better-known dogfights. These tests were conducted before the recent changes in candy-bar prices, which in some cases also meant changes in candy-bar size; however, all things are relevant, and we stand by our judgments at the time they were made.

Nabisco's Pom Poms vs. Holloway's Milk Duds—chocolate-covered caramel balls. We got 14 Pom Poms for 15 cents and 15 Milk Duds for a dime. The Pom Poms are glazed, have a slight mint flavor in the chocolate and a smooth Sugar Daddy-flavored caramel; Milk Duds are unglazed, seamed, have a Tootsie Roll-type chocolate flavor and an unexceptional caramel. We liked the Pom Poms despite the high cost. Sucking time (a fairly rough tongue-kneading) was just over four minutes for one ball of each brand.

Hershey's Kit Kat vs. M&M/Mars Snik Snak Stiks—chocolate-covered wafer bars. Both bars were 15 cents. Kit Kat weighed in at 35.4 grams of Hershey chocolate and good crisp wafer; Snik Snak Stiks weighed 31 grams and is a blatant copy of Kit Kat in name and packaging but, unfortunately, not in taste. The chocolate isn't as tasty and the wafer is less crisp and less plentiful. Kit Kat is worth about a nickel more than Snik Snak Stiks.

M&M's vs. Hershey-ets—small, brightly colored candy-coated chocolate disks. We got 22 Hershey-ets for a dime (eight brown, eight orange, four yellow, two green) and 49 M&M's for 15 cents (16 brown, ten yellow, eight red, seven orange, six green and only two of the increasingly rare tans). Hershey-ets have a thicker shell, which corrupts the chocolate flavor, and a sharper taste. M&M's keep the shell thin and let the chocolate do the talking; they are far superior in both price and taste. Sucking time (a gentle, rolling motion with the tongue) was 56 seconds for an M&M and a big 80 seconds for a Hershey-et.

Nestlé's \$100,000 vs. Peter Paul's Caravelle—chocolate-covered caramel and crisped rice. Both bars cost 15 cents for 1.25 ounces and come in two sections. The \$100,000 is flatter and wider and has a compelling consistency but a bland sweetness we don't like. Caravelle, on the other hand, has a very good, distinct flavor that literally can't be described (the slogan on the wrapper is "Indescribably Delicious"); it's very crisp and

chewy. Caravelle is the winner in a walkaway.

Hershey's Krackel vs. Nestlé's Crunch—chocolate bars containing crisped rice. This one depends on whether you favor the Hershey chocolate flavor or the European Nestlé formula. Rice content is about the same. Krackel has molded sections, while Crunch comes in a slab.

Following are short evaluations of 28 other candy products now on the market. They were chosen at random and were not all eaten on the same day. A four-star rating means the bar is superb and can be enjoyed before breakfast or with beer, during sex or underwater; three stars means the bar is very good—a candy worth taking from babies; two-star bars may be eaten in dark movie theaters or on the upper section of double-decker buses; candies earning one star should be resorted to only in cases of extreme, drug-induced sugar cravings.

★★★★

Snickers: The best; should be bought fresh and served at a temperature of 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

Mounds: Moist coconut and good chocolate in a bar of understated elegance.

Reese's Peanut Butter Cup: The best marriage of chocolate and peanut butter.

★★★

Baby Ruth: Although smaller in recent

years, this bar has retained its integrity.

Clark Bar: Great chewiness if fresh.

Milky Way: The classic bar of candy; should be wolfed down.

10:30: A new candy with no chocolate, and a light, subtle flavor of cinnamon around a wafer interior.

Good and Plenty: An unrecognized art-deco treasure.

Mr. Goodbar: Why wait? Go to the store and buy one.

Butterfinger: Freshness is the absolute key here; it's the difference between having it melt in your mouth or being arrested for carrying a dangerous weapon.

Sky Bar: Vanilla, peanut, caramel and fudge sections; which one do *you* save for last?

Chunky: Arnold Stang immortalized it; there are now three varieties, but the one in the old silver foil is still the best.

Junior Mints: Have the added advantage of being great for throwing at people. Also, they are better when stale.

Sweetarts: A great candy for stoned solo voyages; drawback is that, if eaten in great quantity, they can shred the inside of your mouth.

★★

Rally: There's nothing here that hasn't been done before—and better.

Choco'Lite: A bland recent entry.

Bit-O-Honey: Paper tends to stick to the

candy, particularly in humid conditions; do not eat in the shower.

Juicyfruits: Great, great design, but it is basically a movie-theater candy.

Chuckles: Green, orange, black, yellow and red, in that order (*no one* says "lime, orange, licorice, lemon and cherry").

Raisinets: Aid the digestion.

Tootsie Roll: Have shrunk from stogie-size to the size of a Kojak cigarette.

Sugar Daddy: I once threw a half-eaten slab into a woman's hair at the movies; she found me and I was thrown out. The other reason I don't buy them anymore is that I just don't have the time to eat them.

★

Milk Shake: Cardboard chocolate.

Charleston Chew: Long and thin and tastes like Le Page's library paste.

Turkish Taffy: The taste has all but disappeared over the years; pieces of tin-foil wrapper stick to the candy and play havoc with your fillings.

Jujubes: The Grape Nuts of the candy world.

Bottle Caps: The latest rage among the youngsters. The disks are orange, lemon-lime, grape, root-beer, black-cherry and cola flavored and are supposedly reminiscent of soda pop (maybe the stuff that goes you a dollar for 12 cans).

Necco Wafers: I never liked them, but I ate them anyway—mostly when we played Holy Communion with them. ■



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THE KLAN'S NEW CLOTHES *"I'm not preaching white supremacy," says Duke, "I'm preaching white separatism. I'd like to see all the blacks go back to Africa where they belong."*

(Continued from page 92) spawned a new racism, Duke has come forward to offer an updated version of old racism: one that melds antipathy to black people and other minorities to general dissatisfaction with government and fear of an increasingly complex modern world.

"I'm not preaching white supremacy," he has said, though he firmly believes whites to be superior. "I'm preaching white separatism. I'd like to see all the blacks go back to Africa where they belong, but I'd even be willing to give them part of this country—a couple of states, maybe—as long as they have a separate society."

In the days preceding the rained-out cross-lighting ceremony, Duke had revealed the way he thinks and what his new Klan is really all about. At the Baton Rouge Athletic Club, he was dressed in athletic shorts and a white T-shirt. He strained to bench-press a 300-pound bar bell. Slowly, steadily, he pushed the bar from his chest, his body quivering mightily. Halfway up, he faltered, shook, and let the bar fall half an inch.

His face flushed, but he refused to quit.

Quivering even harder than before, he inhaled, arched his back and thrust upward with all of his strength. His arms straightened. He had done it. A sharp-cornered grin beamed across his face.

"That," he said with a wink, "is how I got to be head of the Ku Klux Klan."

Duke attributes his success chiefly to discipline—mostly mental, of course,

not physical—and says that the source of that discipline is family, particularly his father. Beyond that, however, he is vague about his background and his early life. He says that he was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, went to kindergarten in The Hague, Netherlands, then moved to New Orleans where he attended grade school and John F. Kennedy High School. His father, a former employee of the U. S. State Department and Shell Oil, lives in Washington, D.C., where he works for a Government agency. His mother lives in New Orleans. Duke claims to have had a normal childhood, except for the fact that he always read a great deal.

"When I was young, I wanted to be a scientist more than anything else," he says. "I loved nature, I loved the outdoors, I loved natural law, but I was never interested in politics. In some ways, I was becoming a liberal, especially emotionally. The television I watched told me to be a liberal. I read a lot, and the books I read told me to be a liberal.

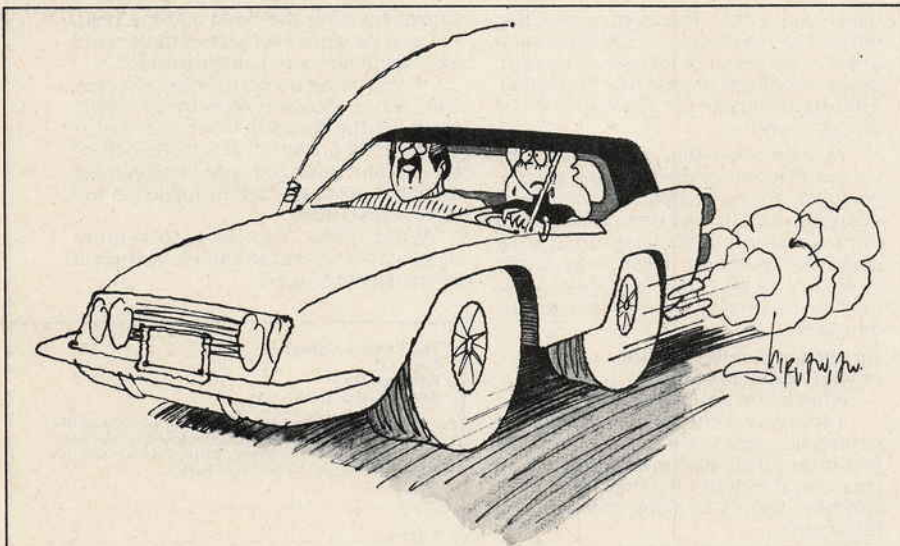
"But then I began reading and studying about the race issue, and I came to believe that the race issue was more overriding than any of the others, because, without the white race, I didn't believe that any sort of higher science was possible. Even after I became intellectually convinced that the races are separate and different and that they *should* be separate, my emotions kept telling me, 'Oh, the poor Negroes, they've been repressed so long. Oh, the

poor Jews, they've been persecuted.' But the facts belie that. The facts say something different from the emotions. So I had a sort of battle between my reason and my emotions, and my reason won out. My emotions followed along. I came to believe that the Klan was not just another reactionary organization but a group fighting for a set of ideals, a whole new philosophy and way of life."

Duke says that by the time he entered Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, he knew exactly what he wanted to do with his life. "Everything I did, every course I took, was toward my goal of spreading the Klan, making it more of a force and combating the integrationist argument. I took anthropology, biology, sociology, some genetics, zoology, philosophy, business and history, which was my major." Duke got A's in his courses, and he also set about reading everything on both sides of the race issue. He read Myrdal, DuBois and even Malcolm X, but the writings he accepted, the sources of his facts, were usually those of obscure right-wingers like Carlton Putnam, author of *Race and Reason*, and A. H. M. Ramsay, author of *The Nameless War*. Duke temporarily became disenchanted with the Klan during his college days. "I didn't see the Klan simply as an organization to repress blacks," he recalls, "and I think that some of the Klan leaders at that time did. From the Twenties to the Sixties, the Klan had become a sort of peripheral group. It was led by people without much education—not just without secondary-school education, but without the ability to read and write."

Duke began working with a host of right-wing groups, including the Nazi Party, the National States Rights Party and the Minutemen. He also became a featured speaker at LSU's Free Speech Alley, the campus soapbox. He insists, however, that the only organizations he joined were the Klan and the White Youth Alliance, a race-conscious organization he founded himself. During this period, he also spent some time in Laos teaching English for USAID. His stay among the Laotians confirmed his thoughts about race.

When Duke returned to this country in 1971, he rose to the top of the K.K.K.K., he says, through performance. He took up the task of editing the Klan newspaper—then a mimeographed sheet—transformed it into a slick magazine and, later, into a



*"If you're wondering why
you're still in first gear, that was me you
just shifted into third."*

mass-circulation tabloid. He organized what he claims is the largest Klan unit in the country (the Baton Rouge chapter) and began to streamline the Klan organization's over-all structure. He also began to go national.

One of Duke's first and most highly publicized appearances outside the South came in the fall of 1974, when he traveled to South Boston to organize around the school-busing issue. The response could hardly have been better for him. Local police and FBI agents followed him, and the media made his presence known throughout the city.

The authorities ruled against his organizing a rally, but several thousand South Boston whites showed up for a nighttime convocation in a local park anyway, and Duke led them through chant after chant. Soon he had opened a Klan chapter in a city celebrated as the birthplace of American freedom.

Upon returning to Louisiana, Duke was promoted from K.K.K.K. information director to national director. A short time afterward, Lindsay, the Klan founder, was murdered and Duke was left alone at the helm.

Since assuming sole leadership, Duke has continued to concentrate on the task of changing his organization's public image. One of his principal reforms has been to condemn the use of violence to achieve Klan goals. "Our organization is built strictly on legality," he has said repeatedly. "The FBI would love for us to do something wrong so they could arrest us, but we tell our people to keep it legal. You can't do any good in jail."

According to Duke, typical Klan activities now consist of organizing around political candidates and issues, holding meetings and rallies, and recruiting new members.

Duke seems to spend most of his time shuttling between Metairie, where the K.K.K.K. has its official national headquarters, and New Orleans, where the K.K.K.K. maintains a bookstore and a publishing office. Occasionally, he tours the country on the lecture circuit, commanding up to \$1200 per appearance. Duke is careful to present himself as the model Klansman. He says he does not smoke or take drugs, he drinks beer in moderation and he draws expenses but no salary for his Klan work. He claims that his income is drawn primarily from a typesetting and advertising agency that he runs with his wife, Chloe. The two live in a modest one-story yellow-brick house in a working-class neighborhood in Baton Rouge and have a blond, blue-eyed infant daughter. Duke says, "She is my best argument for the ideals of race."

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THE KLAN'S NEW CLOTHES "*All the death camps in Germany were actually behind Russian lines,*" Duke asserts in the face of fact. "*The Russians killed many more Jews than Hitler did.*"

modern racism, Duke has opened his organization to Catholics as well as to Protestants and has actively recruited women and students, groups only on the periphery of the old Klans. He estimates that women now constitute 30 percent of his total membership and says that he is also developing a special youth corps for Klansmen between the ages of 12 and 17. A woman now holds the top Klan rank for a three-county area near New Orleans, and Duke's wife holds the honorary title of Grand Genie.

Duke has also devoted considerable effort to what he calls "upgrading propaganda—adding some professionalism to it." Like the old Klans, Duke and his followers believe that blacks are innately inferior to whites and that they are neither worthy nor capable of equality. But Duke also puts special emphasis on what he calls the Jewish question. He believes that Jews are bent on diluting white society through race mixing and that they have the power and money to achieve their goal.

Duke has buttressed this point of view with plenty of slick paperback ammunition. Pamphlets titled "A White Primer" and "Behind Communism" on sale at Klan bookstores provide quotes abstracted from the works of William Shakespeare, Johann von Goethe, Martin Luther and Ernest Hemingway, as well as ostensibly supporting "facts" from history, anthropology and the genetics of Jensen and Shockley. Klansmen are encouraged to avoid epithets and to concentrate on presenting their case in terms of reason, with plenty of references and allusions to skull thickness, the size of frontal lobes and natural law.

Responding to a slightly different but typically American need, Duke has also stocked his bookstores with a wide variety of Klan apparel, ranging from tailor-made cotton robes (\$25) to T-shirts (\$5), windbreakers (\$13.95) and signet rings in men's and women's styles (\$25 and \$20). The bookstores also carry Chemical Shield, a commercial riot-control spray in both five-dollar and ten-dollar sizes.

Despite these innovations, Duke has not been very successful in his efforts to attract luminaries to his cause. The only notable celebrity associated with his organization is female jockey Mary Bacon, and her association with the Klan was, at best, short-lived. After appearing as the featured speaker at a K.K.K.K. rally

in Louisiana, Bacon suddenly began having trouble getting horses to ride. She went on NBC's *Tomorrow* show to recant her reported speech and to deny ever having been a part of the Klan. Duke claims that Bacon had been both a willing speaker at the rally and a Klan member in good standing, but he lost Bacon as a source of glamor and publicity for the Klan.

Duke has not received a wholly enthusiastic endorsement from old Klan activists, either. One heavy-set Houston man, who claims he retired from a local K.K.K. chapter called the Texas Fiery Knights, put the matter this way: "I don't like seeing niggers any more now than I used to, but the fight's over, and they won. We're integrated and no amount of talking about it is going to change that situation any. As far as I'm concerned, David Duke is just pissing in the wind to make a name for himself."

Other observers may turn into detractors as time goes on, for the more one listens to Duke, the less convincing his arguments become. He usually does well in TV and radio appearances because their time is limited and he is better prepared than his interviewers. He does not rant hysterically but speaks in even tones, often qualifying his remarks with such phrases as "Of course, not all Jews . . ." and "Negroes have made some contributions, but . . ." Then the sheer accumulation of his statements begins to fall of its own weight.

Duke will often begin an argument by pointing to the undeniable fact that Jewish families exert a great influence over some of this nation's most important newspapers, particularly *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. He will then go on to accuse Jews of causing, almost singlehandedly, the Russian Revolution, World War One, World War Two, the Korean and Vietnam conflicts and the general spread of communism around the world. He denies that the Soviets mistreat Jews, and he claims that Hitler did not exterminate 6,000,000 Jews in World War Two but only 300,000. According to Duke, Jews have propagated the myth of the 6,000,000 to garner world sympathy for Zionism. "All the death camps in Germany were actually behind Russian lines," he asserts in the face of fact. "The Russians killed many more Jews than Hitler did. They simply blamed it on the Germans after the war." Duke also says that most pictures of the death camps have been

falsified and that the U. S. should have fought the Russians, not the Nazis.

After his workout at the Baton Rouge Athletic Club, Duke hustled club members to join the Klan. A chubby young man soaking in the whirlpool bath said he was interested. A tall salesman in the locker room slapped him on the back and told of the time "I got shot at by a nigger." Even the high school girl behind the juice bar was sympathetic.

Duke's apparent success among club members was particularly satisfying for his body-building instructor, Dave Widen. A blond, muscular man in his middle 30s, Widen moved to Louisiana from Boston and is himself an active member of the Klan—not so much because of his attitude toward blacks but because of what he calls "the Jewish control thing—you know, Marx, Engels, Bronstein." As Duke finished up, Widen looked at him proudly, crossed his arms and said, "You know, I've built the strongest racist leader in America."

The next evening, Widen and Duke were at the Patriot Bookstore Klan meeting. The rain had apparently forced others to stay home, and the K.K.K.K. was down to its hard-core supporters. Just as Duke had predicted, there were Klansmen and Klanswomen of all ages, even a few kids. But despite all the glamorous K.K.K.K. publicity, most members seemed to be of the unglamorous lower-middle class, the *lumpen* of America's suburbs, dressed in stretch pants, jeans and discount-department-store slacks.

The tone of the occasion was set when an old woman remarked that on a recent news report, a local slum resident had been accused of cannibalism. "Did you hear about that nigger in the projects who they found out ate another nig?" she cackled. "Maybe we ought to keep him to help us get rid of the rest of them."

After the candles had been lit and Duke had opened the meeting with his speech, Widen took the stage to tell a few stories. He began by recounting a recent incident when "I had this friend of mine in town and I wanted to show him what nice all-white bars we have here and how we have this integration thing under control." Widen said that he and his friend arrived at a bar only to find a black man with a stick at the door. "I told that nigger, 'Listen, this is an all-white bar; you can't come in



"Excuse me, but I thought I heard you say 'Oh, come in!'"

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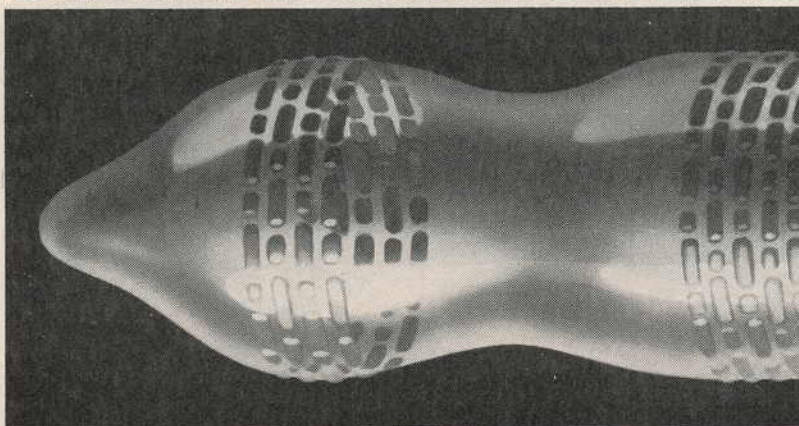
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THE KLAN'S NEW CLOTHES "We were just having fun."

here.' Well, that nigger raised his stick at me and took a whack at my arm. So my friend and I grabbed his stick and broke it off and took the biggest part and beat him over the head with it. Then we broke the stick into little pieces and threw them on the ground. When we left, that nigger was lying on the ground holding part of the stick in his hand and reaching around everywhere trying to pick up the little pieces and put them back together."

The assembled Klansmen were now chuckling and guffawing, but Duke interrupted, blushing noticeably. "I don't want the press to get the wrong impression," he said anxiously. "Dave here was just joking, of course. We were just having a little fun because our cross-lighting ceremony got rained out. We can have our humor just like they have theirs. They make jokes about us. We can make jokes about them, too."

As if to demonstrate, Duke took over the meeting again and told a story about Henry Kissinger in Africa. "The chief was showing Kissinger these brains," Duke began. "He showed him some white brains, and he said, 'These are three dollars a pound.' Then he showed Kissinger some black brains, and said, 'These are fifty dollars a pound.' Well, Kissinger asked, 'Why do black brains cost so much more than white brains?' And the chief said, 'Do you know how many niggers you have to kill to get a pound of brains?'"

Once again, laughter erupted. "Come on, now," Duke encouraged. "Don't hold back. We can have our fun." More stories. Then Duke signaled for the salute that would end the ceremony.

"OK," he called, "let's chant so that Boon the Coon can hear us way across town. Let's shake him right out of his bed."

The hooded shapes thrust their left arms forward at the flickering cross and started chanting:

"White power! White power! White power!"

The room shook, candles shuddered and silence returned with a rush. Then someone turned on the lights and the people began to doff their robes and start for home.

Duke, meanwhile, anxiously reassured the press that none of the stories told at the meeting were "really serious."

"We were just having a little fun," he repeated. "Just having a little fun." ■

YES, THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH *Age-regression hypnosis.*

(Continued from page 44) all the times that you should have acted one way and you acted another; all the times you brought pain to others you will regret. It is not God who will convince you of your wrongs, but you yourself. And it is hell."

These insights into death and the afterlife did not come to her in a flash, Kübler-Ross explained. "I had my first strong evidence of life after death about 1967, but I didn't tell anyone because I was afraid people would think I was crazy." At that time, a woman came to Kübler-Ross with fears about her sanity. The story the woman told was one that Kübler-Ross says she has since heard often. "She had been declared dead, despite heroic last-minute resuscitation efforts," Kübler-Ross explains. "Yet, three hours later, she spontaneously came back to life and she later recounted having floated out of her physical body and watched herself being worked on. She described in minute detail the resuscitation team: who was there, who wanted to give up, who wanted to continue, who told a joke to relieve the tension. All these things could be verified. This gave us the first clue."

After the nurses had left her house, Kübler-Ross sat with me in her huge living room, which she has decorated with Navaho rugs and sand paintings, and answered my journalist's questions. I wanted to know about the lab situations she had spoken of, of data and research. She was hesitant with her replies. She said rather testily that she realized that in order to maintain her scientific credentials she had to come up with concrete data that other scientists could reproduce in their laboratories. She did not have this now, but promised that when she did—"in a year or so, when I have my research done—we will have a new definition of death, one that is far more precise than a flat EEG."

Then she talked about some of her experiments in such death-related subjects as reincarnation. "I myself have been age-regressed under hypnosis," she said. "Listening to the tape of that session is a phenomenal experience. I did not tell the researcher that I was one of triplets, yet when he had regressed me to a uterine stage and asked me how I was feeling, I said, 'I'm not comfortable. I am squashed. I really have to get out of here!' Usually little babies feel wonderful inside the womb! I was the first out, too!"

She explained that she had become interested in hypnosis and "all the states of consciousness" more than ten years ago, when she was teaching at the Uni-

versity of Colorado medical school. She was experimenting with hypnosis as a means of anesthetizing injured skiers before transporting them to the hospital, and she began subjecting herself to hypnotic experiments. "Invariably when I would be age-regressed back beyond the uterine stage I described myself as an American Indian on horseback. In fact, when I later drove through the Monument Valley in Arizona it was like going home for me. I felt I knew every nook and cranny intimately. And when I was a little girl, my parents worried about my not playing with dolls the way my two sisters did; I always played with Indian shields and drawings. I am certain I was an Indian in a previous life."

Earlier, she had told the student nurses of how she has taught nonterminal patients to have out-of-body experiences similar to those of dying patients. "We know now that people other than those who are dying can have out-of-body experiences. You can teach people who are bedridden how to do it; it can be verified, duplicated, even measured on a polygraph. We scientists still stick to the old methods when we could use some new tools," she added.

Out-of-body experience is fairly common among accident victims. One University of Iowa researcher claims that

more than 90 percent of those who undergo deep emotional shock, such as extreme danger, experience some form of momentary escape. The same researcher hypothesizes that the experience is a result of the subject's psychological need to step back mentally from the physical scene and attempt to view the physical body dispassionately—as if the mind and emotions were not involved.

Kübler-Ross has been unwilling to accept the idea that these near-death experiences are a mere protective device or a last desperate flare-up of the ego, as some of her detractors have said. "What happens to your ego when you have a flat EEG?" she countered. "No one can tell me that this is all ego. That is just an attempt to make the out-of-body experience palatable. I don't understand why people make such a big deal out of this research."

Kübler-Ross stared at me for several moments, her forehead tightly knit. "I understand that to maintain credibility, I have to scrutinize what I say and what I publish carefully," she said finally. "This is why I haven't published yet. I wish I could talk frankly and openly of all the things I now know, but I can't."

She is also unwilling to elaborate on her theories (Continued on page 134)



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SEX TAPE LETTERS *The toilet was like all plane toilets, just big enough to turn around in. Sally knocked and I let her in.*

(Continued from page 28) airplane bathrooms are so awful."

I thought about it.

"I can see it," I told her. "You'd have to sit on the toilet, I guess."

"My God," Sally laughed, "now I suppose you want to try it, too."

By the time we got to the airport, I had convinced Sally that we should give it a try. We decided it would be best to make our move about an hour after the flight took off. People who had to pee from nervousness would have done it by then, and the coast would be clear.

We spread Sally's trench coat across our laps and played with each other underneath it while waiting. Finally we decided it was time. I got up and walked down the aisle. Sally was to follow a couple of minutes later and give three knocks so I would know it was her.

The toilet was like all plane toilets, just big enough to turn around in. Sally knocked and I let her in. By this time, I was so nervous that my erection had faded. She didn't look too happy about the situation, either, but I was determined to forge ahead.

I wrapped my arms around her and gave her a movie star-style kiss. The plane lurched and Sally sat down on the toilet with me on top. It was a funny position and we both started giggling, which made Sally's hostility go away but also undid the partial return of my erection.

"Lean on the sink," Sally whispered to me between giggles. I managed to stand up and lean back, but I had to grip the edges of the paper-towel dispenser on one side and the soap dish on the other side to stay in place. The ride seemed to be bumpier than it was before.

"Now let's see if we can get this flight off the ground," Sally said good-naturedly as she unzipped my fly and went down on me. It was awkward because we were both holding onto things to keep our balance. Once Sally almost bit me when the plane heaved, but when I opened my eyes and saw us really doing it in this ridiculous little bathroom, I got very hard again. It was nice being sucked off, but I really wanted to fuck. I pulled her up and she tried to mount me while we were facing each other, but I kept slipping out. "Let's try it from the back," Sally suggested.

We managed to switch places so that she was bent over the sink with her back to me. She was still wearing her shirt, but her jeans were down around her ankles, leaving her sweet little ass sticking out. My cock slid in easily and then

the plane went down like an elevator. I had a sinking feeling in my stomach and pushed farther into Sally, who was clinging to the sink so hard that I could see the veins on the back of her hand. The plane leveled off and then slanted to the left. I grabbed the faucets.

"You'd better pull out," Sally said, "I feel sick." I tried, but the plane plummeted again and then lurched to the right, pressing us together. For the next few moments, I could do nothing but hold on, but every time the plane jammed us together my prick got harder. All of a sudden, completely without warning, I had a giant orgasm. I imagined that the plane was about to crash and that I was a jet, releasing this tremendous spurt to hold the plane upright.

When I opened my eyes, I saw that Sally was sort of green. "Honey, I'm sorry," I whispered. Now that I was softer we managed to pry ourselves apart. We stayed there until Sally felt better and the plane became calm again. I don't think I've ever had an orgasm quite that dramatic, but it's not the sort of thing I'd like to try again.

PETER L.
 Medford, Oregon

As it is with a lot of other things, my best orgasm happened when I least expected it. I met Alan in a high-rise elevator; I was on my way to visit my girlfriend, and by the time we got to the 18th floor, he'd made a date with me for a drink later that day. I said yes because it seemed like such a lark. The fact that Alan lived in my friend's building made him seem less of a stranger, somehow. That's what I told myself, anyway, but the truth of the matter was that Alan exuded such sex appeal that I would probably have followed him off the elevator right then if he'd asked me.

A few hours later I met Alan, as planned, in the bar on the corner. We talked for a while about unimportant subjects and then Alan asked me what I wanted to do next. Gathering up all my courage I said, "Well, we could go have dinner, we could check out the disco down the street or we could go back to your apartment and fuck." He didn't take long to make up his mind. Back in his apartment, Alan helped me off with my coat and then drew me to him and kissed me for the first time. His mouth was warm and wet and soft. I slid the tip of my tongue over his teeth and felt him bite my lower lip softly. I thought fleetingly about how nice it was that he didn't smoke. Then I forgot about everything except the sensation of Alan's mouth on mine.

We stood for long moments like that, just kissing. When he finally led me into the bedroom, my knees felt weak and my panties were already wet. I don't ever remember wanting a man more than I wanted Alan at that moment. He undressed me slowly, one piece of clothing at a time, stopping now and then to look at me as my body was slowly unveiled. I forced myself to slow down to his tempo, although what I really wanted to do was rip my clothes off and jump on him. When we were finally both undressed, Alan held me close and began to kiss me standing up as he had before, only this time he kneaded my ass cheeks with his hands and brought my hips up against his hardening cock. The heat from his body was overwhelming. I reached down to caress his balls and heard him catch his breath. He dragged me over to the bed and pulled me down on top of him. I felt the head of his cock rub up against my clitoris and I nearly came right then. But Alan didn't want to get inside of me yet. He pulled me closer so that he could suck on my nipples. My breasts are extremely sensitive and the least little touch is enough to set them tingling. Alan licked at them and teased them and nuzzled them and bit them until I thought I'd go out of my mind. I began begging him to fuck me and then at last I felt his cock slide between my legs. I arched my body up against his and began to rock in the motion that always brings me to orgasm. All of a sudden Alan pulled out, grabbed my thighs and buried his face in my cunt. I was never so surprised in my life. At first I could have killed him for stopping, but within seconds I felt my clitoris explode into orgasm. I wasn't even finished when he slid his cock into me again; this time he kept going until we both came. I saw Alan several times after that, of course, but nothing ever matched the incredible excitement of that first time.

CHERI T.
Rockford, Illinois

The best orgasm I ever had was one I gave myself with a vibrator.

I have a friend, Marie, who loves to masturbate. We met when we were both 18. Like most 18-year-olds, we were worried about our sexuality, and we soon became sexual confidantes. A couple of years ago Marie called me to tell me that she had just gotten a vibrator. "It's fantastic," she said. "I came in about two minutes. You've got to try it!"

The next time I was over at her house she showed it to me. It was the electric kind that fits in the palm of your hand and is held in place with a strap. I put it on and flipped the switch. When I felt the rapid vibrations, my first reaction

was to pull back, but I didn't. "I can't imagine using it on my clit," I said to Marie. "It's too strong."

"You have to get yourself excited first," she said. "Once you're excited, it feels great. Why don't you borrow it next week while I'm away?"

I took the gadget home, but I wasn't anxious to try it. I had too much work to do and I wasn't sleeping very well. One afternoon, after messing up a sketch three times in a row, I went to the bedroom to try to take a nap and clear the cobwebs from my head. My body relaxed right away, but I couldn't fall asleep. After a while, I found myself imagining that I was making love with Marie's current boyfriend, a man I found very attractive. I saw us making love on a quilt, each square of which had a different texture, but I was so tired that I couldn't tell whether or not I was really excited; I seemed to be in a narrow warm passage between arousal and sleep. I reached down, unzipped my jeans and felt to see if I was wet. I was. I began to finger my clit, but my hand was exhausted. I thought of the vibrator—I guess because I had been thinking of Marie. I reached over, took it out of the bedside table and turned it on.

I hesitated a second before putting it on my clit. Then, tensing myself for an unpleasant sensation, I brought it down lightly. I really can't describe the sensation I felt next. It was as though my body had melted over the bed and then, after one touch of the vibrator, it had instantly pulled together around my cunt. I imagined that I was a huge fire-cracker hanging weightless before bursting into rains of color.

The climax came at once but seemed to last a long time. When I finally felt the contractions slow down, I thought I would move the vibrator away, because my clitoris is sensitive right after I come, but the device was so heavy that I just slipped my left hand under it to cushion the vibrations and protect myself. I could still feel the tremors faintly through my hand as I relaxed. Then, to my surprise, I was going up again. I climbed back into that weightless state of pure pleasure, then fell, but only a second passed before I was climbing again. I must have had eight orgasms in a row. Finally exhausted, my hands fell away and I sank into a deep sleep.

That first experience with the vibrator was really remarkable. The next day, of course, I bought one for myself. I'm able to have multiple orgasms with it quite easily, but no session has ever been as exciting as the first one. I suppose that's because it was such a tremendous surprise.

LESLIE K.
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YES, THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH *During out-of-body experiences, one may encounter a person of the opposite sex to whom one is attracted and "experience an exchange of energies."*

(Continued from page 131) about the Kirlian photographs that many feel are the result of strange forces causing changes in the chemicals of film. Kübler-Ross had suggested to the nurses that Kirlian photography might be used to verify the soul's exodus from the body. When pressed for an explanation, she refused.

One thing she definitely was unwilling to discuss further was a mysterious visit from a dead patient that Kübler-Ross had recounted to the nurses. The patient had been one of the terminal cases who had helped teach the controversial University of Chicago seminars. Several months after the woman died, at a time when Kübler-Ross was under especially sharp criticism from the university staff, the woman came to Kübler-Ross's office to plead with the discouraged doctor not to abandon the dying, to continue her pioneering work. "Of course, I did not believe it was she," Kübler-Ross told the nurses, "so I thought I would test her. I had her write a note for her minister, and the handwriting was identical—absolutely identical!"

Kübler-Ross indicated that this was the first—but not the last—time she had felt the presence of dead patients. While no other patients had materialized as distinctly as this one, Kübler-Ross said, another may have sent a sign after her death. The woman, who had promised to send such a sign, had often discussed with Kübler-Ross a mutual love for gardening. One midwinter day, several months after the woman had died, a dormant flowering magnolia outside Kübler-Ross's study suddenly presented one huge beautiful blossom. "Somehow I felt her presence very strongly," Kübler-Ross told the nurses. Since then, she added, she has been trying to arrange signs with other dying patients. But again, Kübler-Ross wasn't willing to discuss the results.

Kübler-Ross offered me organic tea with organic honey in her dark oak-paneled kitchen. In the meantime, she had her secretary put together a reading list for me. The books included *Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation*, in which Professor Ian Stevenson recounts incontrovertible cases of reincarnation from India and among the Eskimos; Stevenson describes cases, for example, in which three-year-old children have assumed the personalities of murdered uncles and strangers from distant villages.

Another book on the list was *Journeys Out of the Body*, in which a Virginia businessman named Robert A. Monroe presents convincing evidence

that many of his dream-travels were actually the experiences of a disembodied aspect of his personality. In the foreword to Monroe's book, University of California psychologist Charles T. Tart describes controlled experiments in which Monroe was able to leave his physical body, "travel" to an unfamiliar location, and return to describe his "trip."

Kübler-Ross's reading list led me inevitably to research on the astral body, a state described by one author as "a vehicle, to clairvoyant(s) . . . not unlike the physical body, surrounded by an aura of flashing colors, composed of matter of an order of fineness higher than that of physical matter, in which feelings, passions, desires and emotions are expressed." I also read that, during out-of-body experiences, one may encounter a person of the opposite sex to whom one is attracted, and "experience an exchange of energies." I began to understand Kübler-Ross's concern for her credibility.

However justified her concerns, one measure of Kübler-Ross's progress and success is the fact that others in the scientific community who share her interests are now able to openly discuss their death-and-dying research as well as their work in related areas, such as reincarnation, which are even more scientifically taboo. In March 1976, for example, more than a thousand academics and health-services personnel attended a conference on death, dying and the beyond, organized by Dr. Pascal Kaplan at John F. Kennedy University's Institute of Mystical and Parapsychological Studies in Orinda, California.

The speakers at the five-day conference included, in addition to Kübler-Ross, several prominent psychiatrists, psychologists and university officials; as most of them were in agreement on theories regarding death and dying, the need, as one speaker put it, was to "define what happens in the first hours of death". Such discussions led inevitably to talk of reincarnation—or a "past-life phenomenon," as the academicians call it—with several of the participants relating experiences that they had never dared speak of publicly before. California psychiatrist Dr. Ernest Pecci, for instance, told of using hypnosis on an ulcer-ridden patient during which "the patient suddenly became a young Roman boy of about twelve whose father had gone off to war."

The Reverend James Diamond, Episcopal chaplain of the University of

Minnesota, meanwhile, described his attempts at using age-regression hypnosis—"psychological soft-ware, at best"—to probe into the past lives of University students, a project in which he has been assisted by former Menninger Foundation psychologist Herbert Klemme. "We have some students who have described eight or nine past lives," Diamond told the conference. "You can describe these cases as fantasy trips or wish fulfillment—or you can say they are real. When you hear the students talking in different accents and giving highly detailed information about other times, you cannot help but believe that what they say is or has been real."

For all of his pioneering research, however, the Reverend Diamond said that he still encounters "people who say, 'Stay away from that stuff. It's poison. You are going to ruin your career.' At a university, where we are supposed to be able to ask questions!"

Recently Kübler-Ross was preparing to fly across the country for another major conference on death and dying and I offered to drive her to the airport.

I was anxious to see her again, as I had learned that since our last interview she had been taking lessons from Robert Monroe in how to achieve the out-of-body mental state. In *Journeys Out of the Body*, Monroe had described the "umbilical cord" that had always anchored him to this life even when he was on another spiritual level; Kübler-Ross meanwhile had described death as a transition comparable to "cutting an umbilical cord." Was this use of metaphor intentionally identical, or coincidentally so?

"We have an umbilical cord, very like the one by which we are attached to our mothers," she cautiously answered. "It connects us to our second body—the image that the consciousness carries of the physical self—and when we die, it is severed. People who drift in and out of comas are still attached by it to their bodies. Some persons like Robert Monroe can actually see it—I cannot, though when I am out of body and ask questions I am answered by visions, not sentences. The Russians and those working with Kirlian photography are trying to photograph this cord. When we can definitely say it exists, we will have a new definition of death."

"But scientists will have to have open minds before we can get to that point. It is like the Bible says, there is a time to live and a time to die. There is also a time to be reborn."



"I know we're an endangered species, and you know we're an endangered species, but do they know we're an endangered species?"



WE



Titillating

The lady with the art-deco frizz is Anne Beatts, staff writer and script coordinator for NBC's *Saturday Night*, who interviewed Stan Lee for this issue; she also holds the record as our most prolific *Openers* contributor ever, having written dozens of gemlike items before her entry into big-time broadcasting. Beatts recently edited *Titters*—a

book of humor by women—together with another prize wiseacre, Deanne Stillman, co-author of this month's *Pie-Kill's Greatest Hits*. Two of this month's pieces, *Cry, the Beloved Lebanon* and *Fun Goo*, dropped in unsolicited out of the blue. Charles Monagan obviously knew his Hersheys, and Albert Pariente-Cohen not only knew Lebanon, he survived it! (He has turned the story into a film script.) Meanwhile, nobody would ever accuse Joyce Greller (*There's No Sex Like No Sex*) of nonsolicitation. Greller is going stir-crazy after encountering the neuteroids. "They're all underhanded voyeurs. I mean, there's no way to screw them to get their secrets." What unsecrets she has gotten will appear in her book *The Latest Sex*, which promises to redefine the species.



Debra Tate, our center girl, is many things to many people. To some, she is the baby sister of Sharon Tate. To Terry the Tiger here, she is a little bit of heaven. But to the kinky set, Debra, as pictured above, enacts a mythic condition, *vagina dentata*, said to afflict flamenco dancers. It seems that *vag. d.* was evolution's answer to the problem of what to do when you're out in public and your castanets are at home. Thus, the popularity of Lady-and-the-Tiger nudes with Ice Capade chorines (who have a similar blade problem).

COMING IN APRIL OUI

- ☐ **THEY EAT ROCKEFELLERS, DON'T THEY?** When Nelson's son Michael disappeared during a New Guinea trip in 1962, the official story was that he drowned and that his body was swept out to sea. Not so. Shocking new evidence uncovered in New Guinea by writer Lorne Blair indicates that young Rocky became billion-dollar soul food for some revenge-minded bushmen.
- ☐ **GO ROLF YOURSELF:** The latest in curative chic is a method of rough displacement of bodily organs and structures devised by therapist Dr. Ida Rolf. Does it hurt? You betcha. Does it work? Sorta. *OUI's* resident test subject, D. Keith Mano, tries it, likes it and describes it in painful detail.
- ☐ **PRESIDENT KISSINGER:** French publisher Maurice Girodias, the man who brought us *Lolita*, *Naked Lunch* and *The Ginger Man*, had this bright idea of how he could launch a campaign to put Henry Kissinger in the White House. Kissinger hated it. What's more, Dr. K. took steps to haf ze idea smashed! Girodias reports, with feeling.
- ☐ **CONVERSATION WITH DR. J. ALLEN HYNEK:** The man whose theories and studies of UFOs inspired the major motion picture *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (in which he appears) reveals his most startling flying-object discoveries and describes the bravest new world of all, which mankind is about to enter.
- ☐ **BUD CORT COMES CRAWLING HOME:** The star of two cult comedies (*Brewster McCLOUD*, *Harold and Maude*) is so big in Paris that the French pelt him with chickens. Now he's back home, making his first Hollywood films in four years; author Tom Shales profiles this Andy Hardy of the sick Seventies.

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OUI designer Bruce Hansen, above, is busy on the *We*, *Who* and *Revue* pages. Except that Claire has gotten in the way. Bruce experiences no vicarious thrill, no fast feel. He is a pro. It is Claire whom we worry about. She is new here, and whenever her pencil drops, she uses it as an excuse to adopt this pose. Claire has become our favorite occupational hazard.

Hung up

Enjoyed the *Top 40 Recorded Phone Messages*? A UCLA student, nuts over answering machines, has compiled over 600 numbers in his List of Telephone Recordings. Send \$2 to Tele Data, Box 3482, Van Nuys, California 91407.

"At 60 MPH, they threw my Marantz out the car window..."

"...presumably so they wouldn't have any stolen property in their possession if captured. Unfortunately, I was unable to catch the thieves. But I did return to pick up my smashed Marantz Model 4300 quad receiver. It was extensively damaged, as you can imagine, after a fall from a 60 MPH vehicle.

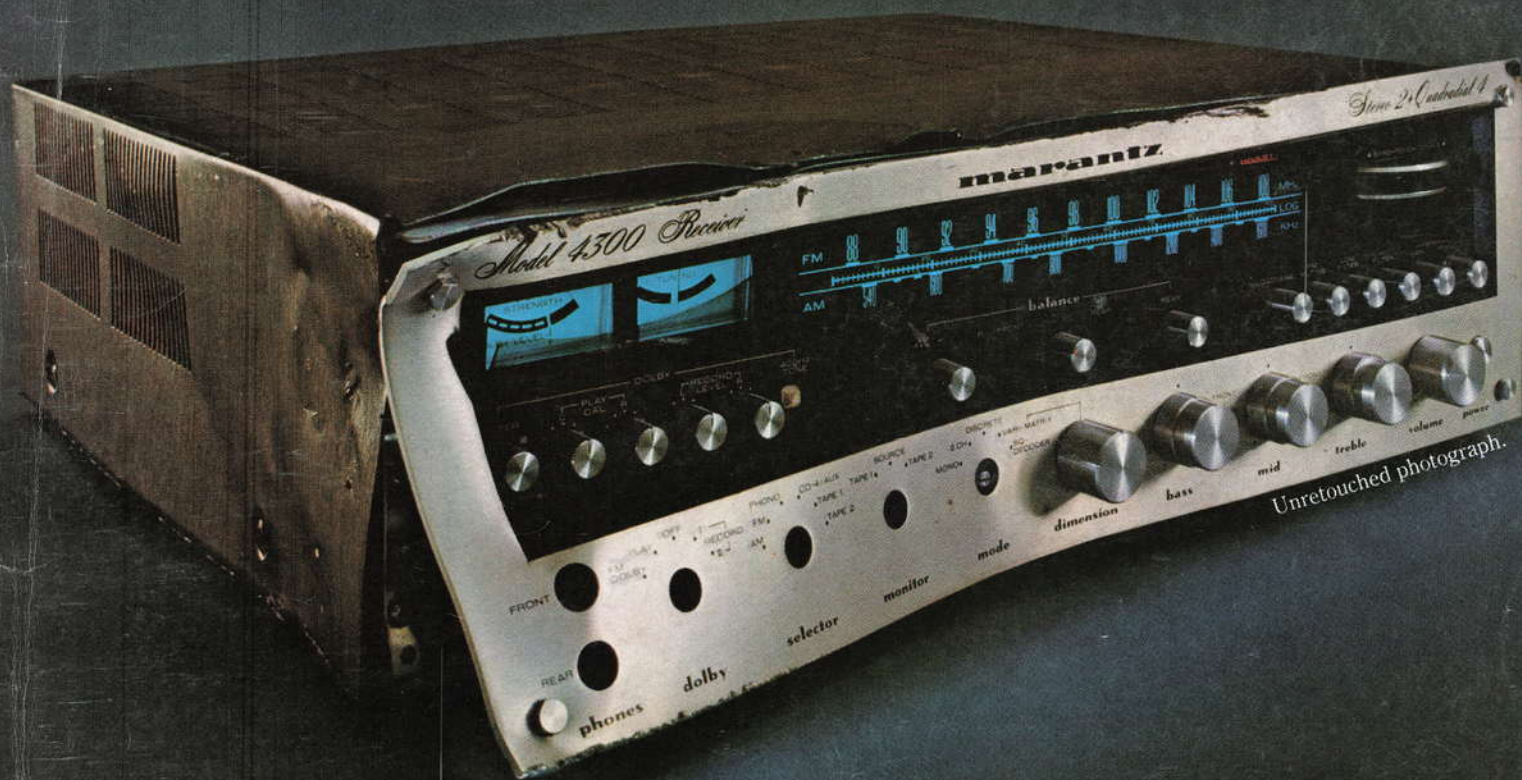
Would it be possible for you to examine the receiver and determine if it is repairable? I have been very happy with the performance of my Marantz equipment, and, since this receiver is relatively new, I would hate to have to replace it."

George C. Giftos

George C. Giftos*
Plymouth, Michigan

We plugged-in Mr. Giftos' damaged 4300 just as it was. It not only worked, but the entire unit *still met Marantz factory specifications*. Required repairs consisted of a new faceplate, 2 meters and a few control knobs on the front of the unit. *That was all.*

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